Saturday Review

June 4, 1966 35¢

THE INTERNATIONAL P.E.N. CONGRESS IN NEW YORK:

The Writer as Independent Spirit

Articles by
Arthur Miller
Lewis Galantière
Edward Albee
Daniel Bell
Robie Macauley
Judith Wheeler
Warren Bower
David Dempsey

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LIGHTNING AS A SCULPTOR OF LIFE

By John Lear

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Keep an eye on Calvin Hernton. Even in an age when The Negro Writer is making more of a breakthrough than the Negro, Hernton's credentials and talents are impressive.

He is that rare combination, a poet and sociologist. He has also become a powerful essayist, with a biting wit and sharp, stabbing insights. His is not a style that produces transitory guilt in the white man; his quietly forceful writing makes the reader realize he's in touch with a man, a single, individually-formed human being. What that man is saying is revealing about both author and reader.

Hernton's first book for Doubleday was *Sex and Racism in America*. It has just been reprinted by Grove Press and bought for publication in France, each of whom thought, perhaps, that they had something of a literary monopoly on the subject —or part of it.

His new book is a slim, poised, poignant yet vigorous work, *White Papers for White Americans*. Part of the first paper, "The Debt I Owe," ran in *Dissent*. It is the account of a trip back home by a southerner who has become a northerner: Hernton. "Another Man Done Gone" tells of the death of Malcolm X. One paper looks without sentimentality at the work and reception of James Baldwin. My favorite is "And You, Too, Sidney Poitier!", Hernton's devastating discussion of the first actor of his race to make it big, and how he may win Academy Awards but never kiss the girl in the movie, whether the girl is white or black.

Library Journal says that you may quarrel with his politics or rhetoric— "but, taken collectively, these pieces represent the best study on America's race problem that has come out in years."

Keep an eye on Calvin Hernton. He's keeping an eye on you.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

White Papers for White Americans ($3.95), by Calvin C. Hernton, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

Saturday Review

June 4, 1966

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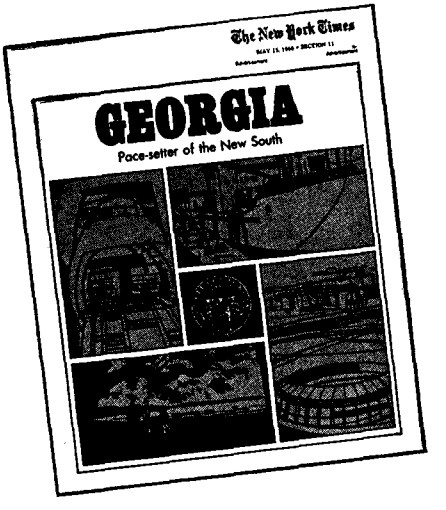

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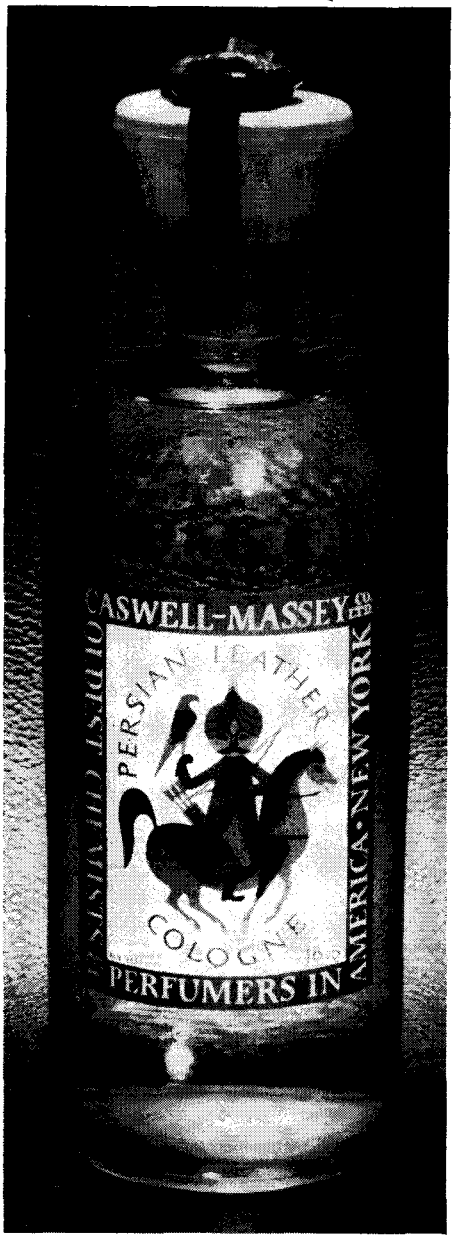

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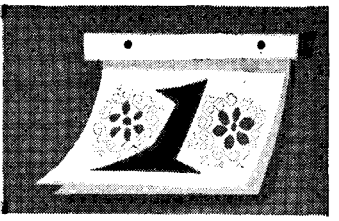
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

MAY WAS the month of Alabama and "arrogance," of higher taxes and no taxis, of Kauai King with Don Brumfield up, of Gemini 9 and Dow Jones down.

• • •

The strike of the month was, of course, the work stoppage – before the work startage–on the *World Journal Tribune*. Our favorite strike, though, was the strike of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen against the Long Island Railroad – all because, apparently, some workmen, previously criticized for having had beer with their lunch, found out that some railroad executives had had, with *their* lunch, cocktails. Golly, a thing like that could put our whole economic system on the rocks. At a time like this cooler heads *must* prevail. It's our opinion–and, mind you, it's only one man's opinion–that all that those executives were doing was having one for the road. And, brother, if ever a road in this country needed one for it, even the Brotherhood would have to admit it's the Long Island.

• • •

The sign of the month, outside a church near Lincoln Center, was the announcement of a coming Sunday sermon. "Was," the sign asked, "Jesus Cool?"

• • •

During the month we came across an article in *Public Relations Journal* by Edward L. Bond, Jr., president of Young & Rubicam–which, in honor of June graduations, we are happy to report to you at length.

"Who will mind the store in 1974?" Mr. Bond asked. He is concerned because his agency last year conducted what he called "a small narrative study" –oh, we get it, one with a *plot*–of, he says, "white collar, middle-class teenagers." Middle-class teen-agers! *Are* there any? We thought they didn't *believe* in it.

But no matter. Bond evidently found some in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles, and he also found that they were, by and large, very suspicious of going into business. "Businessmen are OK," one young man told a researcher. "It's just that they don't have any idea of personal accomplishment. They have to work harder and longer hours, and pay everyone else before they can pay themselves."

Well, we've always said it's the businessman who pays.

"Besides," the young man went on, "they're always so tired you can't get much conversation out of them. For example, if you invite a businessman to dinner, he just sits there and acts tired."

Just sits there and acts tired! How long has it been since that fellow asked a fellow teen-ager out to dinner? Sit there and act tired? They just sit there and act terrible. Talk about conversation! They won't even talk about why they don't talk.

In any case, Bond also quoted a young girl. "I'd like the boy I marry," she said, "to go into engineering or the professions . . . something where he doesn't have to travel. I would like him to come to dinner every night. If he were in business, he'd never come home at night, and he'd always be complaining he was too tired."

There we go again–tired, and at dinner again, too. Isn't that terrible? And can you see that teen-age girl at dinner? Sitting up straight, cheerful, smiling, full of *joie de vivre*?

Joie de–boy, it's been so long since they've even heard the expression they wouldn't even have an expression to go with it.

Anyway, after his survey, Bond called on businessmen to do something about it. "If it is true," he said, "that the youth of our country holds to the belief that the serfs of business-dom are necessary–but the boys don't want to join their ranks and the girls don't want to marry them–don't we need a well-conceived, well-constructed, and well-executed program to change this attitude?"

Sure we do, Mr. Bond, sure we do. And we think there's great possibility in that line of yours, "Who will mind the store–in 1974?" Just make a jingle out of it, a song–and hit the colleges with it. Does that sound tired to you? Of course it doesn't. It sounds like the businessman's bounce, the businessman on the a-go-go. It's a well-conceived and well-constructed program. Now all we need to do is shoot it–I mean execute it.

• • •

Finally, it was the month of the Emmies and the end of the TV season. As well as the month, of course, when we looked to the future of TV. And speak-

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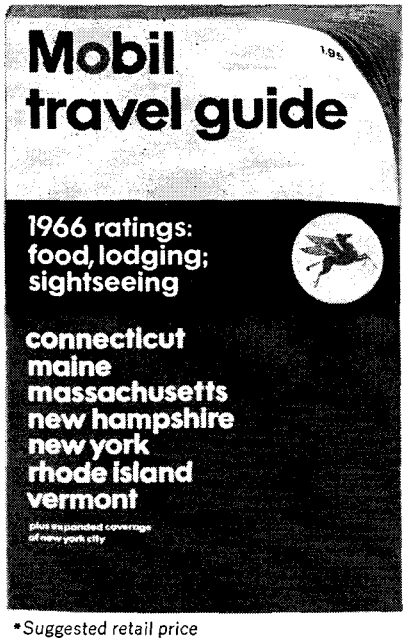

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ing of this future, Mr. Michael Dann, VP in charge of TV for CBS, made the statement of the season. "The biggest crisis faced by the TV networks," he said, "is the fact that we're running out of movies."

Well, we tell you, we've had to take stern blows before. But this is unthinkable. Let television run out of movies? No, we say. We're not going to take this lying down—the way, now that we think of it, we took so many of those movies.

The point is, in this crisis, we cannot sit idly by. The American people have always measured up when the chips were down—and we have every confidence they will do so now. Look back for a moment—the Blizzard of '88, the Blackout of '65, Valley Forge. In every single instance we measured up and we did the job.

But we measured up, and we did the job, let's face it, only after we were given the facts. And now, in this great new crisis, we have a right to demand no less. Tell us, Mr. Dann, just how many movies we have left? Don't spare us. Tell us exactly. We'll tighten our belts. We'll sit up straight and watch—I mean not watch.

Suppose you've been in the habit of watching eighteen movies a week. All right, this week watch your eighteen. But next week try seventeen. Then the week after, if you feel up to it, try sixteen. Do it this way—gradually. Don't try to cut down all at once. It will only make you sick.

And, if you find out you simply *can't* do it all by yourself, be honest about it. That's the first step—being honest with yourself. It's no disgrace. Other people have had the same problem. Talk to them. They'll welcome it. Join Movies Anonymous, and the next time you feel you've just *got* to have a movie, call M.A. They'll send someone to come and sit with you—even in that terribly difficult prime time. Don't turn on a movie. Watch that TV serial instead—any serial.

If voluntary self-denial doesn't work, be honest about that, too. Ask your government—that's what your government is there for. Ask it to provide movie rationing. This may well be the answer—with ration stamps, to stamp out movie waste. (Every time you see movie waste, stamp on it: new movies, two stamps; old movies, three stamps.)

And finally, of course, there'll be pills. Movie-control pills. Visual. We realize this is a very controversial area. As to whether or not you'll want to practice it, well, you'll just have to search your conscience. Ask your pastor. Find out the policy of your church. For ourselves, and mind you, this is just an opinion—we have no wish to offend the beliefs of anyone else—the answer is crystal clear. Movie control, we firmly believe, is the hope of the world.

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You Are The Most Important Person In Your Life...

The Behind-The-Scenes Success Story of "Advice From A Failure"

Dear Reader:

Jo Coudert phoned me one Monday morning that she would be dropping off the manuscript of her new book that day. When it hadn't reached my desk by late Tuesday, I asked around and learned that our receptionist had glanced at it, become fascinated, and taken it home with her. The next morning she handed it over excitedly to my secretary, who started reading the manuscript on her lunch hour, and now pleaded with me to let *her* take it home. And so it wasn't until Wednesday that I got my hands on *Advice from a Failure,* with recommendations from these two unauthorized readers who swore, each in her own way, that it was the best book of its kind they had ever read. That had never happened in our office before.

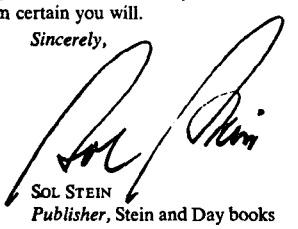
I asked Peg Parkinson, one of our editors, to read the manuscript right away. When I poked my head in her office late in the day, she was just turning over the last page. Very quietly she said, "Wow." That evening it was read by my wife and partner, Patricia Day, who is a cool one about incoming manuscripts. She stayed up very late that night. The next morning she asked simply, "How fast can we bring it out?"

After I read it, to confirm the rapidly spreading excitement in our company I sent the manuscript out to specialists in the field of psychology. Dr. Harris B. Peck, Director of Mental Health Services of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, wrote us that *Advice from a Failure* was full of "profound wisdom," handled with "delicacy and tact." Dr. Molly Harrower, Professor of Psychology at the New School for Social Research, called *Advice from a Failure* "A challenging book, exceptionally well written. The intelligent reader cannot help but benefit from it." Dr. Saul Scheidlinger of the Community Service Society in New York reported *Advice from a Failure* is "Refreshingly different... Every intelligent reader is bound to profit from it, rich as it is in wisdom, sensitivity, and compassion."

I sent 500 advance copies of *Advice from a Failure* to booksellers and influential librarians across the country. Their enthusiastic reactions came in the form of phone calls, letters, telegrams —and orders.

I have just finished reading *Advice from a Failure* for the fifth time, and am still finding fresh and immediately useful insights in every chapter, as I am certain you will.

Sincerely,



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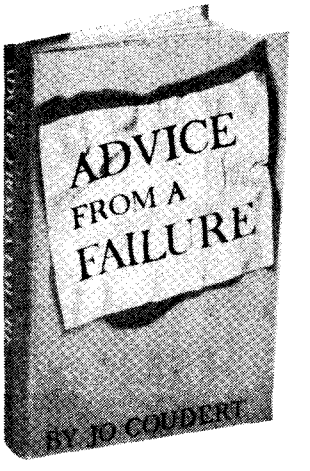

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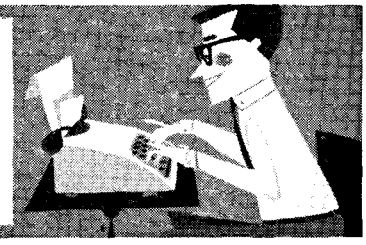


A Matter of Interpretation

IN THESE protest times when two's company and three's a picket line it scares the hell out of me when I'm one in a crowd of 10,000 or 20,000 whose voices are raised in rhythmic unison shouting: "Let's get him! Let's get him! Let's get him!" Actually, if the cry were reduced to one single voice you would hear only the sound of a baseball fanatic crying out: "Let's go Mets!"

So brainwashed have we become by the sight and sound of chanting mobs snake-dancing across our television screens, in Tokyo, Vietnam, and the Dominican Republic, that this cadence of cheers becomes a terrifying ululation. This does not enhance the image of our country in the eyes and ears of the Undecided Nations. Especially if U.N. representatives from newly born countries are seated around their TV sets, the cry of "Kill that bum!" may easily sound to the uninitiated like "Drop the bomb!" Go explain to them that it's only a term of affection against an umpire in a ball game, our national pastime, when they have been indoctrinated as to what our National Pastime really is.

Neither is the image meliorated by the sight of 50,000 Americans rising to their feet as one, brandishing their fists at umpires, and raising placards that could be interpreted to read: "Imperialists of the world arise! You have nothing to lose but your money." When in truth they say: "We love Yogi Berra." In these troubled years the sights and sounds of war and peace are so akin.

It is against this background that I have quietly begun a crusade to soften this fervor of fanaticism. It's a lonely and unpopular crusade and takes more courage than I can usually muster. But dedication to better communication among nations stands me in good stead.

It occurred to me one night at Yankee Stadium when the crowd began to shout "Kill that bum!" It was directed at the hapless umpire who had called an enemy batter safe at first base when it was plain for all to see that the runner was out by the usual country mile. When the noise had abated I arose and cried out: "There is none so blind as they that will not see!" and quickly sat. The man next to me looked at me quizzically and asked "What was that, Bud?" I repeated it to him. "There is none so blind as they that will not see." And added the footnote that this was the Mathew Henry version, which I preferred to Jonathan Swift who phrased it: "There is none so blind as they that won't see." He moved away. As indicated, this is a lonely crusade.

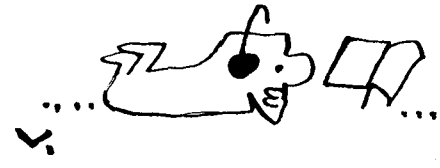
During the game several opportunities presented themselves to further my campaign for the soft protest. Thomas Wolfe came in handy when an opposition player tried to score from third base and was thrown out at the plate. That started a rhubarb. I arose quietly and called out: "You can't go home again." This also started a rhubarb. But I stood my ground. And when the Yankees finally managed by several deft errors to lose another game I arose and calmly screamed: "Sic transit gloria!"

I realize the cry of the American sports fan is so ingrained that many years will pass before my crusade takes root and flourishes. Meanwhile our image around the world is at the mercy of foreign interpreters. The propaganda that can be garnered from a TV clip of fist-shaking fans at a baseball game, replayed in Russia, for instance, can be translated into a display of the American goal for world conquest.

And come to think of it, are we so certain our TV correspondents are not paraphrasing what they see in the demonstrations abroad? How are we to know for sure that the young Japanese we see snake-dancing across our TV sets are shouting the anti-American slogans that the announcers tell us they are? Couldn't it be they are celebrating another record-breaking sales quota of the little Sony TV sets? For which they give thanks in dance to the rich American workers who buy them. Or maybe they are just doing the Watusi.

The United Nations notwithstanding, communication lines between countries have been down for years. Some time ago a gentleman from Russia pounded a U.N. table with his shoe in his hand and shouted, according to the interpreters, that he would bury us. Who knows for certain that he wasn't demonstrating that our two countries should get together in a marriage of ideas? And we should throw rice and old shoes?

—GOODMAN ACE.



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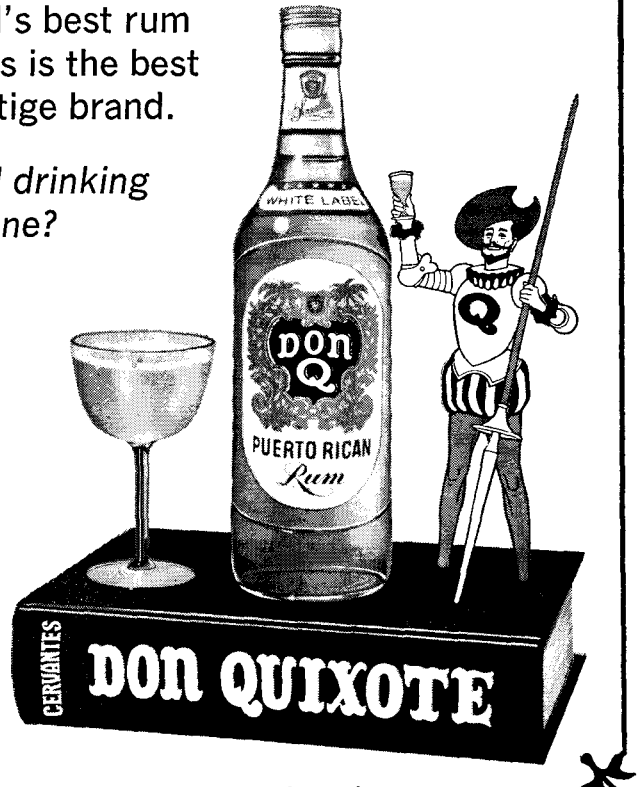

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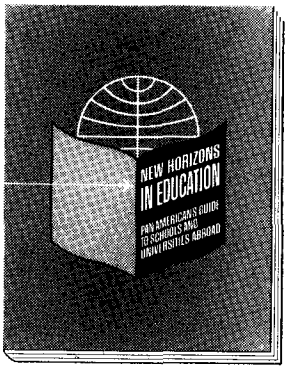

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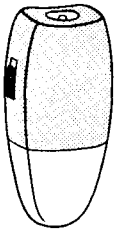

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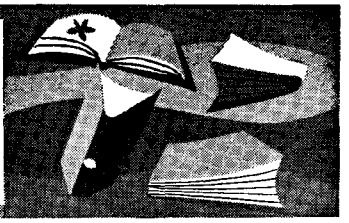
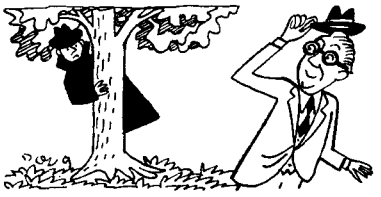


It has been published only a few days and already Marvin Kitman's new book is the Number 1 best seller. That's its title, *The Number-One Best Seller.* It's a collection of humorous stories of his that have appeared in magazines, such as the one about running for President in 1964. He lost, as you may recall, by 538 votes. (Electoral.) The book has attracted some favorable pre-publication comments. One critic said, "He is a better writer than Harold Stassen."

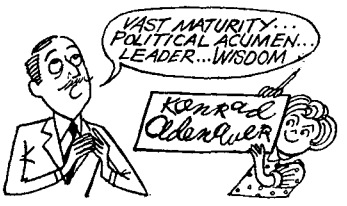
Kitman, who lives in Leonia, New Jersey, and apparently makes a legitimate living as an editor of *Monocle* magazine, recounts his adventures in trying to volunteer as an informer for the CIA. He found the Central Intelligence Agency in the New York phone book, but no address. He called and asked for it. They refused to tell him.

Kitman went to Washington. Cab drivers had never heard of the CIA. Travelers Aid and the Convention Bureau wouldn't talk. So he went to the Russian Embassy, where an attaché pointed out the CIA's Virginia location on a road map. Then the Russian looked in his address book and told Kitman of a secret Washington CIA office where he could get a limousine to headquarters.



Analysis of a person's character from his handwriting is fun, but it shouldn't be taken too seriously. That is the lesson to be learned from a new book on the subject, *Pen In Hand,* by Florry Nadall, graphologist. The author looks at a signature of Jacqueline Kennedy and says the lady is creative, versatile, reserved, and self-controlled. That may be true, but unfortunately for the science of graphology, the autograph Miss Nadall studies wasn't signed by Mrs. Kennedy but for her.

In *The Science of Handwriting Analysis,* published last year, Billie Rosen pulls the same boo-boo, coming to some conclusions about Mrs. Kennedy's personality after analyzing a non-Kennedy signature. Autograph specialist Charles Hamilton also points out that in *The Science of Handwriting Analysis* the author tells all about Lyndon B. Johnson's character from a signature that is not the President's. The example of Johnson's signature reproduced in the book is actually a proxy written by a secretary. Unknowing, grapho-scientist Rosen sees the LBJ writing as denoting



"a quick mind," "a shrewd diplomatic personality," and other remarkable characteristics.

Hamilton says, "Maybe the President should swap places with his secretary."

I first heard this strange story from a neighbor a couple of years ago, and then forgot it, but recent headlines bring it to mind. The lady told me that she had had a telephone call from the dealer who had sold her a station wagon in Norwalk, Connecticut.

"We have received word from the manufacturer," he said, "that there is a defect in the car. We will make an adjustment without any charge if you will bring it to our downtown service department at your convenience."

"Well," she replied, "let's see, I have the car pool this week and we're driving to the game Saturday. I guess I can make it some time next week. By the way, what's wrong?"

"Something to do with the steering."

Someone sent me a photograph of Ben Lucien Burman in the New Guinea jungle. In addition to the American writer, there are two soldiers and seven natives in the picture. All are looking at the camera except one, who is staring intently at the back of Ben Burman's head. Now, if a bare New Guinea native, with a bone through his nose and shells around his neck, were staring thoughtfully at my head, I would be very nervous. But Burman seems pleased.

The latest thing to come out of the inside of that head is *The Sign of the Praying Tiger,* another one of those satirical Burman yarns in which he mixes incongruous elements and comes up with a funny story. Here he has a Kentucky mountaineer running a success school in Southeast Asia, teaching the

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locals how to become "successful" like Americans. Maybe that's what that New Guinea fellow was thinking about.

The Procrastinators Club in Milwaukee believes that doing things on time causes untold misery to mankind. Delay solves many problems. The club is not new, but it just got around to installing Les Watts as president. Members recently protested the war of 1812, carrying picket signs that declared "President Madison—This Is Your War."

Sharps and Flats: No one seemed to notice that there was a terrific girl singer on that television spectacular starring Barbra Streisand. Her name's Rosemary Clooney and she sang the carpet commercial.

► Do you think Walter Mitty was on LSD?

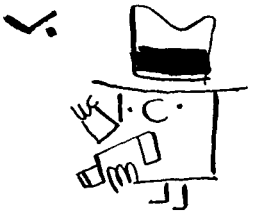
► After the complicated transit and newspaper strikes, it was wonderful to hear of a good, old-fashioned walkout in Hartford, Connecticut, a couple of weeks ago. The roofers quit. Union demands were easy for me to follow: shorter hours and more pay.

► In 1768 the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* devoted a paragraph to ATOM: "a particle of matter so small as to admit of no division," and forty pages to MIDWIFERY. The latest *EB* has two columns in the index alone about the atom. Midwifery is covered in four paragraphs.

► Tommy Whitehead, the Commander's wife, wrote: "The fact that a businessman can now get to California in six hours doesn't mean that he spends more time with his family; he just goes to more places more often."

► Ben Hoffman says:
Show me where Stalin is buried and I'll show you a Communist plot.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1677)

H. T. EDITORIAL:
(THE PROBLEM OF)
REMOVING JUDGES

It would be difficult to assert that we should have* a mandatory retirement age which might rob the country of the best years of a Holmes. Perhaps action by a Judicial Council might be the method open to the least abuse.

* Wording slightly changed to get the V.

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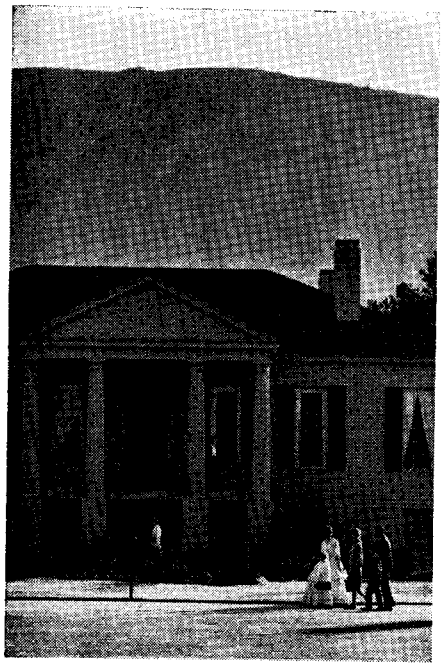

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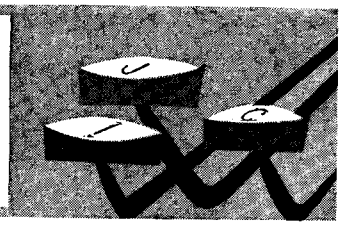

Righteous indignation: I don't suppose I really know what I'd do if I were to walk head-on into Great Evil, or into any condition toward that end of the scale. When I give myself all possible points for personal splendor, I like to believe that I could face it with a frozen calm and a normal pulse. I sometimes dream that I could have shot Hitler from a great distance with the accuracy of which only comic-strip heroes are capable, or close up with a great splashing blast, and that I could have done either without taking the cigarette from my mouth and without knocking off the ash. For that Hitler dream I even practiced a bit once with Japanese stand-ins and under the auspices of the then USAAF, and I did manage something like a shallow-breathing calm, but never under really trying conditions, and besides I was much younger then, and, if possible, much more ignorant.

Still, in my bravest fantasies, I dream that I could die with a negligent shrug, or stare out unperturbed at the approaching hordes of Absolute Evil. And still I must confess that I rail intemperately at being down with a sniffle, and that I fume with righteous indignation at small (and particularly at bureaucratic) affronts. And what will sooner affront a fantasy hero than to be stopped by a traffic cop? Especially when the cop is wrong, it being in the nature of all cops to be forever wrong when they stop any fantasy hero, and unbearably wrong when I happen to be the fantasy hero so stopped.

There is, of course, a story coming, and it does, of course, contain revolting details, the gist of it being that about a year ago I was stopped in Central Park for crossing a double-line I had not seen because of snow on the ground. In defense of my virility, if any; of my American citizenship; and of my inalienable right to drive as I please, I was furious. Besides, it was the cop's fault: he was infuriatingly calm as he wrote. His calm drove me from fury to blindness. I became a fool. I walked straight into his haymaker-right.

"Whaddaya do for a living?" he said.

"I'm a POET!" I snarled. *That* would stop him.

But it was myself I destroyed.

"Does that mean self-employed?" he said without a change of tone.

It was ghastly. I realized I had been shot down by a cop in a battle of—well, let's say—wits. How much must one man bear as the price of one burst of righteous indignation?

And having shot me down, the cop proceeded to put one metaphoric foot on my metaphoric neck. "This," he said handing me the ticket, "calls for an appearance February 15."

I checked my black book. "I have to be in Chicago February 15."

"That," he said, "is your problem."

"But I can't be there!" I screamed.

He shrugged.

"You want me to tear up the ticket?" I raved.

"That," he said, "would still be your problem."

By that time I was so lost to reason that I was hardly in the car before I did tear up the ticket. I zoomed out of there like a menace to navigation. But I had hardly gone 200 yards before I began to hear the word "Scofflaw!" echoing through my head. My character notwithstanding, I have thus far managed to avoid legal indictment.

As it happens, my favorite judge has all the virtues of an iron character, including a weakness for poker, and the recurring, though occasional, illusion that two pair assisted by his iron character will inevitably defeat three-of-a-kind, especially if the three-of-a-kind happen to be small. I have long cherished him for these occasional lapses, and have found both comfort and increase in him. One night, about a week after I became a scofflaw, and fortified by three aces, I asked him what would happen to me for tearing up the ticket. He shook his head sadly as he raised into me with what turned out to be three queens. To boost my flagging spirits, I took the occasion to raise him back (he had drawn three cards), and when I had laid down my hand, he shook his head again. "Cheer up," he said dolefully, "you have just won enough to bribe the jury."

And sure enough, my spirits did rise at the thought of robbing judges to pay for justice. But when the summons finally came I was indignant all over again. "Since you cannot appear," it said in effect, "send check for $5."

With tolls, parking, and cabs, it would have cost me twice that to go into New York, and I should have used up at least half a day waiting around to pay my fine. Yet, because I had raged my indignant way to being a scofflaw, I was spared all the boredom and most of the expense. I was beginning to learn that

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there is small profit in righteous indignation. I was ahead of the game, wasn't I? I was, in fact, ahead of both judge and justice. "Cool, man, cool," I cautioned myself in that language I am learning from the children.

And I am happy to report I have been playing it cool ever since. Well, most of the time. My last brush with the law did start with a splutter of the old righteous indignation, but I cooled it fast, and that time, I submit, I emerged in command of the situation.

I was walking north on the east side of Sixth Avenue one drizzly day when I came to, I believe, 49th Street. A huge mound of machinery had been set up at the intersection in some connection with the subway extension being dug below the avenue, but the light was with me and I had started across when a horn honked and I had to jump back from a car that was running the light.

I blistered the driver's ghost, started across again, and again I had to jump back from a car that was running the light. At that point, Hell could not have held me. I charged into the intersection with my hand raised, stopped the next car with the power of my personality, and made it across, only to catch, from the other side of the avenue, a glimpse of a cop who was waving traffic out of the side street against the light. He had been hidden from me behind the pile of machinery.

I couldn't have gone more than twenty paces when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the cop. And he was, I noticed with a shiver of delight, fired full of righteous indignation—a pushover.

He was spewing a flume of angry idiom, the gist of his message being that when he, by blankety blank, was "pulling traffic out of the hole," I, by double-blank, would blank well wait till he was finished before I blank-blanked in the blank of my Uncle Louis's blankety.

He was eloquent, he was in fine voice and cadence, he was earnest, and at last he paused. That is when I struck back for all of outsmarted mankind.

"Is that a complete statement?" I said.

As it turned out, it wasn't. He managed a truly bravura addendum, but then even he had to stop.

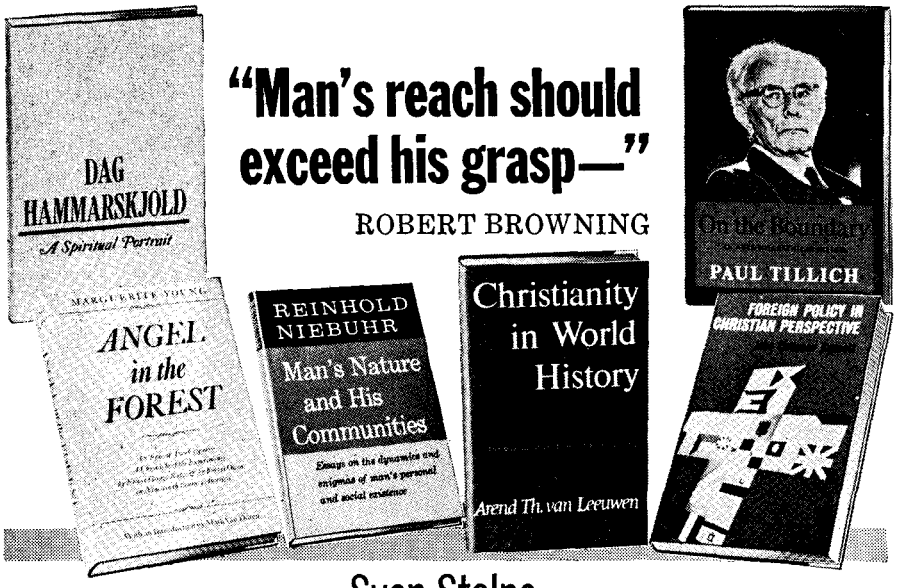
"Is *that*," I said, "a complete statement?"

"GERRAHTAYEAH!" he snarled in classical Bronx.

I did get out of there—wreathed in smiles. And yet, in sympathy with the poor devil. I knew all about righteous indignation and the evils it can bring down on a man. Had I not myself just awakened from that madness as from a briary dream?

"Cool, man, cool," I whispered as I walked on through the radiant drizzle of that splendid gray day.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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BOOKS

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WAR WITHOUT GUNS: AMERICAN CIVILIANS IN RURAL VIETNAM, George K. Tanham with W. Robert Warne, Earl J. Young, and William A. Nighswonger. Praeger, $4.95 (*SR,* May 28)—Reveals, through the experience of AID representatives, the shortcomings of our efforts to assist Vietnamese villagers.

CHURCHILL: TAKEN FROM THE DIARIES OF LORD MORAN. Houghton Mifflin, $10 (*SR,* May 28)—The propriety of the revelations made here by Sir Winston's physician is being hotly disputed in Britain.

LOVE IN THE SHADOWS, W. J. Weatherby. Stein & Day, $4.95 (*SR,* May 21)— A white British journalist plumbs new levels of self-examination in revealing his thwarted relationship with a Negro girl in Louisiana.

NAZI CULTURE: INTELLECTUAL, CULTURAL AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE THIRD REICH, George L. Mosse. Grosset & Dunlap, $6.95 (*SR,* May 21)—The myths that gave muscle to the Master Race are exposed in a compilation of readings and documents.

PIUS XII AND THE THIRD REICH: A DOCUMENTATION, Saul Friedländer; tr. from the French and German by Charles Fullman. Knopf, $5.95 (*SR,* May 21)—Confirms that the wartime Supreme Pontiff had a predilection for Germany and feared a Bolshevization of Europe.

DIARY OF A NIGHTMARE: BERLIN 1942-1945, Ursula von Kardorff; tr. from the German by Ewan Butler. John Day, $5.95 (*SR,* May 21)—With unembellished candor, a woman's page columnist tells of her belated efforts to shelter the hunted.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF POWER: AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE SEARCH FOR PEACE, Harlan Cleveland. Harper & Row, $4.50 (*SR,* May 14)—The author dispassionately defends the foreign policy he helped to shape during four years as Assistant Secretary of State.

POWER AND IMPOTENCE: THE FAILURE OF AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY, Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff. Random House, $4.95 (*SR,* May 14)—Urges disengagement except for policies directly affecting the prevention of a major war and the protection of Europe and India.

THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION, ed. by Harvey Swados. Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50 (*SR,* May 21)—Passages from books, short stories, plays, and poems that succeed, probably as well as words can, in giving those who didn't live through them an idea of what the Thirties were like.

EARTHLY PARADISE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COLETTE, drawn from her lifetime writings by Robert Phelps; tr. from the French by Herma Briffault, Derek Coltman, and others. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95 (*SR,* May 7)—The celebrated French novelist emerges here in all her sensuality and sensitivity.

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN, ed. by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95 (*SR,* May 7)—Covers four years of the novelist's life in Paris in the early 1930s.

SOUTHERNER, Charles Longstreet Weltner. Lippincott, $3.95 (*SR,* May 7)—A Democratic Congressman from Georgia reviews the racial problem in this country and makes several predictions—among them, that the extreme racist element of the Democratic party will be absorbed into the GOP.

IN MY FATHER'S COURT, Isaac Bashevis Singer; tr. from the Yiddish by Channah Kleinerman-Goldstein, Elaine Gottlieb, and Joseph Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.50 (*SR,* May 7)—These memoirs of childhood limn a vanished world of Chassidic rabbis and their flock, upon which the author has drawn for novels and stories.

Fiction

DEATH IN MIDSUMMER AND OTHER STORIES, Yukio Mishima; tr. from the Japanese by Edward Seidensticker, Donald Keene, Ivan Morris, and Geoffrey Sargent. New Directions, Hardbound, $5.50, Paperback, $2.25 (*SR,* May 7)—Reveals the dimensions of insight and sensibility in the Japanese novelist and playwright.

A SENTENCE OF LIFE, Julian Gloag. Simon & Schuster, $5.95 (*SR,* May 7)—The suspense never falters in this novel of a proper Englishman who suddenly finds himself, in public, on trial for murder and, in the privacy of his cell, charged with indifference to others.

ALBERTA ALONE, Cora Sandel; tr. from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Rokkan. Orion, $7.95 (*SR,* May 7)—A trilogy of great emotional depth, which pictures its heroine as a small-town girl, a young Bohemian in Paris and, finally, as a mature woman.

A COUNTRY OF STRANGERS, Conrad Richter. Knopf, $3.95 (*SR,* May 14)—A girl goes through an experience parallel to that of the hero of *The Light in the Forest,* to which this novel is a companion volume.

MOTHER NIGHT, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95 (*SR,* May 14)—A wacky but warm account of the adventures of an American counter-agent in World War II.

THE INVESTIGATING OFFICER, Frederick L. Keefe. Delacorte, $5.95 (*SR,* May 28)—An inquiry, headed by an American captain, into the death in Austria of two SS officers while being taken to headquarters of the Occupation Force is the subject of a compelling first novel.

MOVIES

THE YOUNG WORLD (*SR,* May 28)—Vittorio De Sica explores the ancient dilemma of the unwed girl who becomes pregnant, and her lover, with unusual authenticity of emotion and background—the latter being the tawdry Paris the tourist doesn't see.

LES BONNES FEMMES—Chabrol uses the same setting for the story of the unhappy loves of four shopgirls. Put it right after *The Cousins.*

HAMLET (*SR,* May 21)—A Russian version based upon a translation by Boris Pasternak of a script by Grigori Kozintsev, a veteran director and Shakespeare scholar. Here is a virile prince with no Oedipus complex.

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THEATER

SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE, PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! CACTUS FLOWER, MAN OF LA MANCHA, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, THE ODD COUPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

PAUL STRAND'S MEXICO, Dartmouth's Hopkins Center, Hanover, N.H. Sunny South-of-the-Border subjects tempered by the cool logic of classic composition and design. Until mid-June.

NATIONALITY AMERICAN: CITIZENSHIP THE WORLD, Hallmark Gallery, New York. Stills make a moving tribute to Adlai Stevenson in a three-dimensional blend of family-album pictures, a young son's excellent amateur camerawork, and the professional photojournalism of Cornell Capa and Inge Morath. (See *SR*, May 28). Through June 29.

THE CAREER OF AN ACTRESS: SOPHIA LOREN, Museum of Modern Art, New York. In every sense a star attraction, this is the Museum's first photographic exhibit devoted to an individual performer, and features the work of Peter Basch, Alfred Eisenstaedt, and Pierluigi, among others.

Publications

THE EMERGENT DECADE, Word-and-picture profiles by Cornell Capa, text by Thomas M. Messer. Cornell University Press, $18.50. Capa merits another honorable mention for his camera profiles of eight contemporary Latin-American artists.

ART

Exhibitions

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE: A CHANGING FRONTIER, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. Paintings by more than 100 artists trace the American wilderness and frontier during the last three centuries. The exhibition includes such contrasting themes as the scenic shorelines of the Atlantic and the abstract reaches of modern space. Closes June 19.

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN ART, Cleveland Museum of Art. In celebration of its fiftieth anniversary the Museum offers a kaleidoscopic view of the last half-century. Paintings and sculpture borrowed from nearly 100 museums, galleries, and private collections survey American and European art from 1916 to 1965. Opens June 15.

MASTERPIECES FROM MONTREAL, Memorial Art Gallery of The University of Rochester, N.Y. One hundred of the choicest paintings from the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts range from the fifteenth century to the present. Closes June 25.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE FROM THE MUSEUM'S COLLECTION, Museum of Primitive Art, New York. An opportunity to see a rare group of carvings and bronzes from twelve countries in Western and Central Africa.

OTHER CULTURES, OTHER TIMES

THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN OCEAN
By Auguste Toussaint
Translated by June Guicharnaud
For 5,000 years men have sailed the Indian Ocean in search of riches and power. Egyptians, Ancient Greeks, Indians, Dutch, Spanish, French, British, Chinese, Americans and Japanese have used its routes to expand trade, wage war and spread political and religious ideals. This compact, clearly written geohistorical survey tells the fascinating story of East-West contact in one of the world's crucial areas. $6.00

HONOUR AND SHAME
The Values of Mediterranean Society
Edited by J. G. Peristiany
This trend-setting work is concerned not only with varying ideals of honor, but with the reality of human behavior, which so often contradicts the ideal. J. G. Peristiany studies the villagers of Cyprus; Julian Pitt-Rivers explores honor in modern Spain, while ancient Spain's attitudes are discussed by Julio Caro Baroja. Other contributors are Pierre Bourdieu, Ahmed Abou Zeid and J. K. Campbell. A new volume in the important Nature of Human Society Series. $5.00

VISIONS OF CULTURE
By Karl J. Weintraub
How do historians give structure to something as complex as a culture or civilization? The author shows how five historians and a philosopher created an understandable and convincing picture "from a chaos of fact." Voltaire, Guizot, Burckhardt, Lamprecht, Huizinga and Ortega y Gasset all "shared the problems of that distinguished band of historians who aim at nothing less than understanding human life in its full complexity." $7.50

THE PLACE OF THE HIDDEN MOON
Erotic Mysticism in the Vaisnava-sahajiyā Cult of Bengal
By Edward C. Dimock, Jr.
". . . ultimately one can pass even beyond the pleasure of actual union . . . and know the divine joy entirely within one's self." This paean to the literal union of the human and the divine was the doctrine of the Vaisnava-sahajiyā Cult that arose in Bengal in the Sixteenth Century. Its adherents made an intensely emotional attempt to reconcile the spirit and the flesh, and, like the Troubadours, exalted love in separation in their poetry and doctrine. $7.50

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THE WRITER AS INDEPENDENT SPIRIT

1. The Role of P.E.N.

By ARTHUR MILLER, *International President of P.E.N.*

THERE is an enormous waste of talent in this world now, especially of literary talent. It is being wasted because, for one thing, we lack a certain morale. The writer today is closer to demoralization than in any period I know. He is being demoralized by the same forces that demoralize everybody else, but in addition he is face to face with a devilish and false ideology running rabid in the world: the ideology of scientism, which would have us believe that the instinct of a writer to create a synthesis of meanings for life is false and trivial, and that the only truth is the truth that can be documented in statistics or an empirical experiment. It is the triumph of the pettifogger, the triumph of the lover of minutiae. It is the defeat of that kind of mind which tries to make of knowledge a unified and moral whole.

At a recent P.E.N. meeting a member introduced me to a book by a writer famous in Hungary in the Thirties named Frigyes Karinthy. He tells a wonderful story. His book is a continuation of *Gulliver's Travels.* Karinthy writes that in Budapest there was a little restaurant where people would put a coin in a slot and food would come out of the machine. But concealed inside the machine sat a little man who caught the money in his hand and then put the food through the door. The customers trusted a machine more than they did a man, so the restaurateur had to put between himself and his customers some façade of a trustworthy machine.

I think there is great truth in that. Literature today is becoming envious of the machine in direct ratio to man's loss of faith in literature as a good in itself.

P.E.N. has, first of all, a role to play in regenerating the morale of the writer.

P.E.N. must become a gathering place for the young. The young, not in terms of their age, but in terms of their relevance and their energy and their ability to apply themselves to the problems of living in these times. The rebuilding of morale must begin here. I know many young people in the United States who have much talent but nothing to say. Nothing to say in the sense that it is pointless any more to show that people fall in love, that they're disappointed, that they die too young, that the unjust are victorious, and so on. These young people have nothing to say in the sense that society in effect is a deaf machine; and they feel themselves competing with machines which have stolen the imagination of man. And that feeling comes only because what has been lost in this world, what is rapidly fading from consciousness, is the uniqueness of the individual. In my opinion, the mission of literature is to reassert this, to reproduce it in every generation, to persist against all odds in justifying a human-centered vision of life.

Some months ago I was interviewed by a psychologist who represented the National Science Foundation of the United States. This professional psychologist, referring to a particular scene in one of my plays, asked, with some amazement, "How did you ever figure

"The Writer as Independent Spirit" will be the theme of the broadest forum of American and foreign writers ever assembled—some 500 poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists who will gather in New York City June 12-18 for the Thirty-fourth International P.E.N. Congress. More than half of the participants will come from Asia, Africa, Latin America, and Europe —both East and West. Among the many delegates of world-wide renown will be writers like Ignazio Silone, Pablo Neruda, Rosamund Lehmann, Carlos Fuentes, and John Steinbeck. Others, influential as opinion-molders in their homelands, will be new names to the U.S. As a salute to the P.E.N. Congress, *SR* offers a preview of questions that will be explored at round tables during the New York conclave: "The Writer as Public Figure," "Literature and the Social Sciences on the Nature of Contemporary Man," and "The Writer in the Electronic Age"—here considered respectively by Daniel Bell, Robie Macauley, and Judith Wheeler. "The Writer as Collaborator in Other Men's Purposes" is the fourth round-table topic. Playwright Arthur Miller examines above the role of P.E.N.; playwright Edward Albee offers an overview of the Congress. Warren Bower reminisces about the literary associations of New York's Washington Square, locus for the convention. David Dempsey looks at the machinery that made it possible. The history and achievements of P.E.N. are recapitulated by the guest editor for this special section, Lewis Galantière, president of the P.E.N. American Center. Critic and translator, Mr. Galantière edited the *Goncourt Journals 1851-70* and *The Portable Maupassant.* He is the author of *France Is Full of Frenchmen, America Today,* and *America and the Mind of Europe,* as well as the plays *And Be My Love* and *Lamachus.*

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out the subjective connections between the two characters in that scene?"

"What do you mean—figure it out?" I asked. "I imagined it."

He went on, "But what was your theory?"

"What do you mean, 'what was my theory'?"

"Well," he said, "do you feel that you're closer to Jung or Freud or the Behaviorists, or what?"

It was quite clear that in his opinion human behavior and the analysis of it had begun somewhere around 1912, and that before then nothing really had happened except, perhaps, that a few irresponsible poets had projected some of their own emotions which they couldn't control, and out of which very little money was made. I pointed out that Oedipus (before he became a disease) was a character in a play, and that he had been invented by poets. That religion had been invented by poets; that the idea of the Sphinx had been invented by poets; that, in fact, the world had been invented by poets: that the very concept of a unitary mankind, its inner laws and definition, has been held together in the mind of man and in the conscience of man through the symbols which artists have given the world.

THIS was an entirely new conception to him.

But this man was more than foolish: he is representative. His reference is not to any literature whatsoever: his reference is always to another psychologist's work. Everything prior to the twentieth century is one long amateur hour; he knows nothing but empirical psychology. And he is now in a position in our country—and I believe he and his counterparts will be in every industrial country of the world in the same position—where he has enormous forces at his command to study human motivation in order to control it. That is science. There can be no science without prediction. It is both the temptation and triumph of science. In other words, if you can't predict that when a certain amount of hydrogen is combined with a certain amount of oxygen water will result, then you don't have science. And you don't have psychology until you can say, "If we do this, the people will do that."

A psychologist of some note recently said to me, "The truth is, we are trying to tell people what to do and to make them think it was their idea." Not to help a man to be more himself but to control him.

I made a speech about three years ago before a congress of American psychologists in which I said, in passing, that without human values one doesn't even come up with good science. Under the Nazis, doctors made experiments with people by dropping them into a swimming pool and connecting certain instruments to their bodies to measure what happened when they were drowning. Never before had such measurements been made: one could only do autopsies after the deaths of drowned persons. I said that, on a purely objective basis, this might represent an increase in knowledge, but it isn't science.

Afterwards, about twenty-five people, all professional psychologists, gathered round me. "Why isn't it science?" they asked.

This was not in Berlin or Munich; it was in New York City.

I submit that nobody can ask that question who is not poisoned by an ideology which has within itself the possibilities of destroying the human race. And I say that literature is probably the only "discipline" in which it can be emotionally proven that without moral vision the people must truly perish—and with them literature itself.

IT is my hope that P.E.N., in all of the Centers around the world, will investigate as profoundly as possible the distinctive role and the possibilities for literature. I think the time is growing short. I think the time is coming when there will be such a suspicion of the unique invention of an author that it will be as in Dante's time—a curio—except that the future of literature will be lost.

Poets began literature: we're liable to finish it.

Only P.E.N. can serve as an anvil upon which to hammer out these questions which, I believe, disturb a great many people who cannot put them into words. I am speaking now, again, of the young, who do not realize any longer that there was a counter ideology at one time, that at one time the scientist did, in fact, feel it incumbent upon him to learn a few poems, and to be able to refer to the humanistic literature of the world.

This is what I mean about the waste of talent: it is because these young people have no direction. They feel that the avant-gardes of the past have exhausted all the novelties of form, that all they can do is repeat, possibly a little better, what has been done before. When, in fact, there is a tremendous new challenge in the world of which they are unaware. That challenge is the preservation of the imagination itself and its legitimacy as a political and social force.

Mr. Miller based the above article on remarks he addressed to a meeting of the P.E.N. International Executive Committee and taped at Avignon, France.

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2. As Public Figure

By DANIEL BELL, *co-editor, with Irving Kristol, of the new quarterly, The Public Interest.*

IN HIS *The Old Regime and the French Revolution* Alexis de Tocqueville opens part III of his brilliant study with the startling chapter heading: *How towards the middle of the eighteenth century men of letters took the lead in politics and the consequences of this new development.*

The men he was writing about, though not named—Morelly, Mably, Helvetius, Holbach, Rousseau and, to a different extent, D'Alembert, Diderot, and Voltaire—had looked at the society of their time and found it absurd. Here, in a "modern" time, were ramshackle institutions, survivals of an older age; unreasonable privileges, moldy remnants of a past still claiming authority and legitimation. And, despite different political prescriptions, the men were united by one belief, that what was needed "was to replace the complex of traditional customs governing the social order of the day by simple, elementary rules deriving from the exercise of human reason and natural law."

It was this simple rationalism, that one could make a blueprint of a future society, which provided the fundamental appeal to *aristoi* and workmen alike. The nobility "regarded even the doctrines most hostile to their prerogatives, and in fact to their very existence, as mere flights of fancy, entertaining *jeux d'esprit*. So they, too, took a hand in the new delightful game and, while clinging to their immunities and privileges, talked lightheartedly of the 'absurdity' of all the old French customs." The literary men "became bolder in their speculations, more addicted to general ideas and systems, more contemptuous of the wisdom of the ages, and even more inclined to trust their individual reason than most of those who have written books on politics from a philosophic angle. When it came to making themselves heard by the masses and appealing to their emotions, this very ignorance served them in good stead. . . ." Thus it was that "men of letters, men without wealth, social eminence, responsibilities, or official status, became in practice the leading politicians of the age [and] despite the fact that others held the reins of government, they alone spoke with accents of authority."

If the late eighteenth century established the power of ideas, it was the early twentieth century which fused the ideas with the lure of power to establish in large parts of the world ideological régimes wherein ideas, once subversive, become coercive, and the writer who began as ideologue ended as apologist. Thus we find one trajectory in the social history, and role, of the man of letters.

There is another. Every society has usually had a class whose social function has been to transmit the cultural heritage and enduring values of the civilization and whose members locate themselves primarily along the skein of tradition. These are the priests, the clerks, the mandarins, and the scholars. They are the upholders of the orthodox. Orthodoxy is not (though it has often been) the upholding of the established and the given; it is, in the best sense of the original meaning of the term, the maintenance of right or true belief. The emergence of the *intelligentsia* (the term was introduced into the Russian language in the 1860s by a minor Russian novelist named Boborykin and became accepted in France, as *un intellectuel*, only thirty years later) brought a radical rupture in the history of culture, for the self-announced function of the intellectual was to be wholly critical or even destructive of culture. But to what end? If in the name of a counter set of values, the intellectual risked becoming the ideologue. If to the purpose of remaining in permanent estrangement, there was the equal risk of remaining powerless to affect the course of events.

There was—and is—a second problem. To whom is the intellectual responsible? The simple answer has been "to himself." But who is this "I," this ego that sets himself up as the exemplar or paragon of virtue above other men? To be true to one's self is an estimable virtue, but what is this self, and what is a test of truth? The intellectual emerged on the crest of a new mode of knowledge. Rejecting revelation, authority, tradition, and even reason, the intellectual has used experience—what happens to "me"—as the test of truth. But are there any limits to experience in the search for truth? The man who took the bull—the Dionysian bull—by the horns was Nietzsche. Existence could only be justified, as he wrote in his "backward glance" to *The Birth of Tragedy*, in esthetic terms. Art alone was divine. But the autonomy of the esthetic, as the Old Testament had long known, always becomes antimoral, for in the search for experi-

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ence, lust, sadism, and even murder can be justified in esthetic terms. The radicalism of Nietzsche—and its pervasive influence can be seen in a post-Christian era—becomes a trajectory of nihilism which goes beyond good and evil.

It is these trajectories—the pull of ideology and the pull of nihilism—which have always confounded the writer/intellectual as he seeks to define a role for himself as a public figure, for a social role, by necessary definition, specifies a set of obligations in relation to society. Yet the writer, in his effort to be critical and responsible, is not alone, and there are two other models whose own social roles may provide some interesting comparisons for him.

One is the scientist. Science is, fundamentally, not just a set of technical operations but a moral enterprise subject to clear ethical standards. The norms that guide it, as Bernard Barber has described them in his excellent *Science and the Social Order*, make this explicit. There is, first, faith in the moral virtue of reason. The truths of science are provisional and approximate, ever changing and open to challenge; they cannot be dictated by tradition or by political authority; they are the product of free inquiry. Over the fireplace of his room at Princeton, Einstein once engraved these words: "*Rafiniert ist Herr Gott, aber boshaft ist Er nicht.*" Subtle and difficult is the Creator, but he is not arbitrary or malicious. The understanding of the world involves a commitment to reason.

Because of its devotion to rationality, science necessarily is critical—critical not just in the sense of being nay-saying or negative, but in the older sense of the word *critique*, to discover an underlying structure. As Barber puts it, "The goal of science is not attack, but understanding."

A further condition of rationality and understanding is emotional neutrality. This does not mean a coldness or aloofness from the world; scientists are often quite emotionally involved in their work. But whatever the passionate devotion, and jealousies, one must possess that necessary detachment to recognize the tentativeness of one's own judgments and the possibilities of mistake.

Science is universalistic; its truths are not conditioned on the national identities, color, or creeds of its inquirers. Science is a moral partnership, a community with its own norms, standards of research, common principles of verification, and a commitment to inquiry that cannot be warped by parochial loyalties. It is anti-authoritarian in that all statements are open to challenge. It is communal, in that the advance of knowledge depends upon all science sharing in the work that has been done. Secrecy, thus, breaks the bonds of community. And science is disinterested in the sense that men serve themselves only by serving others.

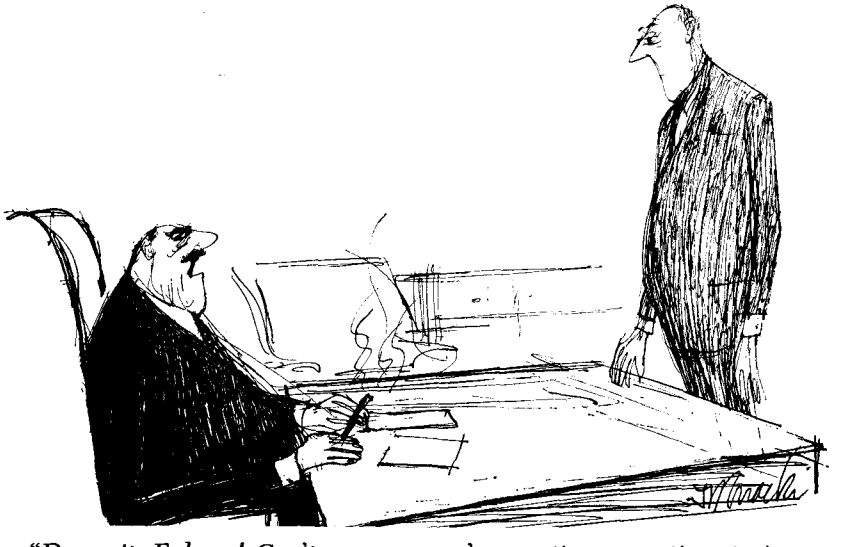
These different moral ideals, in their own way, by defining the republic of science, define as well the open society. But an open society, it should be emphasized, is not the world of *laissez-faire*. Against the idea of self-interest there is the norm of disinterestedness; contrary to individual self-seeking, there is the need for communality. However, in these commitments, especially to the norms of open inquiry, there is an inherent conflict between science and ideology as well, and where, for political reasons, science has become an ideology it has suffered.

The second model, perhaps surprisingly, is the vocation of politics. Politics is the pursuit of power, yet power itself can only be justified, in ends and means, by ethically-oriented conduct. In one of the last moving essays of his life, the German sociologist Max Weber distinguished between two fundamental political orientations: the ethic of ultimate ends, and the ethic of responsibility. The ethic of ultimate ends, at best, is the ethic of conscience. It is an absolute ethic which insists, unconditionally, that the end is so crucial or justifiable that all means necessary may be taken, or that no compromise is possible. Yet since all politics involves the ultimate possibility of force ("the decisive means for politics is violence"), the ethic of ultimate ends risks the use of morally dubious means or leads to an apocalyptic prophetism in which even those who preach "'love against violence' now call for the use of force for the *last* violent deed." The ethic of responsibility is the ethic of compromise. It asks not who is morally wrong or morally right but, given the potential of conflict, how can I solve the problem with least damage for all concerned. The hubris of the first is the messianism that it invokes; the corruption of the second is the loss of principle into which endless compromise can lead.

The politician, for Weber, was a man who had to possess three qualities: passion, a feeling of responsibility, and a sense of proportion. By passion he meant not "sterile excitation" (such as played by "our intellectuals in this carnival we decorate with the proud name of 'revolution'"), but of devotion to a cause. Responsibility arises with a sense of proportion, and this, "the decisive psychological quality of the politician," can only come with some distance to things and men. For Weber, thus, the fundamental norm of political conduct is the degree of inner poise with which any man makes his choice. Whatever choice he makes, he must understand the consequences that follow.

> In these times [Weber is writing in 1919] when the *Weltanschauungs*-politicians [*i.e.*, the ideologists] crop up *en masse* and pass the watchword, "The world is stupid and base, not I," . . . in nine out of ten cases I deal with windbags who do not fully realize what they take upon themselves but who intoxicate themselves with romantic sensations. . . . However, it is immensely moving when a *mature* man—no matter whether old or young in years—is aware of a responsibility for the consequences of his conduct and really feels such responsibility with heart and soul. He then acts by following an ethic of responsibility and somewhere he reaches the point where he says: "Here I stand; I can do no other." That is something genuinely human and moving. And every one of us who is not spiritually dead must realize the possibility of finding himself at some time in that position. In so far as this is true, an ethic of ultimate ends and an ethic of responsibility are not absolute contrasts but rather supplements which only in unison constitute a genuine man—a man who *can* have the "calling for politics."

Is the calling of the writer, as public figure, any less?



"Dammit, Folsom! Can't you see you're wasting your time trying to speak to me on the level of one human being to another?"

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3. *The Pre-empted Domain*

By ROBIE MACAULEY, *editor of The Kenyon Review.*

THE IMAGINATIVE writer, at the beginning of this century, held exploratory rights to vast stretches of human experience. Through old inheritance and through the industry of his nineteenth-century ancestors, he had acquired a kind of royal charter to delineate both the surface of the world and the interior world of man. There was almost no one to challenge him or to question his prescriptive authority. He could hardly foresee that this would be a century of ruthless expropriation.

In 1912 Joseph Conrad could ask confidently, "What is a novel if not a conviction of our fellow-men's existence strong enough to take upon itself a form of imagined life clearer than reality and whose accumulated verisimilitude of selected episodes puts to shame the pride of documentary history?" But nowadays —as a number of critics have noted— large regions that once belonged to literature have been annexed by the "humanist sciences" and new techniques. Whereas the stereoscope was hardly a rival to Balzac, the film, television, and increasingly good journalism have taken over the function of describing the world realistically. Though Charcot offered no serious threat to Tolstoy, modern psychiatry and psychological studies seem to have pre-empted an area that once belonged to the writer alone. And, along with these, the modern anthropologist, sociologist, and social historian have staked out their own claims. Thus it is that the Thirty-fourth Congress of International P.E.N. has taken "Literature and the Social Sciences on the Nature of Contemporary Man" as one of its topics and in its program asks, rather plaintively, "Is it true that literature is becoming a secondary source—that writers themselves are taking their ideas of man from the newer disciplines? . . . If true, is there here a surrender of the writer's role as independent spirit?"

To me this seems one of the most disquieting questions a contemporary writer can ask himself, and it will be interesting to see how the P.E.N. authors face or evade it. Of course, the majority of practicing writers seem quite unaware of the extent to which they have been dispossessed—which accounts for the prevalence of "secondary source" drama and fiction and a general tone of *déjà vu*. A number of others have, apparently, felt a real anxiety about it and yet have been unable to solve the problem as imaginative writers. There is something quite revealing, for instance, about the fact that James Baldwin's talent expresses itself best in autobiographical essays whereas the same material goes lame in his fiction. Jean Stafford's *A Mother in History* and Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* are two recent examples of frank escapes into journalism by novelists. In each case, the subject seems to have loomed so large as a reality that it could never be submitted to the imaginative processes.

BOTH of these are worthy books but, it seems to me, both are somehow evidences of the distrust gifted writers have begun to feel about their own métier. They are an example of unease about the narrowed possibilities of fiction; in the nineteenth century, we could assume, either writer might have found it impossible to conceive his subject except in the form of a novelistic reconstruction of the events.

It is in the nature of novelists, poets, and dramatists to have a gift for narrative and characterization, a felicity with language beyond that of the factual reporter. Thus, although these qualities are the fabric of imaginative writing, in reportage they remain a kind of décor, amenities rather than essentials of the work. In the long run, this type of escape solves nothing about the future of literature itself—and the so-called "nonfiction novel" is no more than a clever rationalization.

The dissatisfaction with the old resources of fiction and drama has inspired a number of writers to move in yet another direction. Not so clearly defined as it might be, this has to be described in terms of several tendencies that sometimes are found separate but which often combine. Perhaps the most striking is the rediscovery of that old sub-literature, pornography. One of the basic urges of writers, it seems to me, has always been a kind of critical outlawry. In a permissive and overtolerant society such as ours, there are few dramatic ways to be violently rude (the fever of the angry young men quickly became absorbed into the general low-grade infection). Using pornography as a means for protest in fiction—and, as a corollary, insisting that the Marquis de Sade be taken seriously as a philosopher and John Cleland seriously as a novelist—is among the few ways contemporary writers have found to express themselves as moralists. The underlying assumption is: society is obscene and thus, for its own good, portray it obscenely. I happen to think that Juvenal and Rochester knew the technique better than Beckett or Burroughs, but this antimoral moralism does remain one of the purely literary ways of castigating society.

ALONG with this goes the strain of macabre or "black" humor. Some of the most interesting novelistic examples of the combination of pseudo-pornography and black humor are *Lolita, The One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, and *V.*—successes of a few seasons ago. None would have much explosive effect if it dealt earnestly with certain sexual events. Americans have just got around to accepting sex fairly openly—but as a serious matter of liberalism. Fiction that treats sex as a wild joke mocks this pious attitude and, just when the middle class has decided that sex is "healthy," suggests strongly that it isn't. Both the new novelistic journalism and the new satire aim toward a shock-criticism by dealing with semi-taboo subjects; Mrs. Oswald and the Clutter murders are as fantastic as any work of the imagination—but the difference is that the satirists are trying to do something within the forms of literature whereas the Capotes and Staffords have abandoned them.

Another tendency concomitant with the humorous and pornographic is, of course, the fondness for borrowing from pop culture—the cult of camp and all that goes with it. The new literary attempt to exploit such sub-literary forms as comic strips and bad old movies seems to me to come partly from a pure interest in curiosa but essentially from an urge *pour épater le bourgeois* in another way. Fifty years ago there was considerable suspicion of and disrepute connected with modernist writing. Today it has become a respectable, university-taught subject with the academic establishment as committed to Faulkner and Eliot as it

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once was to Homer and Vergil. The introduction of pop forms is a deliberate vulgarity meant to offend and to detach, once again, the new writing from stifling professorial acceptance. It is a way of defeating scholarly criticism by saying, "You take modern literature as a serious intellectual exercise? Well, *my* sources of inspiration are the Katzenjammer Kids and vintage Joan Crawford."

However, the most desperate attempt to find a new ground for literature can be seen in the French *nouveau roman* or the anti-novel. Essentially this represents a technical rather than ideological revolt. As Robbe-Grillet says in *For a New Novel,* "Around what have artists always grouped themselves, if not the rejection of the outworn forms still being imposed on them?" and in *The Age of Suspicion* Nathalie Sarraute asks (and answers) the question: "How could a novelist free himself from the necessity of having a subject, characters, and a plot?" She describes the new novel as a direct recording, without any of the dramatic devices. Neither conceptualizing nor interpreting, it registers all the direct sensory impressions made on a consciousness, and transmits "that element of indetermination, of opacity and mystery that one's own actions always have for the one who lives them."

Possibly the most disturbing thing here is the willing surrender of the right to put a meaningful abstraction in the form of literature. It is good, on occasion, to throw overboard the worn-out artifices, but it is useless to pretend that literature's medium is anything but artifices—the printed page itself being the first one. In resigning the right to conceptualize, to make anything of experience except a special and subtle sort of registration, these writers are denying imaginative writing the ability to bear any meaning—just at a time when literature seems to have diminished precisely because other disciplines have appropriated areas where formerly it could be meaningful.

The problem of finding another realm for literary expression is not unfamiliar. It was solved once in history with the great invention of the realistic novel. But solutions are never willed into being by critics; they spontaneously appear. (*The nouveau roman* novelists would be a much more hopeful sign if they simply sat down to write their anti-novels because they could imagine no better way to create a modern expression and refrained from all their rationalizing criticism.) I don't anticipate any brilliant solutions at the New York Congress of P.E.N., but, on the other hand, I am glad that the large problem has become a worry to many writers. Worry is the father of invention and—unless the whole art of literature is in a fatal decline—another invention will come.

4. The Electronic Age

By JUDITH WHEELER, *Fortune magazine staff member.*

DONALD BARTHELME's story, "The Balloon," in a recent issue of *The New Yorker,* conjured a gigantic balloon that expanded during a night and a morning over a large part of Manhattan. There had been "a flood of original ideas in all media, works of singular beauty as well as significant milestones in the history of inflation, but at that moment there was only *this balloon,* concrete particular, hanging there." It transformed the lives of the people. They talked of little else; they tested it for toxic effect, analyzed it for philosophical significance, and found in it the explanation of their psychic disturbances. Discussion of the *meaning* of the balloon, however, was quickly abandoned because meanings "are rarely even looked for now, except in cases involving the simplest, safest phenomena." It was easier to adapt to the balloon, to be submerged by it.

In a way, "the electronic age" is our gigantic, overblown balloon, hanging there. Its manifestations intrude during more and more of the hours of our days, and there are few sanctuaries left. We have approached it from all angles, yet its meaning eludes us.

It is not as though it came upon us in a night and a morning, however: in 1942 General David Sarnoff gave notice that television would "bring to the home a complete means of instantaneous participation in the sights and sounds of the outer world." It was, he said, the "ultimate form of communication." Whether television has quite lived up to this promise is not settled, but it is clear that it can offer the illusion of "real life" better than any other medium. And its "truthfulness" transforms the impact

". . . And, while each subsidiary company will have a certain amount of fiscal autonomy, all major policy decisions will rest with the parent corporation and its board of directors, however. . . ."

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of other media. A New York taxi-driver says he doesn't care if *all* the newspapers go out of business: "I like the news on TV. There you can see for yourself what's happening." Television's "sights and sounds of the outer world" have proved they can mystify, excite, instruct, horrify, even ennoble their audience. We seem to have all the values of art along with the comforting/awesome awareness that *those* people are *real.*

Perhaps this is why critic John Aldridge, in his new book *Time to Murder and Create,* finds that the novel is no longer "the primary source of our information about the varieties of experience that lie beyond the limits of our personal lives. . . ." Mr. Aldridge is right. But it is also true that we don't need more information; we are in the midst of a data explosion. The possibilities for conveying information have proliferated to such an extent, and they feed so voraciously on "reality," that as Marshall McLuhan, director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, says, the world itself has become "a sort of museum of objects that have been encountered before in some other medium."

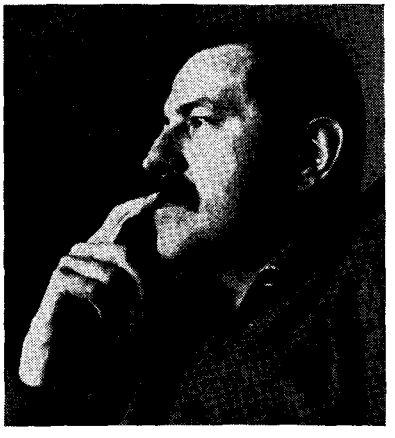
Yet, paradoxically, the more we encounter these "objects," the more inscrutable they seem to be. Each rendition of the object in a different medium, or in the same medium at different times, or in several media at the same time, seems to give it luster. Familiarity breeds unfamiliarity just as a word repeated over and over suddenly sounds mysterious. We have more and more information, and suddenly no understanding. We experience a great deal that lies "beyond the limits of our personal lives," and things are more unreasonable than ever. A tourist promotion film on South Africa shows a stately parade of well-dressed citizens (white) at garden parties, in skyscraper offices, at splendid resorts. Toward the end the narrator describes South Africa's abundant crop yields, and on the screen are the only Negroes in the film—women with baskets of fruit on their heads waiting in line to have their loads checked. This film was shown in New York theaters during the weeks when television offered the 1964 Harlem and Rochester race riots.

The incongruousness of this film would have gone unremarked twenty years ago, and not because there was less sensitivity about race relations. As the taxi-driver said, you can see for yourself—and the whole world is watching. One American first heard that there was rioting in Watts last summer from a priest in the cathedral at Palma, Majorca, who had seen the "difficulties," as he politely called them, on television. How do you think about a world where the news of an ongoing riot 6,000 miles distant is dropped into the immense dark silence of a fourteenth-century Spanish cathedral?

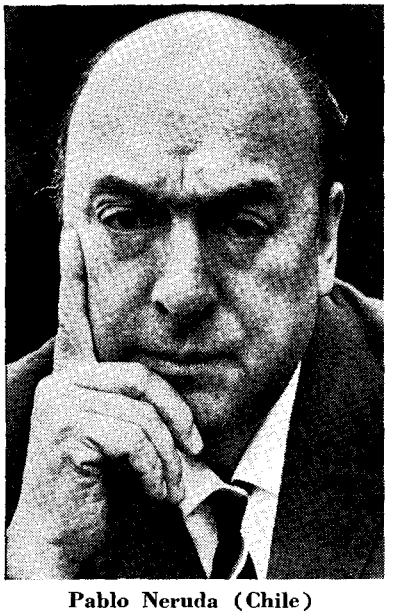
The point is, can we still talk about something that lies beyond the limits of our personal lives? The old limits of time and space have been drastically altered, and the new limits are not obvious. Nor is it clear any longer what "authentic" experience is. Mr. Aldridge writes, "We are vicariously informed about experience to the point where we do not need to *have* experience, and if we do have it, we very often feel it to be less compelling than the secondhand version of it that we already possess." This is an odd statement to make in a decade of activism. But perhaps mere activity is not experience. To a large extent we think of "an experience" as something personal, raised out of the flux of daily life by virtue of having a beginning, a middle, and an end, very like a book or a play. But more and more, with the bombardment of information, experience becomes process without end. And direct personal experience becomes indistinguishable from the vicarious, the compelling secondhand version, when the doings of the outer world are brought to us on television, as they happen. We know at the same moment as the astronaut whether his shot is successful. It is not only real life; it is real time.

A writer can make this museum of objects, this collection of random sights and sounds, relevant to each of us. He separates us from the "mass audience," and makes us feel important. He even makes us feel wise. Television shows us what we do; writers try to tell us why. Television turns reality into news; writers make news into reality. As we probe farther into physical space, deeper into human awareness; as we devour our world, the only one left may be the one the writers make.

Foreign delegates to International P.E.N. Congress



Günter Grass (Germany)



Pablo Neruda (Chile)

Muriel Spark (England)

Ignazio Silone (Italy)

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5. Locus: Washington Square

By WARREN BOWER, *for many years a resident of Greenwich Village.*

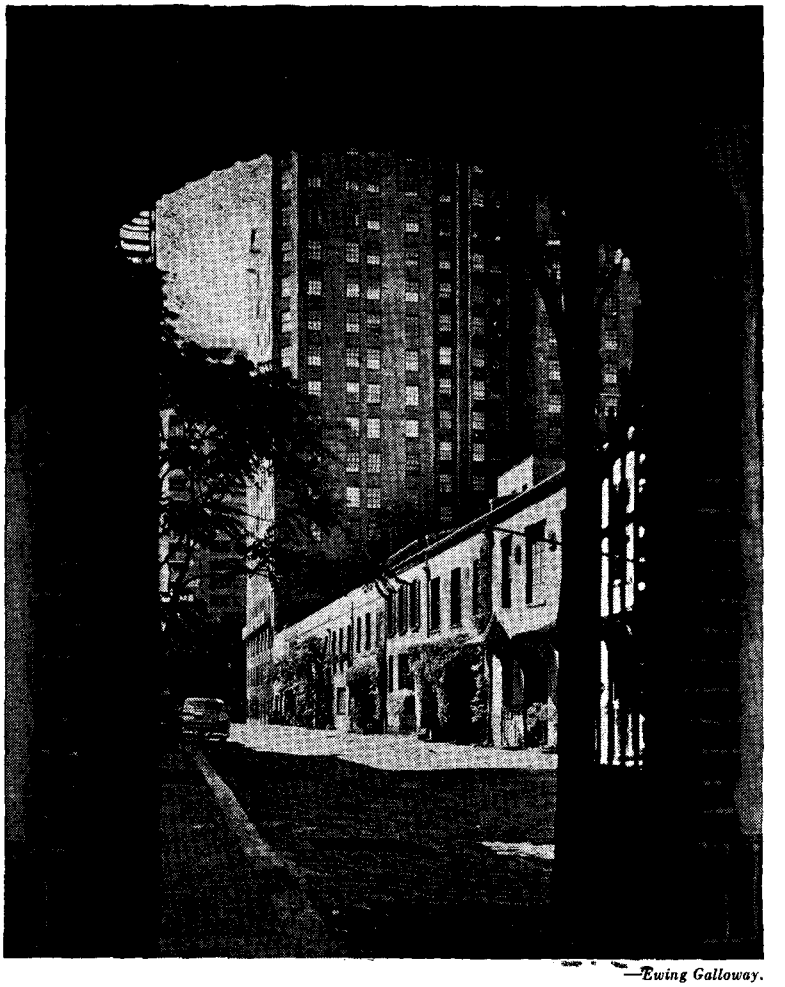
WHEN the poets, essayists, and novelists of the International P.E.N. Club assemble in Washington Square, they will be in a part of New York City where writers have chosen to live during many years of Gotham's history. The Square is a park which is diminishing in scale as tall buildings go up around it, but there are sections of it that retain much of the tone of Henry James's time, especially the decorous row of five-story houses from University Place to Fifth Avenue. One of these is still known as the Gallatin House, where Albert Gallatin, Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury and a founder of New York University, lived in the 1830s. But it is James, perhaps because he was the author of a novel called *Washington Square*, who is most often associated with this section. Of it he said, "It has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the shrill city. It has a riper, richer, more honorable look . . . the look of having something of a social history."

Repose it may not have now when Washington Square is the heart of frenetic Greenwich Village, but social and literary history it has yet, for all its humble beginnings as a farm and later a potter's field. Since the early nineteenth century, when publishing in New York became competitive with Boston, writers have been drawn to the city, many to the vicinity of Washington Square. Always they greatly outnumbered authors born in New York. Among major writers who were, one readily recalls only Washington Irving, Bret Harte, Henry James, and Eugene O'Neill. But many elected to come: from England, Thomas Paine; from New Jersey, James Fenimore Cooper, who wrote *The Last of the Mohicans* and other novels at 315 Greenwich Street before he went to upstate New York, where his father had established Cooperstown. Edgar Allan Poe arrived from Philadelphia in 1837, lived first at 137 Waverly Place, and began to publish such tales as "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." Mark Twain moved to the Village at the height of his fame in 1901, resided briefly at 14 West 10th Street, then took a splendid house at 21 Fifth Avenue, which was demolished in pre-landmark-preservation times, if to much protest. John Masefield, later to be Poet Laureate of England, worked for awhile in a bar on Sixth Avenue in the Village during his *Wanderjahre* (1892-94) in New York.

Other writers who adopted New York, and the Village, were Richard Harding Davis, a Philadelphian; Theodore Dreiser, an Indianan, who came to the Village in 1894 to edit magazines and do a series of realistic novels culminating in *An American Tragedy*, written while he lived on West 11th Street; and Willa Cather, a Nebraskan, who spent years, from 1904 on, at 5 Bank Street and the Grosvenor Hotel during her editorship of *McClure's Magazine* and the writing of a series of distinguished novels.

But of all these and many more who came to New York the writer who both created and spread the reputation of the city, and particularly of Greenwich Village, most widely was O. Henry —William Sydney Porter, as he was less well known. In 1903, after three years in prison, during which he taught himself to write, Porter came to New York; although he occupied many hall bedrooms, he stayed chiefly at 55 Irving Place, where a plaque commemorates his having lived, written, and died there. As no one had done before him, he caught the color, movement, and spirit of the city in his short stories printed in magazines and gathered into such books as *The Four Million* and *The Voice of the City*. He set many of his stories in Union Square Park, the Brevoort Hotel, and the bars he frequented on Fifteenth Street and Irving Place. Despite the fact that his major hangouts were technically outside the geographic boundaries of Greenwich Village, this enclave of the arts owes more to O. Henry than to any other single writer who spoke for it.

But Maxwell Bodenheim, surely the most widely known pre-beatnik harbored by the Village, would require mention as a runner-up. Another, far more serious literary figure was Edna St. Vincent Millay, of MacDougal, Bedford, and many other Village streets, who through such books as *Renascence* and *A Few Figs from Thistles* became a living symbol of the free life, the free moral code, that Greenwich Village in the Twenties always connoted. And how can one forget the two geniuses of that



—Ewing Galloway.

Washington Mews in Greenwich Village—"a kind of established repose."

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enchanting *cul de sac* Patchin Place—the late E. E. Cummings and Djuna Barnes?

Within the greater hub that the Village is, there have been many smaller ones, sometimes a single residence or boarding house, a hotel café or a restaurant which was frequented by people who were unquestionably Villagers, no matter where they lived. One such was the "House of Genius," run by Mme. Catherine Ruede Branchard, who had rented a five-story building at 61 Washington Square South in 1896 and announced that she was opening a boarding house and would accept as paying guests only persons of talent. To it came such indubitably talented people as Stephen Crane, Frank Norris (he wrote *The Pit* while living there), John Reed, Zona Gale, Gelett Burgess, Willa Cather, Peggy O'Neil, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Franklin P. Adams, Oliver Herford, Bliss Carman, Floyd Dell, and Alan Seeger. Among people like them there was, obviously, a scrupulousness about paying the rent not always observed by others whom Mme. Branchard had been persuaded to admit on their assurance that they were indeed talented. Legend has it that when the building was torn down in 1945, trunks held for years in lieu of rent were discovered in the basement. But no unpublished manuscripts of deathless prose or verse came to light, perhaps because no rent money also meant no talent.

ANOTHER group of living quarters attractive to writers and artists was hard by, in the block bounded by Washington Square South and MacDougal Street, West Third, and Sullivan Streets. Here was the domain of "Papa" Strunsky, who had the reputation of being the "kindliest landlord in the world." He had a hundred studio flats in his houses, which he rented when he could. The solvent got apartments looking out on Washington Square; those who were chronically out of funds were not sent away but were led to one-room accommodations fronting on West Third Street, which went by the not inappropriate name of "Strunsky's Stables." Conscience alone compelled such tenants to pay "Papa" any rent; he himself did not have the heart to ask twice.

At opposite poles were two restaurants frequented by writers and artists in Greenwich Village. The café at the Lafayette Hotel, whose owner-manager was Raymond Orteig, the aviation enthusiast who put up the money that lured Charles Lindbergh to attempt to fly the Atlantic Ocean via a New York-to-Paris route, was a genuinely French restaurant with a typically splendid French cuisine. When writers, among them O. Henry, Mark Twain, Stephen Vincent Benét, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Carl Van Doren, Pierre van Paassen, Carl Van Vechten, Nathanael West, Sid Perelman, Joseph Wood Krutch, or Howard Lindsay, were flush with literary success, they came to the Lafayette to dine or drink and to play dominoes during a pleasant afternoon. But when an author living in Greenwich Village was next to broke, he was far more likely to be found at the Grand Ticino, an Italian restaurant still flourishing on Thompson Street, with a décor left over from Prohibition days. The regular clientele of the place was made up of more artists than writers, since if the "ash-can school" met anywhere at all it was at the Grand Ticino; but writers came, too, with Mary Heaton Vorse, Thorne Smith, Harry Kemp, Conrad Aiken, Alfred Kreymborg, Babette Deutsch, and Vilhjálmur Stefánsson often dropping in to eat and talk.

Another locus for writers, a reason for their being in or near the Village, is provided by the presence of New York University on the full east and south sides of Washington Square, and partially on the other two. The opportunity to teach or study has always drawn writers to universities, and the Washington Square center has had many during its history. Its brightest name was undoubtedly Thomas Wolfe, who taught in the English Department during the late Twenties—until he knew that the success of his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel,* was assured, whereupon he promptly resigned in mid-year.

No plaque is anywhere on the university's walls marking Wolfe's presence (but one can be found at the entrance to the Hotel Chelsea on West 23rd Street, where Wolfe lived for a time, as he did in the Village itself and in Brooklyn). Yet readers of *Of Time and the River* know the many pages in that novel about teaching and students which reflect Wolfe's own ambivalent feelings about his experience as teacher there. Vardis Fisher, a novelist even more prodigious in output than Wolfe, was at the university at the same time, and stayed somewhat longer before returning to his native Idaho. "Kurt Steel" was a writer of superb mystery stories who was a professor of philosophy. Among poets who were also NYU teachers were Eda Lou Walton, John Varney, M. L. Rosenthal, and Galway Kinnell. John Bakeless was a biographer and nonfiction writer of note, as is North Callahan. Pulitzer Prize-winner Leon Edel, the definitive biographer of Henry James, has lately been designated the Henry James Professor of English. Isaac Rosenfeld, Paul Goodman, and Saul Bellow taught at the university for a time; the English author Ralph Bates, who wrote *The Olive Field,* shortly to be reissued, has been a teacher there for more than a decade. Carl Van Doren and his brother Mark, teachers both, as well as authors, owed their university allegiance to Columbia, but their homes were in the Village, within the purlieus of NYU.

Since writers have tended to live in the vicinity of Washington Square in some numbers, literary parties might be expected to be ordinary events; it is even an area where the literary salon, which is several steps above mere party-giving, might flourish. Two such institutions have indeed existed in the recent history of the Village. Mabel Dodge Luhan, whose greatest fame was her recognition of the genius of D. H. Lawrence, lived on lower Fifth Avenue in the Twenties. There, in sumptuous quarters, she held a literary salon that brought all the Village artists and intellectuals together, including Lincoln Steffens, Max Eastman, Carl Van Vechten, Hart Crane, John Cowper Powys, William Rose Benét and his wife Elinor Wylie.

BUT the salon that gave the greatest satisfaction to its host and to his guests was one set up by lawyer Charles Studin during the Thirties. Mr. Studin, a specialist in copyright law much consulted by publishers, wished to retire but was warned by his doctor that if he stopped working and did nothing the result would be an early death. "Why don't you give some parties for your literary friends?" suggested the doctor, in a quick attempt at a nonmedical prescription. The suggestion was taken up, and the therapy was effective. Whenever an important New Yorker, or out-of-towner who happened to be in town, published a book, Mr. Studin was happy to give him a party, well catered and well supplied with food and drink, in a spacious Village apartment. Often he averaged two or three of these per week, to which the Villagers on his long list came thirstily and with enthusiasm. Edgar Lee Masters was often there, as were Carl Carmer, Homer Croy, Rachel Field, Marc Connelly, Sherwood Anderson, Edward J. O'Brien, Robert and Dave Flaherty, Peggy Bacon, Carl Glick, Ben Lucien Burman, Eli Siegel, Katharine Anthony, and a host of others. Never were there such parties, and they continued for a number of years, one of the few bright spots in the Village during the Depression years.

Do authors still come to live and work in Greenwich Village? They do indeed. The last one, a person of considerable fame, proves the point. A few months ago Marianne Moore emigrated from Brooklyn, where she had lived on Cumberland Street for many years. But now she is happily at home on West Ninth Street, the newest Villager, settling in slowly and getting to work on a poem which will celebrate Brooklyn Bridge anew.

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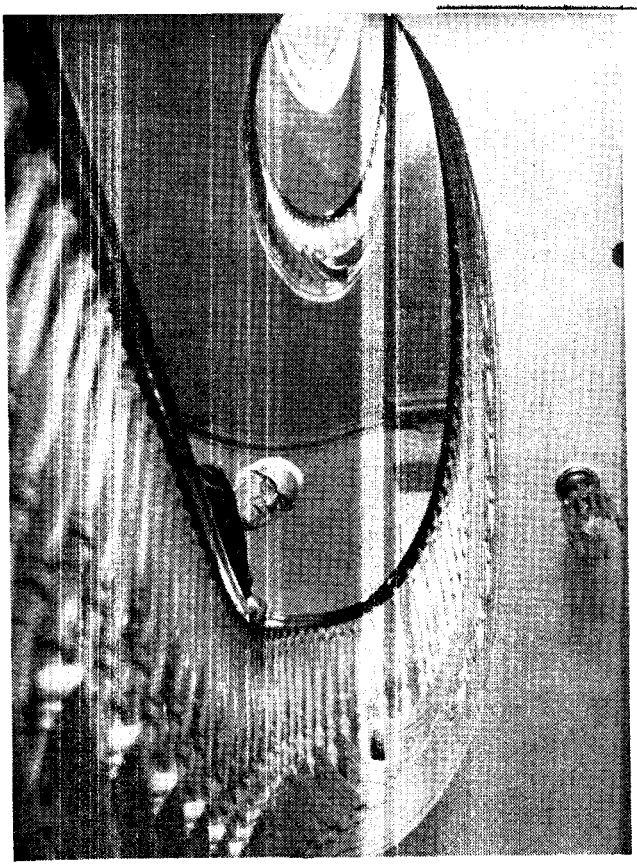

Biographer Leon Edel on stairway described by Henry James in his novel *Washington Square*.

Literary critic Patricia Blake with novelist Isaac Bashevis Singer at Washington Square N.

Greenwich Village—*A Magnet for Writers*

—Photographs by Stefan Congrat-Butlar.

Poet Marianne Moore in Patchin Place, home of E. E. Cummings and Djuna Barnes.

American P.E.N. President Lewis Galantière, on terrace of NYU's Loeb Student Center.

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6. Creativity and Commitment

By EDWARD ALBEE, *author of the play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"*

THE ALTERNATIVES available to a group posting subjects for discussion by a gathering of writers such as the forthcoming International P.E.N. Congress are simply put: keep the subjects general enough for each writer to find a spot for his personal pre-occupations; keep them specific enough to give a sense of order to the inevitable generalized oratory.

Alternative nightmares are available, of course, should the writers do the unthinkable and hew to either project set them and, to a man, deliver themselves exclusively of either generalities or particulars—hot air or nitpicking.

But writers—good ones, at any rate—are both philosopher and scientist, and it was wise of the P.E.N. planning board to include a little bit of everything.

I doubt there will be much argument over the propriety of the over-all theme of the conference—"The Writer as Independent Spirit"—unless, of course, our friends from mainland China show up. Oh, one might quarrel some over the word "independent," did not the subthemes anchor it enough to permit as much argument over the aptness of the particulars as over the definition of the general topic.

During a trip to the Soviet Union and Poland and Czechoslovakia and Hungary a couple of years ago, I found that conversations with writers and painters and other "intellectuals"—a term, by the way, used without much embarrassment in Europe—would, quite automatically, and without direction, turn, at one point or another, to the matter of the position of the creative artist in his community—his independence, his responsibilities, the function of the artist, the nature of free expression. A young man in one of those countries, one of the many people I met outside of my planned itinerary, put the fundamental matter of our concern quite casually at the end of an informal evening: "Look," he said, "none of it will matter any more, the freedoms, the purposes, once, in a world-wide sense, the general semantics breaks down, once communication on concepts is lost."

This item, naturally, should be the subject for discussion at any international gathering of writers, and doubtless it will be the concern this June, but implicitly, alas, for it is an area, one of the far too many, controlled ultimately by the finger on the button and not on the typewriter key.

What can we say, in general, of the function of the writer, his position within and outside his society, his nature? Well, perhaps we had better examine the differences between good and bad writers. Good writers define reality; bad ones merely restate it. A good writer turns fact into truth; a bad writer will, more often than not, accomplish the opposite. A good writer writes what he believes to be true; a bad writer puts down what he believes his readers believe to be true. The good writer believes the intellectual and moral responsibility of his audience to be equal to his own; the bad writer considers the opposite posture proper. The popularity of a piece of writing will always tell you more about the state of critical letters and public taste than it will about the excellence of the work.

THESE conditions are stable, of course, have been for centuries, and no one expects them to be changed for the better. A holding action is possible, though, against public intellectual sloth, and less possible, though still conceivable, against governmental dictatorship, be it either consciously imposed as a national or international program of long-term and grandiose goal, or as a temporary expedient. But what of the various challenges to the writer as independent spirit suggested by the subthemes to be discussed at the P.E.N. conference about to begin? *Does* the writer as politically committed animal do damage to "his true creative impulse"? God knows, a look to American writing of the Thirties would lead us to think it damn well can, but, at the same time, no writing, save carefully controlled escapism, can avoid such a commitment, however implicit or filtered it may be. Are creative writers making society rather than man himself their subject, leaning too heavily on the social sciences and psychology? Can we make use of facts—the ingredients of truth—without becoming their servants? *Will* Marshall McLuhan explain the new "theory of communication" and "the writer in the electronic age" so that I (at least) will finally be able to sense the subject through all the electrical discharge?

And, most interestingly of all, will the discussion of these subjects and the larger and smaller matters they relate to interest anyone other than writers? While it is true that the good writer creates his audience, and the bad writer creates himself out of the whole cloth of his view of himself as perpetuator of the intellectual status quo, creativity cannot breathe in a total vacuum. If the matters we are to discuss are of no interest to those about whom we write—for whom we take the trouble, if you will permit—then we'd better have another conference right quick, to find out whether or not our spirit has become independent of everything.

"The 'Singing Lady' was Ireene Wicker . . . Little Orphan Annie's announcer was Pierre André . . . Jack Benny's first sponsor was Canada Dry. . . ."

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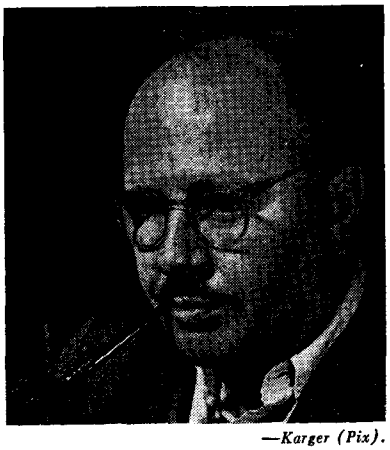
U. S. Authors at P. E. N. Conference

—Pix.

John Steinbeck



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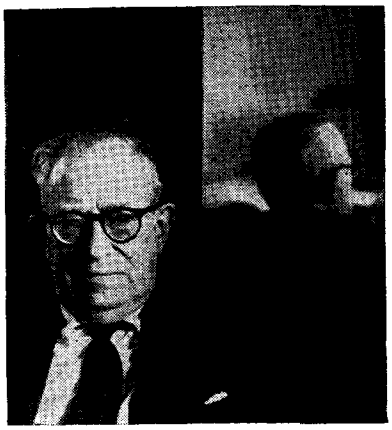
William Shirer

—Martin Schiman (Pix).

Arthur Miller



—Stefan Congrat-Butlar.

John Farrar

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Saul Bellow

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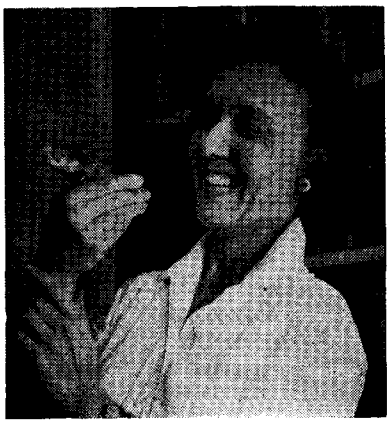
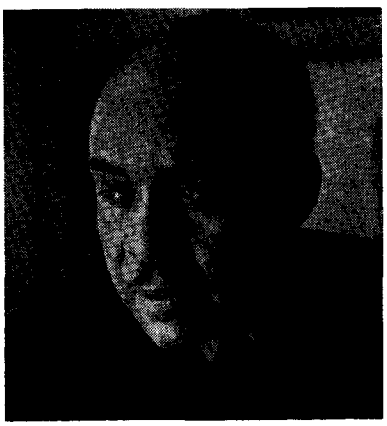
Norman Mailer



Joy Chute



Ralph Ellison

—Blackstone.

Barbara Tuchman

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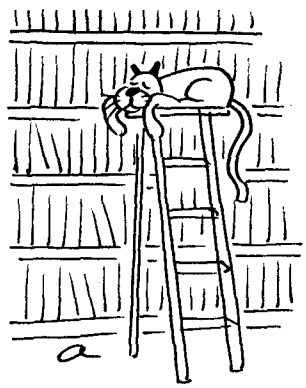
7. Events Leading up to the Banquet

By DAVID DEMPSEY

ON FRIDAY, June 17, some 350 writers from more than forty foreign countries will sit down with about half that many American authors at the closing banquet of the Thirty-fourth International P.E.N. Congress. The banquet will culminate five days of working sessions at New York University.

Organizing the Congress is an achievement in logistics for the P.E.N. American Center as well as a vote of confidence from the numerous sources financing the Congress. Drafting a program, housing and planning the entertainment of the delegates—to say nothing of raising the necessary $200,000 for these purposes—began last summer when the American Center president, Lewis Galantière, was given a budget, a small staff, and, thanks to the generosity of the Institute of International Education, expert and clerical assistance along with an office that fittingly overlooks United Nations Plaza. The week of almost uninterrupted activity will wind up with an "unforgettable" banquet at the Plaza Hotel for, altogether, 600 guests. The site of the Congress will be the magnificently equipped Loeb Student Center of New York University on Washington Square, and most foreign delegates will be housed in two NYU residence halls.

The American membership is picking up the $12,000 tab for the banquet. More than fifty publishers, headed by Harcourt, Brace & World, *The Reader's Digest*, McGraw-Hill, E. P. Dutton, Book-of-the-Month Club, Time-Life Books, and Harper & Row, have contributed from $2,000 down to $25 each towards the general hospitality program. The Xerox Corp., with $4,000, made the largest contribution received from industry. A score of family foundations and a good number of public-spirited citizens added their thousands to the kitty. The big money came from the Ford Foundation ($75,000), Rockefeller Brothers Fund ($25,000), the JDR 3rd Fund ($20,000)—and, very satisfactorily, the National Council on the Arts ($40,000). The Congress brochure and official



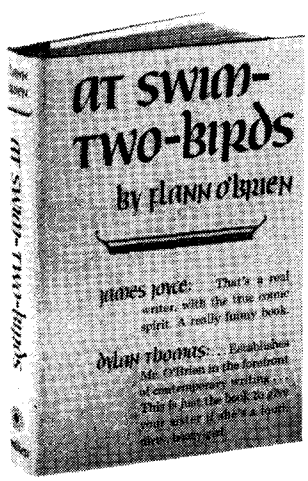
program were designed gratis by the Book-of-the-Month Club's Oscar Ogg, and the printing was a "contribution in kind" offered by the H. Wolff Book Manufacturing Co. The cup runneth over.

How did it come about that a writers' association with no resources beyond its annual dues—less than $9,000 from upwards of 800 members—undertook so formidable a task? Out of plain embarrassment, the American P.E.N. directors say. In 1924 American P.E.N. was host at a modest "international writers' convention" with guests from fifteen foreign lands. For more than forty years thereafter the Americans were the guests at thirty congresses and thirty interim seminars in London, Paris, Vienna, Venice, Zurich, Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Oslo, Dubrovnik, Stockholm, Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, Avignon. . . . It was scandalous, they thought, that this rich nation, this important center of letters and the arts, should always be on the receiving end. Taking courage in their hands, and without a penny in the till, they invited seventy-six Centers in fifty-six countries to send delegations to New York. That was in June 1964. Now, two years later, their gamble has paid off.

As the president of American P.E.N. remarked, "P.E.N. is unique. Every country has its authors' league, its writers' union, its society of men and women of letters. Those national organizations are, quite properly, a species of trade union, chiefly concerned with the protection of the writer as worker, with royalties, copyright, subsidiary rights, though of course with censorship, too, and with the promotion of public interest in reading and general cultivation of the mind. But they have no reciprocal relations. They are not banded together in a global organization able to speak for what Voltaire called the Republic of Letters. P.E.N. (incidentally, an affiliate of UNESCO) alone fills that role.

"P.E.N.'s centers," Mr. Galantière noted, "have no official character; their delegates do not represent their countries, but rather their literary communities. For instance, there are two in Belgium, one of 'French expression' the other of 'Flemish expression,' each with its P.E.N. Center. There are four Centers in multilingual Yugoslavia and Switzerland. There is one universal center, the Yiddish Center; another international center, composed of East-Central Europeans, is the Writers-in-Exile Center. This purely literary, nonpolitical and non-ideological character explains the presence of centers in eight Communist states, seven in Europe and the eighth in Cuba."

Like their counterparts from Western Europe, writers from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and Rumania are not coming over solely to talk about literary matters. A good many will make the trip because (a) they have never been to New York, (b) they will have a chance to visit their American publishers, (c) a charter flight from Paris and London is an extraordinary bargain, (d) writers are just as gregarious as other people, and (e) in some cases the Justice Department has decided to let them in, as pro-



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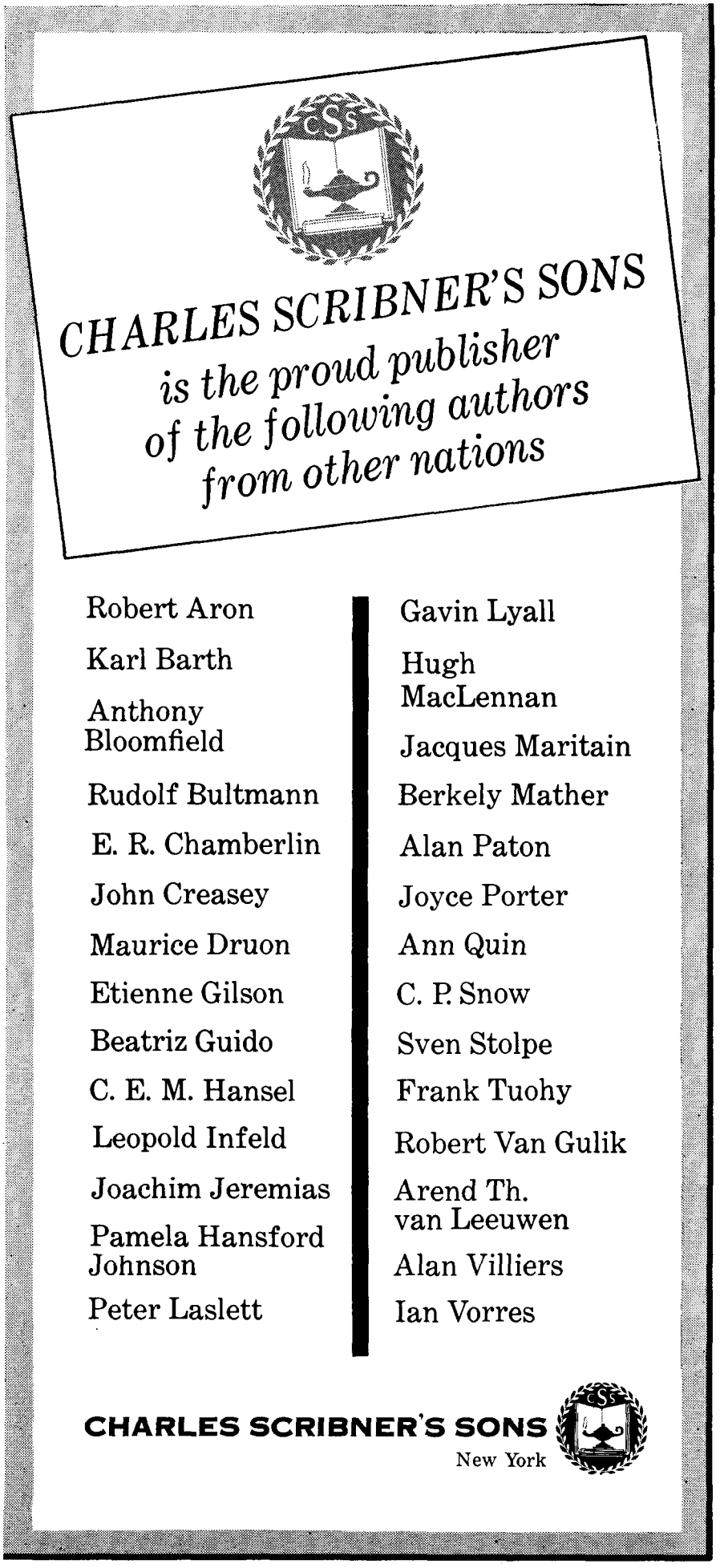
posed in a singularly unnoticed statement by President Johnson last February.

The over-all theme of the New York Congress was chosen by a committee that included Edward Albee, Leon Edel, Ralph Ellison, Elmer Rice, and Glenway Wescott, all of whom will be on hand. The Congress gets a warm-up on Sunday, June 12, at a meeting of the International Executive Committee, guided by David Carver, international secretary, with Arthur Miller in the chair. The whole Congress will that evening embark on a three-hour tour around Manhattan by boat. To lend an international cachet to the outing, it is being called "pique-nique sur l'eau." On Monday morning the inaugural session will be held: there will be speeches of welcome by the chancellor of New York University, governmental dignitaries, and the head of the American Center, as well as Arthur Miller's presidential address. Saul Bellow will speak on the over-all theme.

From Monday until Friday, the delegates will *not* be discussing "the role of dialogue in fiction," "opening paragraphs," or "prosody—East and West," as the London *Times Literary Supplement* cavalierly suggested they should a year ago at the Bled Congress, but rather the four weighty themes listed on page 16, one for each day, interspersed with coffee breaks, receptions at afternoon's end, and an evening performance, on June 16, of *Annie Get Your Gun*. Only twenty-four hours to go until the banquet. We have taken a lighthearted attitude toward the proceedings because we think it is quite impossible to sit through five days of round-table discussions, especially when one of them is being masterminded by Marshall McLuhan, without looking forward to a solid meal. Banquets symbolize a certain ritual denominator in conferences of this kind, something you earn your way into by surviving the qualifying heats.

Ordinarily, too, they signal the end of the revels, but in this case two postprandial affairs have tentatively been scheduled—an evening of "Poetry Aloud," on Sunday, June 19, following a day on Long Island, at which the overseas delegates will swim, play tennis, and picnic (in English) as guests of the faculty at the State University at Stony Brook. This may turn out to be one of the most interesting parts of the show. Would a character in a novel by Günter Grass, Graham Greene, Muriel Spark or Alberto Moravia—among those invited—unburden himself more intimately at a round table, or in a bathing suit? Even an independent spirit is entitled to a good time, and the Congress may be remembered as warmly for its planned *Gemütlicheit* as for its formal dialogues, its resolutions in favor of free expression, and the intellectual décor of its stellar performers.



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The Writer as Independent Spirit

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Lewis Galantière, the president of the P.E.N. American Center.*

IN 1921, when International P.E.N. was founded in London, the hope that the First World War had been "the war to end war" was fast receding. For the Russians and the Poles, the war was in fact not yet over. Germany was filled with civil strife. And in East-Central Europe one result of President Wilson's noble "self-determination of peoples" had been to rouse fresh tribal hatreds and create border problems that were to prove a primary cause of the Second World War. The half-score treaties signed in the suburbs of Paris and at Geneva were written along nineteenth-century lines of power calculations and in response to popular emotions; they laid no viable foundations. At the newly established League of Nations the old-style diplomacy continued to bar the way to what our Founding Fathers in their day had called—see your dollar bill—a *novus ordo seclorum*.

Yet there were everywhere, in government and out, men and women concerned to work for an end to war and for world understanding. One of these was an English novelist, Katharine Dawson Scott, whose death P.E.N. mourned last year. She brought to John Galsworthy the idea of a world association of writers to be called "The P.E.N. Club," P.E.N. standing for poets, playwrights, essayists, editors, and novelists. Galsworthy responded warmly and energetically. He recruited H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and E. M. Forster, among others. Anatole France agreed to become the first president of the French P.E.N. Center. Gerhard Hauptmann in Germany, Maurice Maeterlinck in Belgium, Benedetto Croce in Italy were won over. An American Center was formed in 1922 by a committee of which the eminent publisher John Farrar is the surviving member. Its first president was Booth Tarkington; and one of his early successors was the first editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Henry Seidel Canby. Today there are seventy-six Centers in fifty-six countries. No question of "conflict of interest" arising, the President of the Republic of India, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, is still president of All-India P.E.N.

The launching of International P.E.N. was in fact not so easy nor its growth so unclouded as these words suggest. P.E.N. was and remains a nonpolitical body, not concerned with power or material interests; but even as an association of literary communities it unites beings possessed of their fair endowment of human frailties. When Descartes said that no man claimed to be without his full share of common sense he did not say that all men did in fact share that quality in equal measure. (We see recent evidence of this in the U.S. Supreme Court's sentencing of a publisher to five years' imprisonment for the misdemeanor—surely not crime—of prurient advertising of books acknowledged by the Court itself not to be obscene.)

Even so, Mrs. Dawson Scott, and those she influenced, builded better than they knew. The world does move, even in this half-century of violence. Forty years ago there were preposterous German members of P.E.N. to protest that Hauptmann should not shake the hand of the Belgian, Maeterlinck. Twenty-five years ago there were hotheaded Americans who declared that they would never, never sit at the same table with Germans. In 1948, when the P.E.N. Charter was being given its final form, there were still other American members who would have qualified P.E.N.'s championship of freedom of expression by the weasling clause, "so far as consistent with public order"—as if this were the way to meet the challenge of Communism. In that same year, the year of the climactic Communist coup at Prague, heartsick East European exiles were condemning virtually all their fellow-writers who had, for whatever cause, chosen to stay at home under Communist rule.

Today, something more like the Founders' "new order of the ages" reigns in P.E.N. There is no active Madrid Center, but there is a Catalán Center at Barcelona. There are Centers in eight European Communist states and in Cuba. The Soviet Writers Union initiated negotiations more than a year ago for the founding of a center in the USSR. The West and East German Centers meet twice yearly to review common problems. Except the Balts, whose three states were forcibly absorbed into the Soviet Union, writers in exile and their compatriots of the homeland have found in P.E.N. a politically neutral and spiritually nourishing terrain. The Yugoslavs have twice been the hosts of P.E.N. Congresses (Dubrovnik 1937 and Bled 1965); the Hungarians were hosts at a seminar preceded by a meeting of the P.E.N. International Executive (Budapest 1964). Congresses have been held outside Europe at Tokyo (1957) and Rio de Janeiro (1958); the Ivory Coast will play host in 1967 and, probably, India in 1968 and Israel in 1969.

The earliest P.E.N. congresses were less concerned with exploring professional subjects than with deepening and animating a sense of world fraternity among writers. As already remarked, P.E.N. was from the first day a nonpolitical body. But as an age of violence grew out of the War of 1914-18; as civil strife and the clash of ideologies spread; as the cry for national tradition, order, and property swelled in one quarter while in the contrary quarter the cry for human rights, social justice, and revolution arose; and, more particularly, as both quarters (since extremes meet) claimed that each alone possessed the truth, P.E.N. found itself entering the arena, precisely in pursuit of the goal of fraternity and entente among writers.

A characteristic of every period of violence is the persecution of writers. There is, in the true writer, an inde-

(*Continued on page* 69)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Also Seen in Red China

HAVING RECENTLY RETURNED from our first visit to China since before the war, my wife and I were very much interested in the article "Eyewitness in Red China" by Hugo Portisch [*SR*, Apr. 30]. Our experiences confirmed his except for three instances.

First, we were told that school attendance is neither free nor compulsory. Our informants stated that it was accepted as a principle by the government that the people would have added appreciation for school training if payment were made. For this reason a very small sum is collected from all students in the elementary and secondary schools. The one variation is in the case of university students, whose full costs are defrayed by the government.

Second, Mr. Portisch referred several times to rickshas. Surely he is confusing rickshas with pedicabs. We saw no sign of a ricksha anywhere. It may, of course, be argued that there is not much difference between a man's pulling a load while walking or running, and pulling the same load by pedaling while seated on a bicycle. Psychologically, however, there is all the difference in the world.

Third, it is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Portisch reported, that many Chinese begin their day with morning exercises and that for this purpose "large groups, men and women are lined up in rows" and are then "directed by a leader using a megaphone." It is also true, however, that at any time and on individual impulse, the Chinese people are likely to go into an active session of the traditional exercises, which are said to have great therapeutic value.

H. L. KEENLEYSIDE.
Vancouver, B. C.

I VERY MUCH APPRECIATE Mr. Keenleyside's quite important observations, with which I am in almost complete agreement.

The only one with which I do not concur is the first one. I visited at least a dozen schools all over China and all their superintendents told me that elementary education is compulsory. Mr. Keenleyside is correct in saying that parents do pay a small sum for students in elementary and secondary schools. I discuss this thoroughly in my book, *Red China Today*, from which this article was taken. Although the editor did an excellent job in selecting material from the book, he could not, of course, include everything. I do not believe, however, that the article states that education at this level is free.

I am particularly glad to have the point made about rickshas—of which there are none in China. Unfortunately the Germans use the same word for "ricksha" and "pedicar" and the person who translated my work into English chose to translate it as "ricksha."

It is quite true that many Chinese do the traditional exercises at every opportunity and I do mention this in the book.

HUGO PORTISCH.
New York, N.Y.

"I find your rejection slip mealy-mouthed, turgid and totally lacking in style, and regret that I must reject your rejection slip."

Dr. Parker to Receive Award

DR. EVERETT C. PARKER does indeed deserve an award for courageous public service, as Robert Lewis Shayon suggested in his fine column about the long struggle of the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ with the FCC anent the license renewal of station WLBT in Jackson, Mississippi [*SR*, May 7]. You have probably been informed by many people by now that the American Jewish Committee has given its Human Relations Mass Media Award for 1966 to the United Church of Christ.

(The Rev.) JOSEPH R. HUTCHERSON,
The Community Church.
Aurora, O.

Atrocities in Vietnam

WE THINK your readers will be interested in reading this shortened version of a statement recently issued by our Council.

The American people's feeling of sympathy for the victims of Vietcong atrocities is natural and human. It is also one-sided. A question that concerns us as psychologists is: Why have so many Americans been unaware of, or only mildly disturbed by, the torturing of prisoners and of prisoners' families widely practiced by our South Vietnamese allies? And by our own use of that hideous weapon, napalm?

Competent observers have described in detail the water torture, the electric-current torture, and other inquisitorial techniques frequently used by the South Vietnamese troops. As for napalm, according to an eyewitness account: ". . . though the body is virtually drowned in flame, the victim tends to live." The fact is that the people of other countries are more aware of these cruelties than we are, just as non-Germans were more familiar with the Nazi concentration camps than the German people were.

Of course, on some occasions, the uglier facts have appeared in print and on TV (usually in less horrifying forms). The psychologically crucial question is what happens then in our minds. Tentatively the process can be described as follows. First we become acutely uncomfortable. It seems painfully incongruous that our own peaceful, humane America could be associated with this sort of thing. Then we discover some seemingly acceptable reason for absolving ourselves. Perhaps we tell ourselves: "This is a new kind of war in which such atrocities on both sides are inevitable." Or "this kind of thing always occurs in war; if we accept and support the war we must accept these things as part of it." Or—an uglier thought that we seldom even admit to consciousness—"Since those Vietnamese are natives with yellow skins, they don't really count."

Probably each of these—except the last—contains a kernel of truth. Yet if we are honest with ourselves, we must recognize that each contains also an element of rationalization. Can we succeed in winning "the hearts and minds of the people," if we have first profoundly embittered them?

JEROME D. FRANK, M.D.,
President
Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues.
New York, N.Y.

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Hilton Invades Paris

PARIS.

THERE WERE TIMES during those long, gray winters in the Twenties when Hemingway, young and in Paris, began to entertain doubts that the spring would come. Paris winters have shown little improvement in the four decades that have passed, and there may have been despondent souls who, in the somber chill of a few months ago, began to wonder, too. By the time I got there in the last days of April the most sullen misanthrope scarcely could have done less than whistle.

The spring had arrived in such stupendous glory that it infused one, contrarily enough, with a certain sadness—sadness because it was so impermanent, sadness because it would slip within days into the maturity of summer, sadness because one would have to wait another whole year, if indeed one could manage another trip just then, to view it all again. And sadness because everyone you ever loved wasn't there with you to let the psyche revel in it like a frivolous dog on a bright green lawn. All at once I knew the meaning of E. Y. Harburg's plaintive line, "Whom can I run to?"* from "April in Paris," now more than thirty years old.

If there is one thing to be said in favor of the sudden time changes inflicted by long overseas plane trips, it is the hour that you wake. Putting up at the new Paris Hilton after the long over-the-pole hop from Los Angeles, I found myself fully awake just as dawn stirred itself. There was little to do but get dressed and take a walk. The new Hilton, which is the first major hotel to be built in Paris in thirty-three years, has been planted not near the Concorde, nor the Opéra, nor in the elegant streets that wind off the Champs-Elysées, but on the Left Bank near the lacy feet of the Eiffel Tower. The quarter has none of the tourist trappings, but all the warmth of a residential neighborhood. In the Champs de Mars that early morning, we were alone on the pebbled walks with the leafy chestnuts, their white candle blossoms glowing; the spindly chocolate-colored chairs, so dear to all Paris parks, as delicate and yet as somber in dress as ballerinas in practice clothes. The rhododendrons in the banks of greenery were already splotched with strawberry-jam blossoms, and there was little to break the stillness except the soft shuffle of a young couple coming up the path, arms around waists, walking back into reality after the spring night's liaison.

We walked down the street past the fine old houses with the tall French windows, roofs sloping and chimney pots all in a row. The tables were already outside in front of the corner *zinc*, the piles of hardboiled eggs stood waiting for the morning patrons; the pinball machine had an early taker. The *boulangerie* and *pâtisserie* had spread a marvelous window of glazed fruit cakes, snowy meringues, croissants, and crisp, flaky butterflies. The delicatessen, with its ready-made delights for the lazy cuisinière, had filled its trays with rolls of pastry horns powdered with gruyère, with anchovies and *andouillettes*, *saucisse* and *choucroute*, herrings, and artichokes.

The vitrines of the Ferme du Champs de Mars were crowded with cheeses of rare types and brands—paprika, Olivet, Rigotte and Chavignol. The green-grocer next door had arranged artful displays, like a miniature market at Les Halles—white asparagus; beautiful artichokes, fat, round and trimmed; strawberries from the south; and pineapples brought all the way from Martinique. Restaurant Le Zodiaque had spread the brilliant red cloths on its sidewalk tables and rimmed its fence with giant hydrangeas. The artistic butcher next door was fond of hydrangeas, too, and he had placed them by the dozen among the platters of lamb brains, calf hearts, beef hearts, plucked ducks, and skinned rabbits with fur still about their feet. We must have looked too long or too longingly, for he motioned us inside, took out a great *terrine de pâté*, cut a whopping slice, wrapped it, and handed it to me. I asked how much and reached for my wallet, but he would have none of it. "From the heart," he said, and stood there with a big smile.

The sidewalk flower vendor had set up shop under a blazing orange umbrella. His vases were a riot of red tulips, mimosa from the south, and iris. I chose a bouquet of tiny maroon poms set in a circle with violets in between, and, it being the proper season, I took a bunch of lilies of the valley, too. He wrapped them and with a flourish no less grand than Bernstein's on the podium, he swept them into the arms of my lady. She purred like a Siamese who lives in a dairy, and we skipped off to have breakfast at the Hilton up the block.

I am not at all sure, after a weekend within its walls, whether the Paris Hilton is an American hotel with French accents or a French version of the so-called Hilton pattern. From the outside it has that familiar look of the shaft with terraced honeycombs. One does not push through a revolving door. The double glass portals slide open automatically. On the other hand, there on the inside is the familiar *concierge*, with his squad of assistants getting theater tickets, ordering flowers, finding seats on packed trains, making airline reservations, and placating irate ladies. Yet there is no quaint elevator that looks like a cage. The lifts are American style—automatic, with push buttons. They rise to the roof, where the Hiltons have planted a glass-enclosed supper club known as the Toit de Paris. The girders of the Eiffel Tower fill a corner window, the misty whiteness of Sacré-Coeur floats far in the distance on the Butte de Montmartre, and the practiced eye can pick out the dome of the Invalides on one side and the top of the Arc de Triomphe on the other.

The other two restaurants, Le Coffee Shop and Le Western, are something of a spoof of the American idiom. Le Coffee Shop offers "Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, *ou Porridge avec crème ou lait*," In the morning, a time when no French hotel ever seemed to welcome a guest who *came down* for breakfast, Le Coffee

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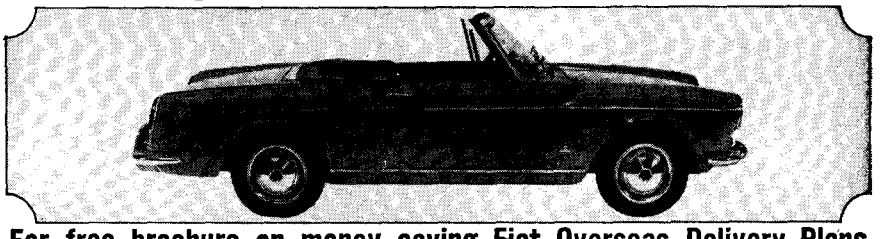

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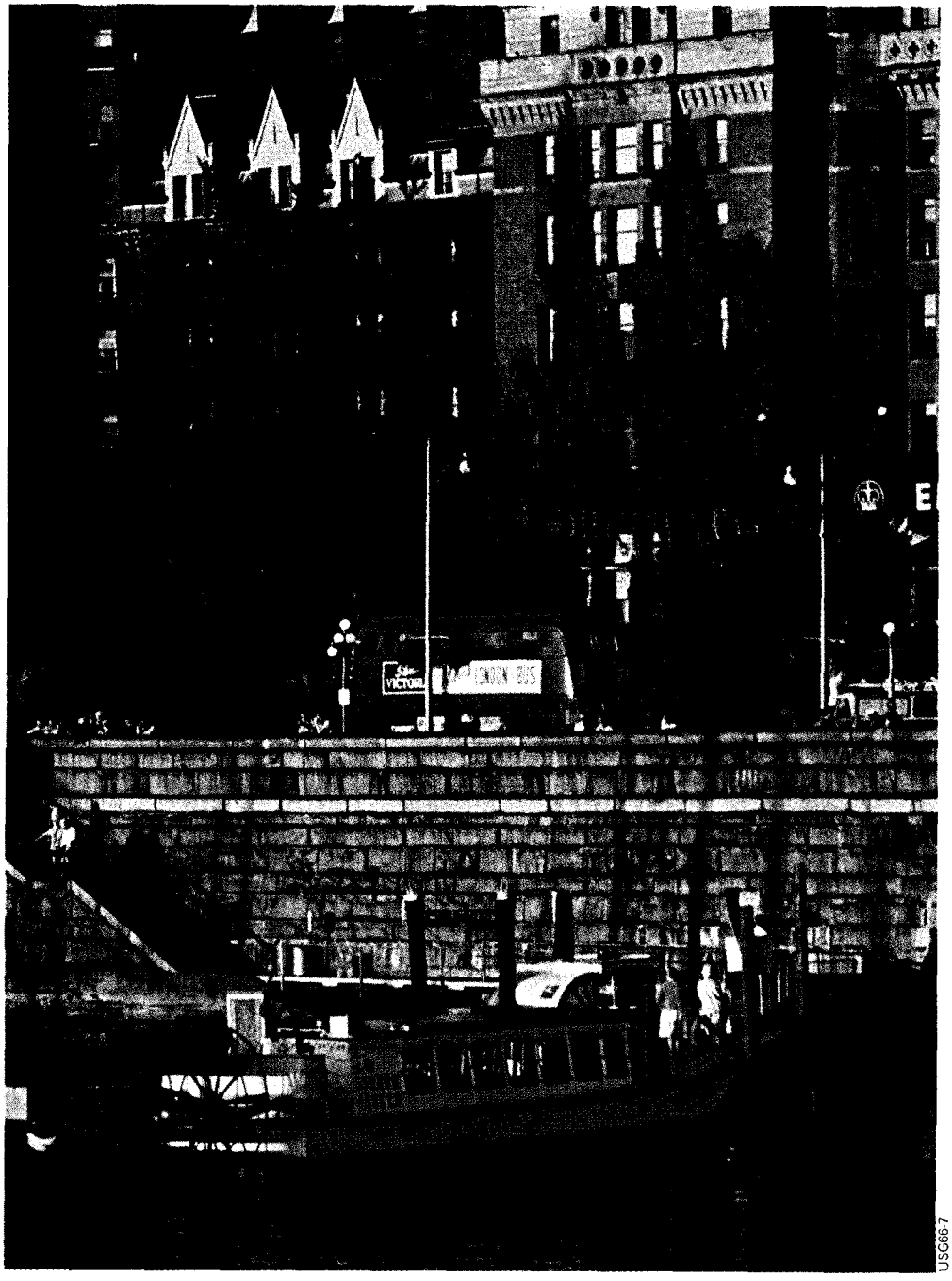

What's an English bus doing on *this* side of the Atlantic?
You come to the sensible conclusion that a little bit of England fell from out the sky one day.
Then you see an Indian totem pole.
What's a totem pole doing in a little bit of England?
You see how confusing we can be?
Canada is many different things.
You can start off in Victoria, convinced we're as English as *a sticky wicket . . . and end up in* Montréal, thinking we're as French as the Folies Bergères.
Somewhere in between (around the Calgary Stampede) you had us figured for Dodge City, U.S.A., around 1880.
Fooled you, didn't we?
Why settle for a predictable vacation? Just mail this coupon *for booklets about a who-knows-*what-you'll-see-next vacation in Canada!

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Until this morning the biggest lady Mike McCabe had ever seen was his Aunt Stella.

Sure, he'd seen pictures of Miss Liberty. In Oakland. But they didn't show that she was so big.

Or that she was green.

Another thing Mike discovered today was the fun of flying—on a United Air Lines' Jet.

First, he got a pair of Junior Pilot's wings. Next, he and his folks watched the latest color movie on a wide screen. What about lunch? Sirloin steak, with all the trimmings. (Mike didn't eat the asparagus.)

Suddenly, they were in New York. And then on top of the Statue of Liberty. 176 steps and an elevator ride in the sky.

Now Mike's looking at the view. 15 miles in each direction. There is nothing like it in the world.

Mike doesn't have a lump in his throat. He's too young for that. All he knows is—he's discovering America.

And United flies to more of it, more often, than any other airline.

Discover America with United's Family Plan. ⅓ off for your wife, ⅔ off for each child. Charge it with United's Personal Travel Credit Card.

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"That's right. 176 steps!"

Films by Inflight

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Shop is delighted to serve *crêpes au sirop d'Erable*, which are thin pancakes with maple syrup; or "pancakes," which are thick griddle cakes; or *gaufre avec jambon*, which is a waffle with ham. The morning that we returned to Le Coffee Shop for breakfast following our promenade in the neighborhood, I ordered a *gaufre avec jambon*, and found myself in receipt of a respectable waffle surrounded with ham and topped with a slice of tomato, a slice of onion, and a dill pickle. I have some terrible visions of the French trying these dishes and being assured, once the maple syrup hit the onion and the pickle, that they had renewed evidence, as if they needed it, that the Americans were proponents and practitioners of a barbaric cuisine. I must say the British fared better with their contributions to the menu, *muffin Anglais toasté*, as did the Danes with *pâtisserie Danoise*.

It's going to be another story with Le Western on the lower floor, which ministers to a current taste among Parisians for almost anything redolent of the American West. In the décor I perceive the fine hand of Raymond Loewy and William Smith, who are credited with the interiors. Behind glass at the entrance is an elegant white saddle embossed with a pattern of peaches and cherries. Six-shooters have been tied with white satin bows, and old cowhorns above the saloon doors are sprayed with gold. Elsewhere, the walls are relieved by such elements as miniature turquoise wagon trains, pink railway cars of early vintage, kachina dolls, reward posters issued by Wells Fargo, gilded spurs, and, over the rotisserie, pastel-hued branding irons.

The menu is more or less American, featuring as it does such pillars of our cuisine as *les barbecued spareribs d'Austin, homard de Rockport, Maine, le veritable Boeuf Jerky* and that standby of the ranch, pinto beans, known hereabouts as *la soupe aux haricot rouges 'pinto'*. The menu also exhorts Parisians to "Go Western" by trying green mint jelly with their lamb chops.

Some variations exist between the English and French versions of the menu which the student of comparative cultures might find interesting. The English text offers filet mignon chunks grilled on a cowboy's knife with mushrooms, pepper and tomatoes ($5). The French version drops filet mignon, which I took to be a passable French expression, and offers a "mixed grill Dodge City—*les chariots bachés formaient cercle autour du bivouac. Les hommes grillaient de copieux morceaux de filet de boeuf sur leurs couteaux de cowboy.*" Which is to say, "the covered wagons formed a circle around the camp and the cowboys grilled hearty chunks of beef on their cowboy knives." I mean, *Où est le six-gun de ma tante*?

Conrad Hilton, now seventy-eight, took one look at Le Western, and sent home to California for his cowboy suit. He wore it on opening night at Le Western, a soirée in which the French guests and the Americans wore cowboy hats and fake black moustaches; French squaws and braves done up in American Indian costumes danced through the halls; live horses kicked in their stalls; and Walter Jetton, who does the barbecuing for President Johnson, was brought to Paris to roast a steer in the gardens of the Paris Hilton. He wore his cowboy suit, too.

They broke that party up early to send the entire guest list, cowboy hats and all, floating down the Seine in a fleet of river boats chartered for the occasion. Somewhere downriver the entire flotilla took a left turn, and one by one the boats entered a set of locks. While they waited the air was fanned of boredom by the sudden appearance of fashion models parading under spotlights along the stone quays.

A long ride down the catacombs ended in a burst of fireworks and yet another ride, this time on a fleet of buses that brought the assemblage to a wax museum. Those who stumbled through the blackened halls and who could still keep their eyes open were rewarded with wax tableaux in which certain figures suddenly came alive only to freeze again. Every unemployed actor in Paris had a job that night, but the French guests, chic and sophisticated, who had been all over and seen everything, thought it very droll. Somewhere before the approaching dawn—who knew what time it was?—the bedraggled remnants of Le Western's opening-night party were brought back to the Toit de Paris for onion soup and first aid.

The grand ball the next night was pure Parisian elegance. Never, a fashion editor from New York assured me, had there been so many beautiful people so handsomely gowned assembled in one room. They were mostly elements of what is called Tout Paris, a sort of rarified, near-social jet set: actresses, countesses, producers, playboys and, well, beautiful people.

There was the Duke of Bedford in an evening shirt so fraught with ruffles at the cuffs and the chest he looked as if he had rented the costume of an eighteenth-century fop for a masked ball. The Maharanee of Baroda was escorted by her princely son, a teen-ager got up in a long, peacock-blue, silk dinner coat with turquoise buttons, pants as tight and as dark as ebony epidermis, and a coiffure that was combed back and left to curl at his neck. As for the women, the décolletages made eighteenth-century fashions look like missionaries' muumus,

(*Continued on page* 70)

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HILTON HOTELS

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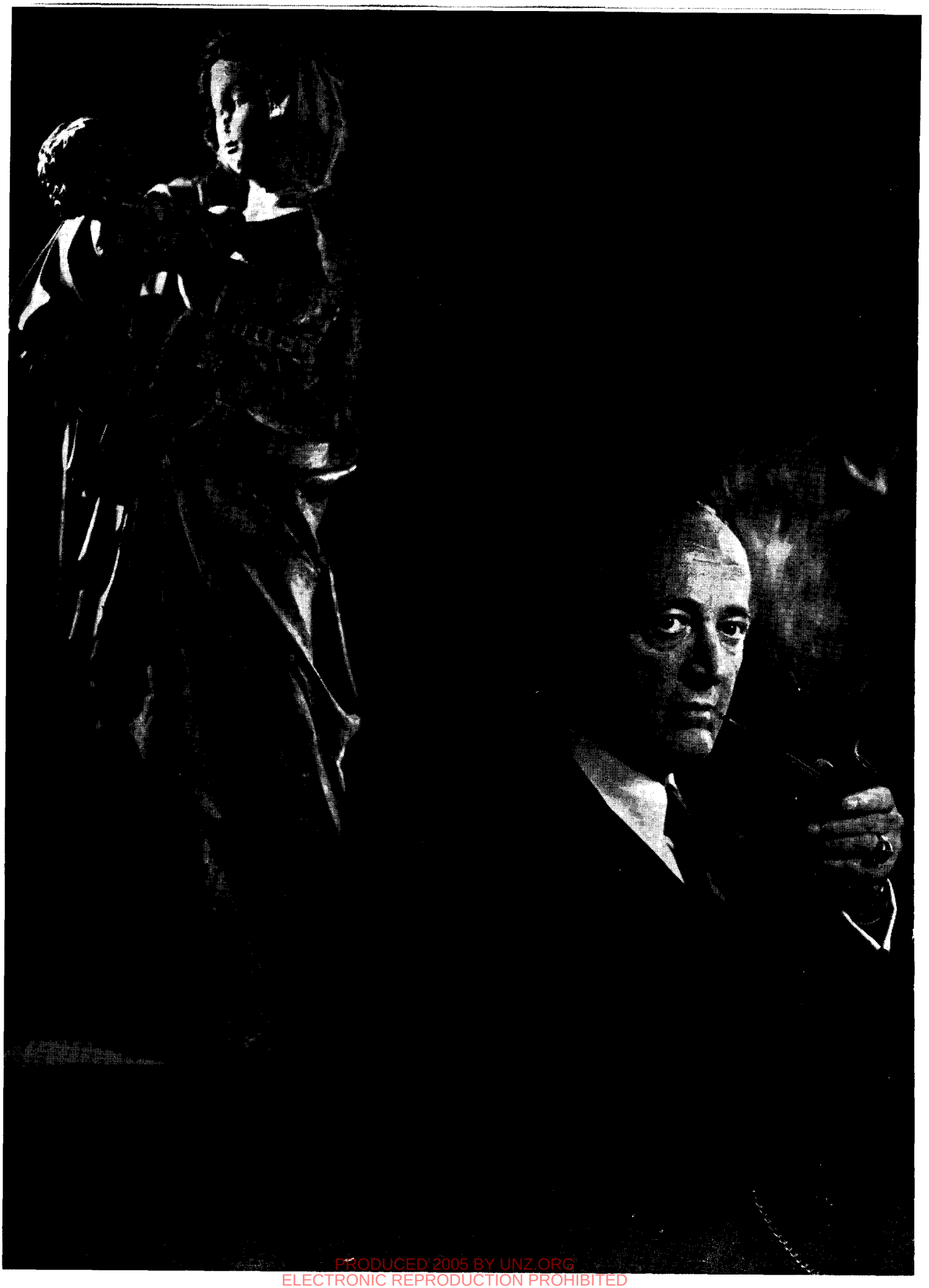

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JAMES RORIMER

Erudite, Acquisitive, a True Collector

IN JANUARY 1965 James Rorimer, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was honored with the Bronze Medallion of the City of New York. Inscribed on it were the following words: "Renowned Scholar, Guardian of Art Treasures, Innovator Among Museum Directors." All three designations were eminently correct, yet three more might have been added: "Imaginative Showman, Accomplished Administrator, Dedicated Representative of the Metropolitan Museum."

On May 11, New Yorkers were shocked to learn of Mr. Rorimer's sudden death due to a heart attack. Though he was director of the museum for scarcely more than a decade, his dynamic leadership makes it difficult to think of the institution without him. Indeed, his entire professional life, except for three years of military service, was devoted to the Metropolitan. He came there immediately after graduating from Harvard, as an assistant in the decorative arts department. Before he reached thirty he was already curator of medieval art. It was he, with substantial backing from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who planned, supervised, and finally directed The Cloisters, that superb branch of the Metropolitan Museum located high above the Hudson in Fort Tryon Park.

Housing the finest collection of medieval art in the New World, The Cloisters is a testament to James Rorimer's scholarship and to his indefatigable persistence. He traveled widely, tracking down treasures with the eye of a connoisseur and the spirit of a bloodhound. Americans have him to thank for the acquisition of certain unique masterpieces, notably the famous Unicorn Tapestries, the Strasbourg Virgin, and the Chalice of Antioch, to mention some of the best known. Even a brief visit to The Cloisters underlines how avidly Mr. Rorimer pursued his quarry and how successfully he cornered it. Like all great curators (and there are very few) he was at once erudite and acquisitive, a rare combination that defines the true collector. If we are to judge a museum man by the treasures he leaves behind, then James Rorimer's name will not soon be forgotten.

When he moved from The Cloisters to become director of the museum in 1955, he continued to champion outstanding purchases and to attract important gifts. In his new post he had the Metropolitan's vast resources, his own passion, and, not least, a top staff behind him. During his term as director, the museum experienced its period of greatest growth. Mr. Rorimer rebuilt the interior, added more than 40 per cent to its floor space, air-conditioned the European painting galleries, and encouraged an already impressive attendance to double. Today, more than 6,000,000 people visit the museum annually. I would imagine that this is the largest attendance of any art museum in the world. If Mr. Rorimer's sense of showmanship sometimes verged on the flamboyant, still no one can deny his genuine interest in the public and in its response to works of art.

During World War II, as Chief of Monuments, Fine Arts and Archive Section of the Seventh Army, he rescued priceless European treasures that had been looted by the Nazis, and even assisted in restoring some of them, among others the medieval stained glass windows of Strasbourg Cathedral. He was the first Allied officer to enter the Louvre after the Liberation of Paris. From these varied experiences came his book, *Survival: The Salvage and Protection of Art in War*. Another volume by him, *Ultra-Violet Rays and Their Use in the Examination of Works of Art*, resulted from his pioneering interest in preservation and restoration. It was he who introduced the use of ultra-violet rays into museum laboratories, a method that has proved invaluable for examining works of art.

To be director of the most important, largest, and surely richest art museum in the country demands unflagging concentration and strong personal involvement. Those close to Mr. Rorimer have often described his total identification with every detail related to his institution. Like a watchdog, he prowled through the cavernous building, protecting an already peerless collection and at the same time planning its expansion. A man of such undeviating commitment cannot easily be replaced.

—KATHARINE KUH.

James Rorimer—"dedicated representative of the Metropolitan Museum."

—Photo by Karsh, Ottawa. From the collection of Ivan Dmitri.

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Murder, to Music, at the Juilliard

WHATEVER ELSE may be said of the double bill (Hugo Weisgall's *Purgatory* and Roger Sessions's *The Trial of Lucullus*) that brought to an end the season's schedule of productions by the Juilliard Opera Theater at its uptown base, it left one indelible impression. That is, that the young man called Ming Cho Lee is the most original new designer for the musical stage to come to prominence here in some time. Match him with Beni Montressor, and the field of new talent in this area, locally, is about swept clean.

It was Lee, lest it be forgotten, who was responsible for the Metropolitan National Company's tasteful production of *Madama Butterfly* (much in the manner, of course, of the previous one by Motohiro Nagasaka for the downtown stage). This was followed by the strikingly theatrical conception for the City Opera's production of Ginastera's *Don Rodrigo* in the State Theater. Now, with his ingenious décor (including projections as well as settings) for *The Trial of Lucullus*, Lee has shown himself capable of evoking an atmosphere of a wholly different kind. To do it, moreover, on a stage so limited as the one in the Juilliard Concert Hall testifies to Lee's resourcefulness as well as to his imagination.

Appropriate to the subject, which was derived by Sessions nearly twenty years ago from a Bertolt Brecht text (then almost ten years old), Lee has gone back to the style of the black and white silent films of the German school to find a tone and manner appropriate to the Brecht-Sessions concept. This concerns the parable of a Roman general who expects his progress through the after-life to be conducted with the deference due to his position as an all-conquering "hero." He is rudely shocked by the discovery that the name of Alexander of Macedon is unknown to the population of the Elysian Fields from whom he must summon a witness for his trial and judgment. He settles instead for those who decorate his burial frieze. In the end the conquests in which he takes the greatest pride are the principal counts against him, his devotion to the art of cooking, a possible point in his favor.

Tangentially, as becomes a work written for the Zurich radio in the months following Hitler's invasion of Poland, it makes its comment on the vanity as well as the ruthlessness of conquerors through the ages. This is abetted by Lee's use of projections showing triumphal arches, troops marching through them, invading armies, and similar holocausts. The montage of faces, endlessly repeated, which makes up the scenic background itself, is as effective as it is simple, the whole aura of pitiless plainness greatly enhanced by the exposed beam projectors. Ian Strasfogel's direction was appropriate to the sackcloth and ashes mood of the whole. He was particularly successful in making his young performers (especially Thomas Palmer as Lucullus) age themselves sufficiently to bear a credible likeness to the characters they were impersonating.

What Sessions provided in 1947 as musical comment on the illusions and emptiness of Lucullus remains appropriate to the subject still, possibly because it does not bear a date stamp of style. It works with a vocabulary that is neither eccentric nor unsuitably pretentious, mostly in a spirit of commentary on the words and action. It does, after a time, tend to monotony, but, conceivably, performers with greater individuality than these talented graduate students could make the difference. There were good voices in profusion among them, notably Kerry McDevitt as the herald (a kind of Brechtian MC), Allan Wentt as the judge, Barbara Shuttleworth as a courtesan, and the aforementioned Palmer. Jorge Mester conducted, though the original plan called for Sessions to direct the premiere.

How well Lee and Strasfogel (his father is the Metropolitan Opera conductor) excelled the average Juilliard level was graphically demonstrated by the preceding *Purgatory*. This was a familiar example of good intentions insufficiently fulfilled, either in Peter Jampolis's setting or the action supervised by Christopher West. Grayson Hirst, who impersonated a Young Boy in Weisgall's setting of Yeats's text, was exactly right, with a fresh tenor sound and suitably youthful bearing. However, Allan Evans, as his venerable father, was obviously a young man with a trailing beard trying to impersonate an old one.

This tended to degrade more than a little the tragic accent Weisgall sought to provide for Yeats's allegory of age and youth and mother "love" (the Old Man eventually kills his son in re-enactment of the violence with which he had killed his father, and is thus "twice a murderer and all for nothing"). However, the endless interchanges between the two male voices were too little directed along lines of meaningful design to sustain interest (one thought, occasionally, of Strauss's treatment of predominantly female voices for long stretches of *Elektra*, and how well he solved *that* problem). As conductor of the premiere, Weisgall made much of the craft in his score.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

From Sorrow to Satire

ALTHOUGH first novels are often overlooked, every now and then one stirs up a little or even a lot of excitement. A young Scottish writer, Gordon M. Williams, has had good luck in England, and his American publishers hope that *The Last Day of Lincoln Charles* (Stein & Day, $4.95) will do as well over here. A second novel has already been published in Britain, and a third is nearly finished.

Lincoln Charles is a nineteen-year-old Negro, a private in an American Army unit stationed at a base near a seaside town in the British Isles. Unjustly accused by a prostitute of trying to rape her, he starts on a search for justice that leads to a series of murders and his own death. Since the day on which he runs amok is the day on which a bathing beauty contest is being held, his actions have surprising consequences.

It is with these consequences that Williams is principally occupied, and in describing them he manages to give a less than flattering picture of the place he calls Seatown. The greedy mayor, a corrupt police officer, an unscrupulous promoter, a reporter on the make, the proprietress of a whore house, and other unpleasant characters are involved in the day's events. Williams moves deftly from character to character, and his pace never slows.

The novel's weakness derives from the author's decision to make Lincoln Charles a blank—a stupid, confused boy driven by notions that have little relation to reality. He not only cannot think; he doesn't even have feelings of any depth or power. He is simply an automaton that precipitates the various crises in which Williams is interested. But with these crises the author does well, and I look forward to the novel's successors.

From the photograph of Peter Boynton and the account of his many activities that appear on the jacket of *Games in the Darkening Air* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), I gather that, even though this is his first novel, he is not a young man. But if his maturity can be felt in the book, he has a vigor that might well be youthful.

Boynton writes with some distinction. At the outset we see the hero, twenty-year-old Belleau Gamble, driving into Cuttyport, Maine, in his father's ancient Dusenberg: "A scaffolding of windshields, horns and spare tires—of a relic magnificence—the car kept vanishing and reappearing along the way, apparitional itself, as the fog thickened and thinned; through an opening it glittered for a moment in its own reflected glory, green glow on its dashboard, tall hood and fenders globed in a pearl of light; then faded, vanished again as down some dim-lit chasm under the sea, its tires singing on wet paving while the fog swirled, then settled behind it in the early-morning light."

Belleau is going to Cuttyport, where he once spent a summer or two, to escape from what he regards as the phoniness of modern life, symbolized for him by a New Jersey housing development named Kendall Park Estates. More important, he is looking for a father, his own having proved inadequate in several ways. In a short time he has found three candidates: Tanner, a native, proprietor of a market, a man of great independence and the town bull; Hodder Monahan, an enigmatic fellow who is always pitting himself against death; and Andrew McMahon, a many-sided artist, perhaps a genius, who is an avowed homosexual.

Tanner's polymorphous sexuality, McMahon's undisguised lust, and Monahan's strange compulsions complicate the life of young Gamble, who is both naïve and open to new experiences. And there is also a girl, Grizzle Hurd, who has ideas of her own about all sorts of things. Although Boynton sometimes loses himself in his complexities and subtleties, the novel is consistently rich and interesting.

A more typical first novel, and exactly the kind that is often called promising, is Helen Hudson's *Tell the Time to None* (Dutton, $4.95), a story of academic life. It begins and ends with the funeral of a college president. The opening chapter, which is skillfully written, introduces a number of faculty members and faculty wives. Then in a series of flashbacks we are told more about five or six of these persons, and at last the president is carried to his grave.

I am not sure what sort of educational institution Miss Hudson is writing about; sometimes it seems to be a large university, maybe Yale, and sometimes a small college. The blurb compares the novel to *The Masters*, but there is nothing like Snow's analysis of the forces that enter into the selection of a college official, for here the dying president chooses his successor. The only happening that has a significant effect is the suicide of a graduate student. For the rest, Miss Hudson has written a series of character sketches, some interesting, some not. It should be added that she has a good eye for telling details and that the book will give no pain to conservative libraries.

Robert Goldston's *The Last of Lazarus*

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(Random House, $4.95), is not a first novel but a fourth, and in addition to his novels the author, who must be a versatile fellow, has written "a history of Satanism and several children's books." I am talking about *The Last of Lazarus* here because I am told that it has received no critical attention. I don't see why, for, if it is not a great book, it is as good as most of the novels that are reviewed and better than many.

The novel, describing the experiences of a man who is brought back from the dead by a new scientific technique, is a satire on doctors, research foundations, education in general, and many foibles of contemporary society. The hero-narrator, Paul Webster, is a blunderer, a man with a gift for getting into trouble and some talent in getting out again. There are a lot of good wisecracks and many amusing episodes, one of the most amusing being Webster's account of how he extricated himself from the army. Then there is his encounter with Nurse Williams, who is always asking him how "we" are feeling; when he violently protests, she says, "If it is that important to us we will certainly call us 'you' from now on, you." The fable raises some large issues that Goldston can deal with only superficially, but along the way he is uncommonly entertaining, keeps the reader guessing, and gets in more than one jab that draws blood.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1191

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1191 will be found in the next issue.

MVKEKFGXKHI, K OJGV, KN HMM MOHJF MFXI YFSJHJAHJS GFS OVJDYJFHXI YFAMF-NAKMYN QXGEKGVKNL.

—SJGF KFEJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1190

Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed. —Francis Bacon.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Urban Renewal of Religion

Thank you for David Poling's concise article, "The Urban Renewal of Religion" [*SR*, May 14]. . . . At the risk of being trite I find myself often pointing out that there is no such thing as a Christian atheist. Either one believes in God or he doesn't. If he does he's a Christian; if he doesn't he's an atheist. One could hardly object to the freedom and liberality which inspire the Emory University officials to maintain Thomas J. J. Altizer on their payroll, but it is most difficult to understand how he could still be a professor of religion.

Tim Anna.

Durham, N.C.

Thanks for the article "The Urban Renewal of Religion." It is thought-provoking and therefore needed by all people who are concerned about religion in contemporary life.

R. C. Schroeder.

Newton, Iowa

Religion is insurance in this life against fire in the next and the premium is good conduct and praying. Saying God is dead is like saying to a premium payer, "Your policy is lapsed because the underwriter is dead.". . .

Jacob I. Apsel.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. David Poling raises the point that Professors Altizer, Hamilton, *et al.* do an injustice to Dietrich Bonhoeffer in accepting only his "later" writings as spiritual source material, disregarding the "early" and "middle" periods. To accept this criticism as valid would mean negating Bonhoeffer's prison experience as a critical stimulus for intellectual growth, which in my opinion is the equivalent of missing the very point of his significance today.

Who but a few German pastors would still read *The Cost of Discipleship* (early period) if the luster of the later writings had not rubbed off on it? Would the *Ethics* (middle period) by themselves sustain the author's tremendous prestige except here and there? One must accept the fact that under the influence of imprisonment Bonhoeffer (as Boethius long before him) reached heights of insight which he simply did not possess before, and to build on these as specially relevant is not only legitimate but necessary.

The desolation of today's world in general has moved frighteningly close to what a generation ago Bonhoeffer could only find in a Nazi prison. As a philosopher I disagree with Professor Altizer's diagnosis in many specific points, but consider it more important that he and his group correctly recognize there is something radically wrong which cannot be expressed in conventional terms. Maybe through experimental thinking such as theirs contemporary man can eventually find a way out of his spiritual impasse—certainly more so than through any amount of emotional demonstrations.

Lothar Salin.

San Rafael, Calif.

Misquoted

In his review of my novel *Made in USA*, Granville Hicks wrote favorably of the style, and I may seem less than grateful for carping about the horrible example which he cites from that book in "The Wrong Word for It" [SR, May 7]. If I cannot resist the temptation, it is because Mr. Hicks misquoted the sentence. His error, while slight, reaffirms his own point about what copy editors, printers, proofreaders, and others can do to a manuscript. For those few of you who have the novel, the "muddled sentence" occurs on page 241, and you will see at once that in the context it needs to be what it is. I am sorry the sentence made Mr. Hicks "a little dizzy."

On the whole, the column made sense to me. Indeed, I found myself agreeing with Mr. Hicks that those other writers ought to be more careful.

Alfred Kern.

Meadville, Pa.

Entertained

Perhaps you are not yet aware that Spanish scholars are an important part of the intellectual élite of this country and that they may feel uproariously entertained by the brilliant condescension of your review of *Hopscotch* [*SR*, Apr. 9], which manages to say absolutely nothing about one of the great novels of our time. Cortázar is as good as Max Frisch or Uwe Johnson or Alain Robbe-Grillet, or better. But when it comes to literary criticism we are still under the impression that Latin Americans write their books while hanging from trees, eating unpeeled bananas.

Esperanza F. Amaral.

Elmira, N.Y.

Washington Coup with Billing

Permit us to point out that *Forbush and the Penguins* is not New Zealander Graham Billing's "first appearance among American readers," as stated in Robert L. Perkin's review, April 9th. The University of Washington Press had the privilege of publishing, in October 1965, *South: Man and Nature in Antarctica*, by Mr. Billing, a book which contained 207 splendid photographs, 155 of them in color, by Guy Mannering. . . .

Hermine G. Basnight,
University of Washington Press.

Seattle, Wash.

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The European Literary Scene

The sales of Jules Verne's books continue to soar like a runaway balloon. In recent weeks various French publishers have printed a total of 1,000,000 copies. It is not even an anniversary year for Verne (1828-1905), although *From Earth to the Moon* did happen to appear in 1866. Perhaps his success is most simply explained by Michel Butor's claim that Verne's fantasies are the subterranean source of all modern science fiction. This tribute brings to mind two comments from equally unexpected individuals. Apollinaire exclaimed, "What a style Verne has! Nothing but nouns." And Jean Cocteau attributed to this visionary one of his own anxieties: "The moon gives me anguish, a fear coming from a Jules Verne illustration I saw as a child."

The Livre de Poche will shortly publish several newly discovered letters by the chronicler of Captain Nemo and Phileas Fogg. One shows how Verne could detach himself from his fellow men as he took off for his imaginative flights: ". . . I've moved at last. 18, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, sixth floor. One hundred and twenty steps and a view of a genuine Egyptian Pyramid. It is from there that my quarter-of-a-century contemplates the marvels of the Boulevard, and the incessant promenades of that species of ants commonly called man! From those Olympian heights I take pity on my fellow men. I have no trouble believing them scarcely up to my size—myrmidons, all of them."

Two new novels are also reporting mounting sales. The first is *Le Déluge* (Gallimard), second novel of the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Marie Le Clézio, whose stories were last month published in England. A tortured confession of mental deterioration cast in minutely realistic settings, *The Deluge* hinges on the narrator's vision in January 1963 of a young woman speeding by, siren sounding, on a motor-bike. "Since that day, everything has decayed. I, François Besson, see death everywhere." Next day Besson listens to the "last tape" of a girl friend explaining why she has killed herself. He sets out on a reflective peregrination through the city, the seemingly aimless walk familiar to devotees of new-wave films, during which he renounces money, love, and happiness. A fortnight later he plays the other side of the tape and hears the dead Anna describe life as a "deluge." Besson's mind and his will constitute no ark against this flood. By the end of March he has voluntarily blinded himself, killed an unknown person in an *acte gratuit*, and been "swallowed up in the night."

Mental sickness with a happier ending is recounted in *Le 36° dessous* ("36° Below") by the veteran humorist Pierre Daninos, best remembered here for *Major Thompson's Notebooks*. Third on the best-seller list, this Hachette publication relates an actual nervous breakdown that overcame Daninos in 1965. "After all, there is always a grain of madness in humor. Many humorists have died neurasthenics. Swift ended up mad. Mark Twain had terrible depressions. O. Henry was locked up." M. Daninos has a lot of fun describing the contrary counsels given him by doctors. It was a psychiatrist with pills who pulled him through. "The true, biochemical psychiatry triumphed. I had lost ten months, but—how about that—maybe I had the makings of a book." Daninos devotes later pages to the euphoria brought on by happiness pills. ("I'm in the 36° above.") The sales of his seriocomic book must be increasing that euphoria, as well as making him rich enough to buy all the antidepressants he will ever need. The volume of these sales leaves it unclear whether the readers wish to be exorcized by his pills or by his humor, which he himself once described as "a good physician for the soul's maladies."

Fifty years ago, in Zurich's Café Voltaire, Dada was proclaimed by the Rumanian Tristan Tzara, the Alsatian Hans Arp, and the Germans Hugo Ball and Richard Hülsenbeck. It was the only major esthetic movement till then created in a single impulse by poets and artists alike. They had the enthusiasms and eccentricities of beatniks, and Spiegelstrasse in Zurich vibrated like MacDougal Street with poetry readings, African bongoes, manifestoes, charades, and proto-pop art exhibits with mustachioed Mona Lisas. This year Zurich observed the anniversary with much of the old brouhaha: readings accompanied by music or mortar-fire, recordings of the founders' voices, etc. Visitors returning for the fun found the Café Voltaire adorned with Hans Arp's circular "navel" encompassing an inscription commemorating the brave days of 1916. Most happy was probably the dedicated publisher Arche Verlag, whose books still bear a Dadaist date reckoned from the 1916 quadrumvirate.

We have already mentioned here Felix Lützkendorf's drama, *Dallas, 22 November*. That fateful month appears now in an Italian title, *Pietà di novembre*, a play by Franco Brusati premiered at Rome's prestigious Teatro Eliseo. Abandoning the documentary treatment of the German dramatist, Brusati creates a character based on Lee Oswald, a certain Luca, egocentric, rebellious, frustrated, philo-Communistic, etc. Beyond

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

From the host of fictional men-in-white, Paul Horowitz of Scarsdale, N. Y., has selected a dozen to cure you of the plague on your next passage to India. If you share this doctors' dilemma, fill the prescription on page 49.

Dr. Abelman ( )	1. *A Country Doctor*
Dr. Aziz ( )	2. *The Doctor's Dilemma*
Dr. Behrens ( )	3. *The Egyptian*
Dr. Bull ( )	4. *An Enemy of the People*
Dr. Darrell ( )	5. *The Last Adam*
Dr. Ferguson ( )	6. *The Last Angry Man*
Dr. Leslie ( )	7. *The Magic Mountain*
Dr. Livesey ( )	8. *Men in White*
Dr. Rieux ( )	9. *A Passage to India*
Sir Colenso Ridgeon ( )	10. *The Plague*
Sinuhe ( )	11. *Strange Interlude*
Dr. Stockmann ( )	12. *Treasure Island*

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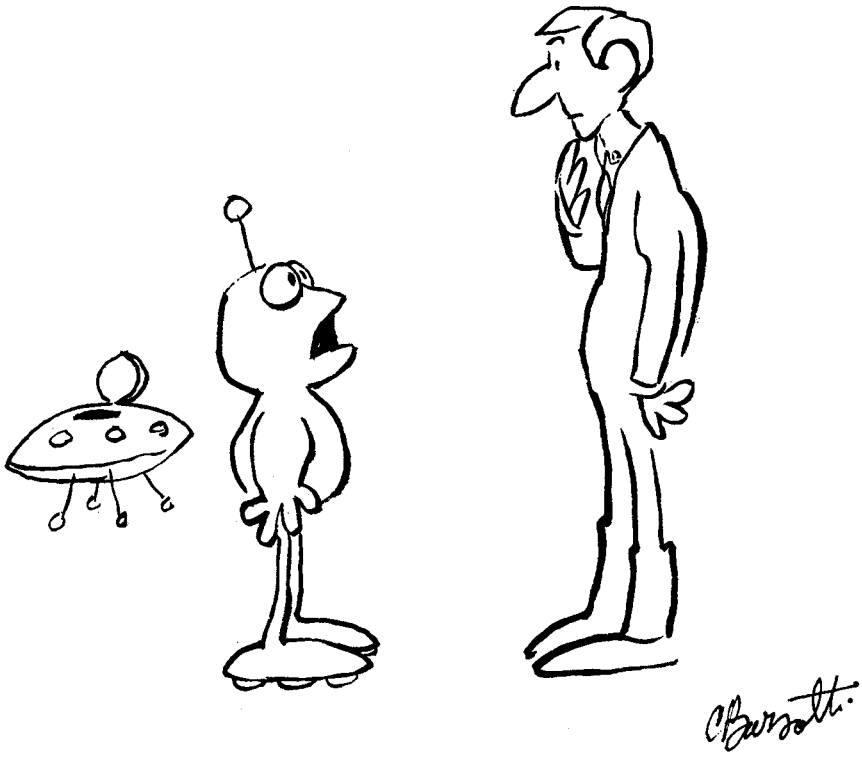
the title, there are three direct references in the play to the Kennedy assassination. The Italian playwright, compared by his compatriots to Arthur Miller, writes a tragedy parallel to that in Dallas in order to give his imaginative and inventive faculties freer rein in dealing with a newcomer to myth. Giorgio Albertazzi, who successfully coped with the role of Quentin in the Italian version of *After the Fall*, works brilliantly in an utterly different role, but one with psychological overlaps.

The annual Grand Prize for Scandinavian Literature (50,000 crowns) has been awarded to Gunnar Ekelöf (born 1907), called one of the most esoteric and independent of the Swedish modernist poets. Ekelöf lived widely, in Uppsala, London, Kenya, and Paris, before publishing his first collection in 1932. He also read widely, and many influences have left their mark, from Buddhism to Shakespeare, Rimbaud, Breton, Eliot, and both Swedish Romantics and modernists. Co-founder in 1933 of a surrealistic review, *Karavan*, he later dismissed surrealism and Dada as "a completed chapter of literary history." He collaborated on the journal *Spektrum*, which published translations from Eliot; he had put Eliot's "East Coker" into Swedish by 1941, two years before it reappeared in the *Four Quartets*. Despite his symbolist bent, he has not always been able to divorce himself from the common, everyday struggles he shared with humanity. This he admits in *Köp den blindes sång* ("Buy the Blind Man's Song"), which shows him clinging to life as a peripheral *poète engagé*. I am indebted to Alrik Gustafson for the translation:

> One after another
> I see them extinguished, the lights,
> one after another, throughout life
> toward death, the last.
>
> And yet 'tis here I choose to live,
> here have my dwelling,
> here on the earth, among men.
> Little wonder I remain,
> cling fast to life.

Recently, however, the early influences have prevailed; Ekelöf has retreated from the earthlings, even those who dispense 50,000 crowns at a time, into the pure intellectualism of the poet's world.

When Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* appeared last year in the Soviet publication *Moskva*, Holly Golightly was introduced with a bit of editorial moralizing: "Everything about her is borrowed, temporary, unstable as a soap bubble, even her name. She seeks her place in life absurdly, agonizingly, understanding that it is not easily to be found, but that it is something every person needs." Inna Levidova compares Holly to the restless courtesan of the Abbé Prévost: "This is an Americanized and modernized Manon Lescaut—an outwardly carefree waif, but subject to grim moods. Her image is full of vigor, humor, and irresistible charm." The reading public has taken more spontaneously to Holly, singing her "freedom folk songs" on the fire escape and dreaming of her capitalistic breakfast.



"Take me to Bill Moyers."

Two installments of *In Cold Blood*, already inciting the same literary discussions in Europe as here, have shown up in *Inostrannaya Literatura*. Textual revisions have been made without Mr. Capote's knowledge or consent, making less affluent the life of the murdered family. (The number of bedrooms in their farmhouse is reduced.)

Anthologies usually grant space to those texts that have best weathered the test of time. However, two Hamburg publishers have issued anthologies, *Tuchfühlung: Neue deutsche Prosa* and *Drucksachen: Junge deutsche Autoren*, which feature pieces almost entirely new.

But a veritable tour de force of collective endeavor is the *Gästehaus* ("Inn"), a novel just published by Verlag Literarisches Colloquium, Berlin. It is made up of fourteen chapters written by as many young authors cooped up in a Charlottenburg boarding house. Each author tells in first person the story of a guest in one of a town manor's rooms, like separate directors filming episodes of a thematic film. This allows for a wide variety of expression, from inner monologue, essay, recreated conversation, to diary entry, as each ruminates over his life story. The results seem somewhat better than in a similar experiment earlier this century, *Der Roman der Zwölf* ("The Novel of the Twelve").

England, leafing listlessly through Isherwood's *Exhumations* (recently released here by Simon & Schuster), Henry Treece's prehistorical novel about the Jutes and the Picts (*The Green Man*), and two volumes evoking eighteenth-century scandals promoted by the Chevalier d'Eon, can only appreciate more the talents of the newly-departed Evelyn Waugh (b. 1903) and C. S. Forester (b. 1899). It is hard to find the unity in Waugh's sustained production of novels, biographies, histories, travel records, satires, and the war trilogy. Perhaps he will be best remembered as having set the pattern for the conservative nonconformist. The entertaining C. S. Forester with his Horatio Hornblower runs the risk of being remembered by future centuries as a contemporary of Kipling and Conrad. The Soviet Union is grieving for its poet Anna Akhmatova (b. 1888), who survived attacks by Stalinists of the Central Committee to win a lasting place in the hearts of her countrymen. When he died a few weeks ago in Starnberg Hospital, along Germany's dividing line, Erwin Piscator (b. 1893) had become the greatest exponent of political theater the world has known. His name is associated too exclusively with Brecht; it should evoke also Tennessee Williams, Miller, Wilder, Zuckmayer, Polgar, and Bruckner, not to forget Peter Weiss.

—Robert J. Clements.

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for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO MADRID**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR's 1965 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.

IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

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Popular Front for Protest

***The New Radicals,** by Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau (Random House. 334 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95), and **The New Left,** by Phillip Abbott Luce (McKay. 214 pp. $4.50), present the intellectual history and the mainsprings of today's radical student movement. Max Nomad, once active in the revolutionary underground of Western and Eastern Europe, wrote "Dreamers, Dynamiters, and Demagogues."*

By MAX NOMAD

RADICALISM, in its extreme form, aiming at a complete change of the existing social system, has hardly ever been a mass phenomenon in the United States. In this respect, America has thoroughly differed from most European countries, in which anticapitalist philosophies—Socialist, Anarchist, Syndicalist, and Communist—have had, at one time or another, a mass following since the middle of the last century.

One of the reasons for this "exceptionalism" seems to have been the fact that in the course of the nineteenth century the U.S., a new country, had no surplus of native men of higher education, men who, if denied a place in the sun, would always turn against the existing system. Such a surplus did exist in most European countries, where the educated *déclassés,* identifying their own grievances with those of the underpaid industrial workers, helped them in their bread-and-butter struggles, indoctrinated them with their ideas, and enrolled them in the radical movements directed against the status quo. Whatever anticapitalist tendencies that appeared in the United States during the later 1800s found a following mainly among the immigrants from the European continent; they hardly touched the native workers, who looked down upon the foreigners and hated them as job-competitors. Hence their radical "foreign" ideas were no menace to the privileged classes. Educated and semi-educated Irish immigrants were, because of their knowledge of the English language, soon absorbed by the Establishment.

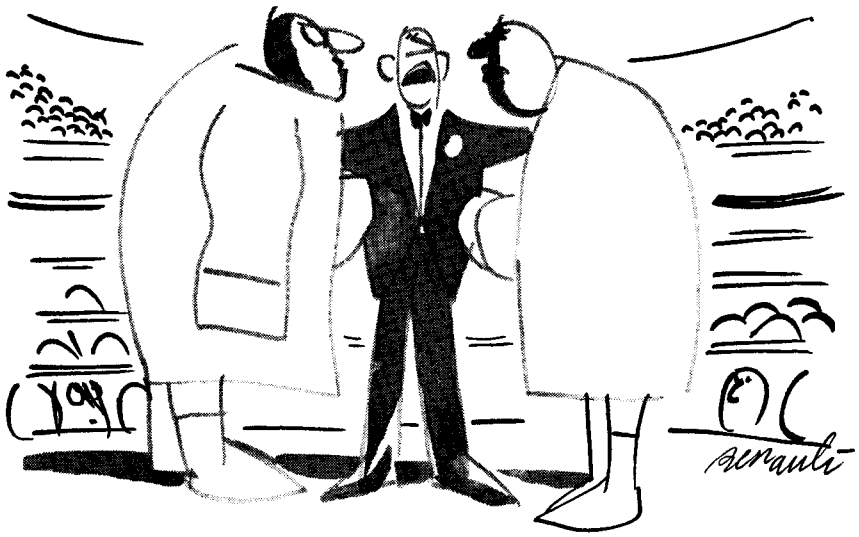
Barring the now almost forgotten interlude of "Wobblyism" (the quasi-syndicalist Industrial Workers of the World—IWW) of the first two decades of this century, the only serious radical mass agitation that ever troubled America's "haves" was the Communist movement of the "Red Decade," the hungry 1930s of the Great Depression, when the Communist Party, at its height, could boast of 80,000 members and exerted its influence upon millions of blue- and white-collar workers. Greatly weakened by the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939, the party saw its fortunes restored by Hitler's subsequent invasion of the USSR and by the prestige the Soviet régime acquired through its contribution to Germany's defeat. The persecutions during the McCarthy era frightened a number of the party's followers away, but the final blow came from Moscow in 1956. Khrushchev's "secret" speech about Stalin's bestialities and, after that, Khrushchev's tanks which crushed the Hungarian Revolution resulted in a mass desertion from the party's ranks.

The eclipse of the American Communist Party was preceded by the reduction to insignificance of the Socialist Party, whose middle-of-the-road position drove its younger elements into the ranks of the Trotskyists, while most of the other followers, or potential followers, saw their basic demands largely fulfilled by the New Deal.

The decline of both the Socialist and the Communist parties did not, however, spell the end of all radical tendencies in the United States. The early 1960s saw the rise of what is usually referred to as the "New Left." That new radicalism represents a multifaceted mass movement whose participants are not interested in the old radical theories; a mass movement, moreover, whose rank and file consists of college students and school dropouts rather than of the industrial workers who were the target of the old radical propaganda.

It is to this student mass movement and its various aspects that the volumes under review are dedicated. "The Movement," as the phenomenon is usually called, owes its origin to a number of historical events which created a ferment among America's student population. In *The New Radicals* Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau quite correctly begin their chronology with the Supreme Court decision of 1954 which declared school segregation unconstitutional. It was the opposition of the white racists to this belated act of justice that brought about a sort of united front of both articulate Negroes and the educated whites who had a grudge against the political and social injustices of the existing system. There was nothing "subversive" in the "Freedom Rides" on behalf of civil rights—but there was in them a spirit of protest which created a feeling of solidarity among the participants, regardless of what views they may have professed.

Then there was the accent on youth activity in the Cuban revolution, which succeeded without the participation of the Communist Party. There were the protests at the University of California against compulsory enrollment in the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC). There were the beatniks who, for all their absurd antics, reflected the alienation of a section of the educated youth which, without dabbling in politics, rejected the world as it was. And there was, no doubt, along with youthful idealism, an uneasy feeling of insecurity



"You both know the situation: the gate is split 60-40, TV 55-45, and Internal Revenue gets 35 per cent of the gross."

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pervading thousands of students of lower-middle-class parentage who saw dim prospects for a successful economic future in a world whose universities every year spawn countless numbers of potential job-seekers; a world whose opportunities were no longer unlimited. (This economic aspect of The Movement's driving force is practically ignored by the authors of *The New Radicals,* perhaps for fear of appearing to be demeaning a phenomenon of mass idealism.)

One of the first mass organizations brought forth by The Movement was the predominantly Negro Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), which is active chiefly in the South. Its primary interest in Negro affairs does not prevent it from collaborating closely with the preponderantly white Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). While the SNCC has from the very start had no ideological strings attached to it, the SDS was originally sponsored by the League for Industrial Democracy, a sort of auxiliary "highbrow" organization loosely connected with the Socialist Party. However, the Students for a Democratic Society soon broke out of this ideological eggshell. In a statement published in 1962 they declared that, contrary to traditional Socialist concepts, they did not depend upon a program for the working class, or any class for that matter, and that they were ready to work, as *The New Radicals* puts it, "with and through 'liberal' institutions, the ADA, the labor movement, political parties." And they were particularly interested in "the students' civil rights movement as the engine of change to build a coalition of liberal-labor civil rights forces."

AS IT grew stronger and bolder, gradually becoming the most influential student organization, the SDS included in its activities community work among the poor, the Free Speech movement at the universities, and mass protests against America's involvement in Vietnam. In its indifference towards ideological controversies the SDS eventually scandalized all other moderately leftist organizations by establishing a sort of united front with the Communists in a march on Washington protesting U.S. intervention in Vietnam.

One looks in vain in either of these books for a plausible explanation of the student organizations' indifference towards radical political ideologies. There is, however, a hint in their allusions to the popularity of the late C. Wright Mills, author of *White Collar, The Power Elite,* and particularly of a fervent plea on behalf of the Cuban Revolution, *Listen, Yankee.*

Now, Mills combined his opposition to the capitalist status quo with an insistence on "the important role of young people in creating revolutionary situations throughout the world." In other words, his anticapitalism was frankly "élitist"—that is, it considered the intelligentsia and not the working class as the deciding factor of the revolution. In his "Letter to the New Left," quoted in Phillip Abbott Luce's book, Mills criticized "some New Left writers" for "clinging so mightily to 'the working class' of of the advanced capitalist societies as the historic agency, or even as the most important agency, in the face of the really impressive historical evidence that now stands against this expectation." This was a frank rejection of the Socialist and Communist "proletarian" mystique, and it was combined with a tacit and not-so-tacit acceptance of the "New Class" as the beacon of the future. For Mills made no secret of his admiration for the houses Lenin and Castro built.

THE idea that the intelligentsia (the term includes students) was to liberate — that is, inherit — the world obviously appealed to the New Left. But it stands to reason that the expectant future beneficiaries of capitalism's demise could not and would not openly admit their essentially élitist ambitions. So, with democratic socialism all over the world hardly distinguishable from respectable left-wing liberalism, a pale "radicalism" that could hardly appeal to impatient youths; and with Marxism-Leninism too discredited because of its totalitarian cloven foot, radical students preferred to ignore altogether the various political ideologies, even though in their hearts they relished the ostensibly non-Communist élitism of Wright Mills.

It is worth noting that Herbert Aptheker, leading theorist of the American Communist Party, sensing the popularity enjoyed by Wright Mills among the students, "lauded Mills as a 'progressive' and tried to align both Mills and the Communist Party as enlightened radicals." Which means that in reality Mills was a crypto-neo-Communist who had no use for the hypocritical "proletarian" verbiage. To Mills and his student followers the American working class offered little cause for enthusiasm. For, after all, it consists either of well-paid, ultra-reactionary white Babbitts in the skilled trades or of the illiterate or near-illiterate dupes of Marcus Garvey, Father Divine, or Elijah Muhammad.

Aside from those who refuse to commit themselves to any ideology, there are of course those whom the authors of *The New Radicals* call the "Leftovers." These are the youth organizations affiliated with the old radical parties. Most influential among them are the DuBois Clubs. Their name, taken from the Negro scholar W. E. B. DuBois, represents, shall we say, the latest pseudonym for what used to be the regular Communist youth organization. They are enjoying the financial support of a romantic (or ambitious?) California millionaire, and they have recently been in the headlines because they were confused with the good, patriotic Boys' Clubs. Of much lesser significance are the Young Socialist Alliance and the Young People's Socialist League, which are affiliated respectively with the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party and the Socialist Party.

Aside from these more or less traditional ideological groups, there has appeared recently a new movement which takes its inspiration from the Chinese Communists. It goes by the name of Progressive Labor Party, and it is largely, though not exclusively, to this current that Luce has devoted his semiautobiographical volume. The author, now twenty-eight, is a bitter "renegade" ex-near-top leader of an ultra-revolutionary faction which broke away from the American Communist Party in 1962, and established itself as a separate entity in 1965. For all an outsider can tell, this partylet (about 1,000 members) means business when it talks about social revolution. It got into the headlines a short time before the Harlem riots of 1964, when Bill Epton, one of its top leaders, openly urged his fellow Harlemites to "kill cops and judges" and was consequently arrested. The author of *The New Left* "heard of plans for armed insurrection," and adds that he himself was "part of one plan to create a riot in New York's Times Square." This apparently means that he had been selected as the leader and expendable fall-guy of an adventure which would certainly have lent some badly needed "glamour" to an otherwise insignificant sect. In line with its strict Stalinist-Maoist discipline, the party's bosses apparently assumed that their possibly dangerous competitor for top authority would meekly accept his role as a glorified martyr after his disappearance behind prison bars or "underground." But it would seem that Mr. Luce did not cherish that idea. So he quit, and espoused the philosophy of another Mr. Luce, as evidenced by his sudden enthusiasm for America's part in the war in Vietnam.

The New Radicalism is the more serious of these two books. In addition to an analysis of the chief trends of the New Radicalism, it contains a most valuable collection of documents about "Origins and Themes," the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Students for a Democratic Society, the "Leftovers," the Free Speech Movement, the Vietnam Anti-War Campaign, and "Ideology, Communism, and Coalition." These documents fill more than two-thirds of the volume, and this is as it should be if the reader is to understand what it is all about.

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To Dublin in a Donkey Cart

***My Brother Brendan,** by Dominic Behan (Simon & Schuster. 159 pp. $4.50), and **Confessions of an Irish Rebel,** by Brendan Behan (Bernard Geis. 245 pp. $4.95), contain reminiscences by and about the bibulous playwright whose uninhibited antics were as famous as his writings. Stanley Weintraub, biographer and critic, editor of The Shaw Review, teaches modern English and Irish drama at Pennsylvania State University.*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

DOMINIC BEHAN's curious memoir begins engagingly with a 1937 scene—in dialogue—in which two brothers, with donkey and cart, search for the family's new dwelling in Dublin. Brendan was fourteen and the narrator a precocious (for such total recall) nine. One quotation-marked reconstruction succeeds another, none of them up to the promise of the first episode; and, except for a funeral or two and several anecdotes about the origins of scenes in *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*, the set pieces that follow rarely range farther in subject matter or geography than from bar stool to toilet seat. It becomes reasonable to wonder how well, for all his ear for bawdy Irish talk, Dominic knew his notorious brother, and how much each cared for the other's company. (In Brendan's own contribution to his legend Dominic is alluded to vaguely twice and clearly once, and never by name.) Happily, Dominic manages to leave us on the last page with a story which suggests that even if he never knew his brother well, he overheard him well. "What was the message of your play, Mr. Behan?" someone asked after *The Hostage* opened. "Message? Message?" asked Brendan. "What the hell do you think I am, a bloody postman?"

Total recall—and the tape recorder—seem to be this year's boon for publishers. Brendan Behan's sequel to *Borstal Boy*, for example, is one of those memoirs that would have been fated, in a pre-electronic age, to remain unwritten. Someone had warned Behan, "You'll kill yourself more with drink than with the IRA"; and to a London publisher who had Behan's signature on a contract the prophesy looked too true to be good. A transistorized rescue operation seemed the solution, and a determined lady was dispatched to tape the increasingly besodden garrulities of Ireland's answer to Dylan Thomas. The printed result is a triumph of a sort. Except for a few uncharacteristic lines, *Confessions of an Irish Rebel* is Brendan Behan at his most flavorsome—like listening in on a well-oiled Brendan singing and talking and chortling his autobiographical way through a merry evening in a Dublin pub.

Rae Jeffs, the book's editor, offers the prefatory explanation that *Confessions* "was recorded on tape during Brendan's last visit to America, and was transcribed and edited after his death. It may, consequently, lack the final polish Brendan would have wished. But it is all his, and no one, I think, will mistake it, or find the hand of a once-proper British lady in it." Nevertheless, a report from London quotes the editor as confessing (in the English edition) that Behan's memoir was prepared "with the aid of additional material which he wrote at different times and anecdotes which he told me and which I have reproduced as much as possible in his own words." This probably accounts for the narrative's being filled out with what amounts to a remarkable anthology of vintage Behan stories and songs, political and historical, bibulous and blasphemous. Brendan would have liked the general effect.

THE *Confessions* begin with the author's release from Borstal (prison for juveniles), where he had spent three years for IRA activity in England. Eighteen, arrogant, and a "daylight atheist," he was deported to Ireland to resume his desultory career in the house-painting and wallpapering trade. Almost every kind of paper other than wallpaper interested him, and he never saw himself as anything but a writer, "not even from the age of six, when my mother says that when she sent me for a loaf of bread, I used to kick a piece of paper along the street in front of me so that I could read it."

He did additional time in English jails, using one stretch to expand an autobiographical article into the first draft of *Borstal Boy*. Terms in the "nick" were useful in other ways—they provided him with the opportunity for self-education through reading (earlier, his father had encouraged the habit by reading to the family "the four nights of the week he hadn't enough money for beer"); and they periodically restored his health by reducing his intake of porter. Betwixt prisons and pubs Brendan acquired the material he adapted into two of the best Irish plays since O'Casey.

—*Graphic House.*

Brendan Behan—a "daylight atheist."

Behan sat out World War II by serving four years of a fourteen-year sentence for a bungled IRA assault on a pair of Irish policemen. "Even if all of us," he reminisced about his fellow felons, "were the kids that our mothers had warned us about, we were not a bad crowd at that." Between incarcerations he painted a few houses, wrote journalism for Irish papers and pornography for French ones, did some smuggling from Dublin and pimping in Paris. Later, after a brilliant British production of *The Hostage* for the 1959 Paris Festival gave the playwright a reputation as an *homme d'esprit* and entitled him to a guide from the Ministry of Culture, he returned to Harry's New York Bar, and the same Breton manager who had thrown him out years before for his pimping activities came forward with a "Welcome, Mr. Behan," while the staff echoed, "Hello, Brendan!" "Sure we know him," the manager proudly told the astonished guide. "He used to work over there, in the corner, by the telephone."

Long before, in prison, Behan had worried about what a "terrible thing" it would be to grow old, "with bent old legs and twisted buniony toes." Dead of drink and diabetes in 1964 when he was barely past forty, he was spared one shabby end for another hardly visible in the lavishly liquored warmth and wit of his tales about himself.

"It was the drink," as he already knew in his youth, "that did the most damage."

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A New Kind of Catholicism

What Happened at Rome?, *by Gary MacEoin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 192 pp. $4.95);* ***The De-Romanization of the American Catholic Church,*** *by Edward Wakin and Father Joseph F. Scheuer (Macmillan. 318 pp. $6.95);* ***The Human Church,*** *by William H. DuBay (Doubleday. 192 pp. $4.50);* ***Authority in the Church,*** *by John L. McKenzie, S.J. (Sheed & Ward. 184 pp. $3.95), and* ***Freedom Today,*** *by Hans Küng, translated from the German by Cecily Hastings (Sheed & Ward. 176 pp. $3.95), examine the "quiet revolution" that has been taking place in the Church during the past century. Michael Novak is an assistant professor in the special program in humanities at Stanford University and author of "The Open Church" and "Belief and Unbelief."*

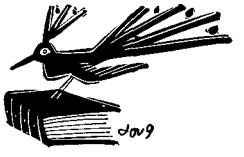
By MICHAEL NOVAK

NO WORD so excites the imagination of the contemporary Catholic public as *Freedom*. Freedom is arriving late among Catholics, generations later than among other groups in our culture; but the delay does not make the taste less sweet.

The titles of the books under review, taken in any order, read like chapter headings in a plausible account of recent Roman Catholic history. By now everyone knows that for almost a hundred years a quiet revolution has been building up beneath the surface of Roman Catholicism, and that through the brief charismatic leadership of Pope John XXIII this revolution erupted before the public gaze. Charles Péguy, as a schoolboy, boasted before the turn of the century: "A Catholic renaissance will come about through me." St. Thérèse of Lisieux, a lovely girl who died of consumption in 1897 at the age of twenty-four, thought she had discovered a "new way" of Catholic holiness, ordinary, existential, unencumbered, fresh. There is no doubt about it: the reform has been self-conscious and John XXIII was its choicest fruit, as well as the culminating, creative sponsor of its legitimacy.

What Happened at Rome?, Gary MacEoin's brief study of Pope John's Council, pulls no punches. A short, mild-mannered Irishman, MacEoin in his youth had drunk Catholicism of the old style to its bitter dregs, as he related in a haunting book, *Nothing Is Quite Enough*. A world traveler and friend to countless of the obscure bishops, missioners, and laymen who make of world Catholicism so variegated and living an organism, Mr. MacEoin brings sharply to bear in a very few pages the understated clarity of the journalist's art. He recognizes the "marriages or concubinages of convenience between the Roman mind and reactionary groups" in Latin America and other parts of the world—that Roman mind concerned with Latin scholasticism, eternal essences, and expediency which the majority at the Vatican Council struggled valiantly to cast into the dustbin of history. Mr. MacEoin's account of the four years of the Council is trenchant and to the point.

On the other hand, the best features of Edward Wakin and Joseph F. Scheuer's *The De-Romanization of American Catholicism* are (1) its title and (2) its final sentence: "In twenty-five years, we shall not recognize the Roman Catholic Church in America." The title is exact; American Catholicism is becoming with each succeeding month less "Roman" (no ideal is currently as obnoxious to the new genera-



tion of Catholics as *Romanità*) and more "American." "The adjective *Roman*," the authors write, "is the expression of a cultural straitjacket." Many would agree. Moreover, many would agree that to Catholics "America" means emphasis upon freedom rather than upon authority, "humility and openness" rather than privilege, personal responsibility rather than corporate obedience, an orientation toward the concrete needs of men in this world rather than toward the abstract considerations of Platonic otherworldliness.

The authors, however, have little to add analytically to what has been said by others since 1954 (most notably in Thomas McAvoy's collection, *Roman Catholicism and the American Way of Life*); and most of the others have written with more dignity and grace. The footnotes (for the book seems to have hopes of being counted as some sort of "sociology") are largely snippets from popular magazines. Many serious problems face American Catholics before they complete the conquest of their maturity and responsibility; this book could have made a contribution, and thus its disagreeable, masochistic tone leaves one doubly sad.

In his three-paragraph introduction to *The Human Church* William H. DuBay, the courageous, outspoken priest who has run afoul of Catholicism's most reactionary archbishop, Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles, speaks of "the comrades-in-arms throughout the world whose inspiration, suggestions, and support have contributed to this book in so many ways." In fact, no one was in a position to gain a more sympathetic world-wide hearing, no one could have driven a cleaner, more effective nail into the coffin of Roman-style ecclesiasticism than Father DuBay. Instead, he has written an angry book, a sloppy book, a half-baked argument.

FATHER DuBay is no mean thinker. He does not merely rage about his own difficulties or give us an autobiographical "*Ouch!*" Still, in arguing for a more pragmatic approach to Church politics, he is not himself pragmatic. He desires a union for priests—a sound, badly needed conception. Why, then, knowing the resistance such an idea generates, does he not call it an "association," a "confraternity," even a "sodality"? Call it by any name, but get it started.

There are internal contradictions in his argument. He wants a less highly organized church, and also one more highly organized for effectiveness in achieving social justice. He wants priests and bishops to speak only when there is a well-founded consensus among the people. As in the South? Or in John Birch parishes in Los Angeles?

A far more satisfying book is John L. McKenzie's *Authority in the Church*, a brilliant study of New Testament texts that speak of the differences between secular authority and the unique kind of authority proper to a Christian church. McKenzie, a Jesuit scripture scholar presently at the University of Chicago, sees in "the creeping secularization of authority" in the Church the bane of her history: the imitation by ministers of the Gospel of the methods of emperors, princes, and state officials. The New Testament, he reports, abhors the domination seen in secular power; permits no member of the Church to occupy a position of dignity and eminence; describes Church officers in words that place them on the lowest social level known in the Roman-Hellenistic world of the first century.

Authority, moreover, belongs to the

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whole Church, not to particular officers; exhortations to submissiveness are addressed not to the members but to the officers of the Church. Authority is the responsibility of all the members of the Church; it is a function of a community's love for one another, and is directed to persons, not to ideas, or institutions, or things—"anything like a power structure is forever excluded from the Church. Love is the only power which the New Testament knows." The task of the Church is that of "creating new forms and structure for an absolutely new type of society."

This little book is dynamite, all the more so because it is written in an irenical, wise, well-rounded frame of mind. DuBay takes Roman power structures for granted; McKenzie gently uncovers their illegitimacy. "The Church does best what Jesus Christ empowered it to do, and he did not empower the Church to be every man's schoolmaster and every man's conscience."

No young man in the Roman Catholic Church, however, has done more for the achievement of freedom in the Church than Hans Küng, dean of the Catholic Theology faculty at Tübingen. *Freedom Today* inaugurates a series of "theological meditations," edited by Father Küng, which offer the most creative Catholic theologians an opportunity to bring their learning to bear upon the ordinary problems of ordinary people in the world. Many thousands of Americans will remember the blond hair of Father Küng shining in the lights as, in the spring of 1963, to still and electric audiences, he delivered his lecture (included in this book) "The Church and Freedom," a lecture which began with a long list of similarities between the Roman style of authority and Communism (he himself seems a kind of Yevtushenko).

How does Hans Küng do so much? How does he do it so well? One hears these questions in the United States as well as in Europe. Küng's study of Karl Barth is an ecumenical landmark that stands far out in front even of the avant garde. His essay in this book on the freedom of the world religions, in which he concludes that, from a Catholic point of view, the path of the other religions is for most men the ordinary way to salvation, while Christianity is of itself an unusual and out-of-the-ordinary way, is of equal brilliance and of still vaster ecumenical importance.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 6 (Gerald Green), 9 (Forster), 7 (Mann), 5 (Cozzens), 11 (O'Neill), 8 (Kingsley), 1 (Sara Orne Jewett), 12 (Stevenson), 10 (Camus), 2 (Shaw), 3 (Waltari), 4 (Ibsen).

Evolution as Revelation

Teilhard de Chardin and the Mystery of Christ, *by Christopher L. Mooney, S.J. (Harper & Row. 288 pp. $6), synthesizes Teilhard's effort to rethink the data of revelation concerning Christ in the context of the data of science concerning cosmic and organic evolution. Cyril Vollert, S.J., teaches theology at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas.*

By CYRIL VOLLERT, S.J.

DURING his years of research in France Fr. Mooney, now professor of theology at Fordham, had the opportunity to scrutinize all of Teilhard's works, published and unpublished; the latter are still numerous. His reading and reflection led to the perception that the central theme unifying the many facets of Teilhard's thought is the relationship between the evolving cosmos, culminating in man, and the mystery of Christ. The book he subsequently wrote ranks with the important studies by Georges Crespy, Henri de Lubac, and Piet Smulders. As a synthesis of Teilhard's theological insights, it probably outranks them all.

Teilhard's general idea, conveyed in striking quotations from his own writings and in Fr. Mooney's clarifying expositions, can be summarized briefly, if inadequately. What previous centuries regarded as a cosmos is in reality a cosmogenesis, which reached up to biogenesis and ultimately issued in anthropogenesis. The laws governing cosmic and organic evolution have not ceased to function. What is to be the outcome, especially for man? If no final goal is attainable, despair will eventually smother the whole evolving process. Even in our own time, uncertainty about the success of the evolutionary movement is a source of disquiet.

The context of evolution within which

"Sure, it's hearsay—but it's great hearsay!"

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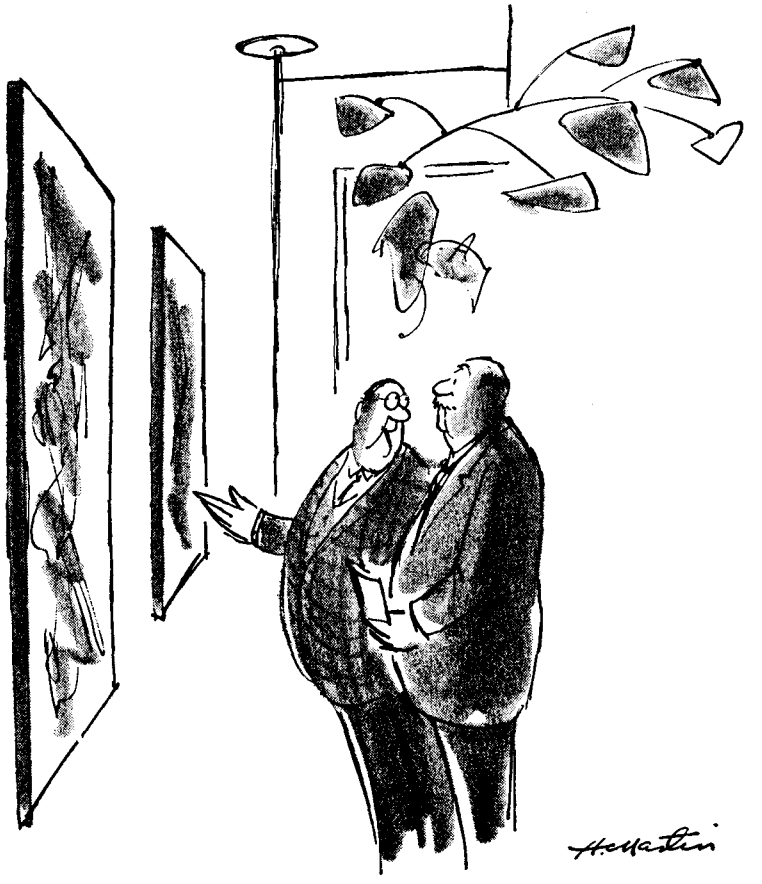
this anxiety developed also provides an assuagement. Evolution has been an ascent toward man and reflective consciousness. The pattern continues in the direction of some supreme consciousness, in a converging toward an ultimate center. This point of convergence is "Omega," since it comes at the end of the entire evolutionary series. More fundamentally, however, the "real" Omega in Teilhard's terminology is not the state of reflective consciousness at the close of time, but is a divine personal Being, loving and lovable at every moment, who is identified with the Christ of revelation. In the person of Jesus the real Omega became man and therefore a part of the evolutionary current for which he himself is responsible. His salvific activity became rooted in space-time and persists ever thereafter up to the final fulfillment of the world, when he will unite to himself all men who do not refuse his love.

Thus the body of Christ is gradually being formed, until all of saved mankind constitutes the "Cosmic Christ." Cosmogenesis, through anthropogenesis, becomes Christogenesis, not by mankind's own effort, but by the supernatural grace and love of God. The ascent toward life, of life toward spirit, and of spirit toward Omega is not the product of a mechanical thrust from below, but responds to an attraction from above. This inverse form of gravitation guarantees the victorious outcome of evolution. The natural unity toward which mankind is heading is no more than a preparation and foundation for a higher unity in Jesus Christ.



"It's not generally known, but the museum picked this one up at Sears."

Recent centuries have witnessed little progress in Christology, mostly because theologians were unable to explain the mystery of Christ otherwise than in terms of a static universe. Teilhard de Chardin believed that, as Thomas Aquinas drew on the concepts and categories of Aristotelian cosmology to elaborate his theology, so he himself could articulate a Christology that would be in keeping with the dimensions of the evolving universe as we know them today. His vision of Christ's relationship to the world is highly original. He could not express it completely, because no words were available to depict what he saw.

IN his awareness of the limitations of human progress, he insisted that a divine force has come into the world in the person of Jesus Christ, through whom alone the rebirth of man could be achieved. Evolution is unintelligible if it is detached from man's final destiny, because the divine purpose in cosmic history is, in the last analysis, salvation history. "Christ is at the beginning and end of evolution precisely because he is at the beginning and end of salvation."

Fr. Mooney is by no means a starry-eyed enthusiast for everything Teilhardian. His approbation of the new Christology is tempered by some grave reserves, especially as regards the problem of reparation by love for sin, which is quite neglected by Teilhard. This defect may perhaps be explained by the theology of redemption expounded during Teilhard's seminary days, when juridical solutions which he detested abounded. Several zones of risk are also pointed out, such as Teilhard's uncompromising evolutionism and extreme Incarnationalism. However, with the exception of the theory on original sin, which Teilhard himself always found to be unsatisfactory, all of the opinions proposed lie within the sphere of free theological discussion; they do not in any way attempt to modify the faith, but aim only at a better understanding of the faith.

"The final judgment of this present work, therefore, is that Teilhard's theological effort to rethink the mystery of Christ in terms of *genèse* constitutes a viable, though at times highly disputable, interpretation of Christian revelation." To my own way of thinking, the "highly" disputable is itself disputable. In any case, theologians have already been stimulated to seek an intelligence of Christology within the framework of our evolving universe, as will appear clearly when the inevitable book, "The Influence of Teilhard de Chardin on Contemporary Theology," is written.

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A Price Tag on Humanity

The Mission, *by Hans Habe, translated from the German by Michael Bullock (Coward-McCann. 319 pp. $6), fictionalizes events at the Evian Conference, where delegates of thirty-two countries turned down the Nazis' offer to sell them Jews at $250 each. Irving Halperin, an associate professor of English at San Francisco State College, recently spent two years in Germany and Israel researching the history and literature of the European Holocaust.*

By IRVING HALPERIN

WHEN the gates of the concentration camps were flung open, the civilized world drew back in horror and incredulity. At first men spoke only of the murderers, the Germans. and then, as World War II receded in time, one heard the millions who did not survive described as victims of the "death instinct." Later, others charged that leaders of European Jewish communities were unduly cooperative in complying with Nazi edicts, thereby making the extermination operation far easier for "banal" bureaucrats like Eichmann. Then came *The Deputy*'s accusations against the Pope. And now there is Hans Habe's *The Mission*, a documentary novel about the Evian Conference that may touch off an *Eichmann in Jerusalem*-style controversy. For this book contends that at a time when thousands of Jews might have been rescued from Nazi-occupied territory, pitifully few countries offered them a refuge.

Author of more than a dozen books, Habe, as a reporter for the *Prager Tagblatt*, covered the conference, which took place July 6-15, 1938, at Evian-les-Bains, a French spa on Lake Geneva. There delegates of thirty-two countries gathered to discuss the plight of some half million Austrian and German Jews desperately seeking refuge. *The Mission* is largely based on Habe's observations at the historic conference.

The novel records the mission to Evian of the fictionalized protagonist, Professor Heinrich von Benda, a distinguished sixty-five-year-old Viennese Jew and an internationally famous physician. A man of immense dignity and probity, Benda was released from a prison camp and sent by the Reich Governor in Vienna to the conference bearing a secret proposal: the Nazis were prepared to allow the emigration of Jews on the receipt of $250 a head or a flat rate of $1,000 a family. The notion of human beings as salable merchandise is odious to him, but the physician is convinced that there is no other way to save at least a portion of Austrian and German Jewry.

Once at the conference he quickly learns that the delegates, including those who represent the political interests of Churchill and FDR, are not seriously interested in rescuing Jews; rather they seek opportunities for passing moral judgments on the Germans as blackmailers. And some delegates from Latin American countries admit to Benda that their governments would be unwilling to accept Jews because then the Nazis would retaliate against them with economic sanctions. Before such fixed resistance, the physician's mission is doomed to failure. In the end he concludes that the delegates, though generally well-intentioned men, lack the moral imagination to recognize what their responsibility is to the refugees.

At the close of the conference, the American delegate offers Benda and his family an asylum in the United States—with this political string attached: the professor must agree to inform the world press of the German proposal to exchange Jews for money. Dreading the return to his prison-camp existence in Vienna, Benda is momentarily tempted. But the faces of two Jews who are being held as hostages in Vienna pending his return haunt him, and he declines the American's proposition.

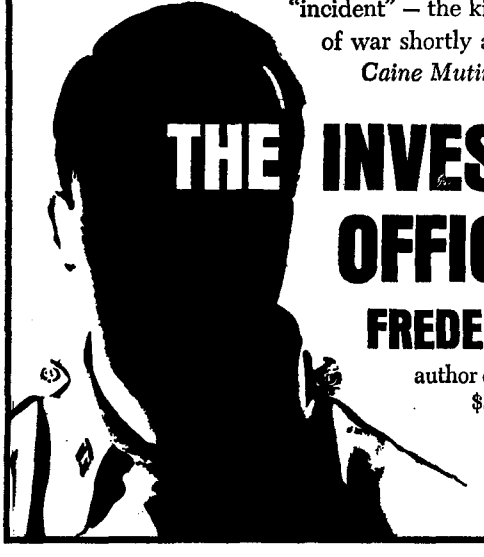
Within the scope of Habe's intention to point a finger at those who were guilty of the complicity of silence, the book succeeds well enough. But as fiction it fails. Conventionally realistic in form and lacking (with the single exception of the protagonist) developed characters, *The Mission* does not begin to compare with the best novels of Holocaust literature: the brilliant narrative techniques of *Blood from the Sky* and *The Long Voyage*, the memorable people of *The Last of the Just*, and the disturbing blackness of tone in *Night*. Yet because of its extraordinary subject matter, *The Mission* ought not to be judged as a work of fiction alone; what the author wanted to say is, perhaps, more urgent than "art."

However, when Habe, by implication,

"This is probably the finest military novel since James Gould Cozzens' Guard of Honor!"

—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

A sensational new novel based on an actual military "incident" — the killing of two SS prisoners of war shortly after VE day. "A dry land *Caine Mutiny*." —*Virginia Kirkus' Service*



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equates the apathy of the silent ones with the conscious bestiality of the Nazi criminals, the argument is dangerously fallacious: the guilt of the spectator is hardly the guilt of the executioner. Unfortunately, this equation in the book will be welcomed by apologists for the behavior of Germany's present older generation during the Hitler years—apologists who are quick to declaim on Universal Guilt, Collective Guilt, the Allied bombing attacks on German cities, the rape of German women by Russian soldiers, etc.

The Mission is useful in bearing "witness," but thus far the most significant books in Holocaust literature rightly focus a hard light on the damning fact that, after all, it was the Nazis who murdered millions.

A Great Man Dies, a Dull Man Tries

***"The Premier" "The Train,"** by Georges Simenon, translated from the French, respectively, by Daphne Woodward and Robert Baldick (Harcourt, Brace & World. 248 pp. $4.95), contains two novelle, one about a master manipulator, the other about a compliant manipulee. Nicholas Samstag's latest books are the novel "Come and See My Shining Palace" and "Bamboozled," a hard look at the advertising business.*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

IN THE two pieces published here so fully realized are the aged French premier and the young Marcel Féron that their actions and reactions seem to grow inexorably out of their natures. If Greek tragedy is the inevitable metamorphosis of character into incident (as I think it is), then what the brilliant and fecund Georges Simenon has done in this little book is to produce two pretty presentable Greek tragedies.

The depth of the characterization is particularly surprising because it usually takes a lot of words to develop three dimensions in an imagined person. Yet one of these works is only 125 pages long and the other but 119.

The novelle contrast so sharply that one wonders why there is no foreword drawing the matter to the reader's attention. In *The Premier*, the longer work, a great man dies; in *The Train* an ordinary man almost manages to get born. The premier is a master manipulator; Marcel Féron a manipulee and a willing one at that. The premier is betrayed by friends and servants; Féron betrays his one true love. In *Les Ebergues*, the old mansion where the dying hero of France lives, everything and everyone are as sterile and sexless as the contents of a surgeon's instrument cabinet; in the cattle cars carrying the refugees, where the small-town radio repairman meets and mates with his Anna, there are soiled flesh and clothing, the smell of corruption, the delicious flavor of cheese and wine, and the rhythmic grunts of human beings copulating on the creaking, rolling floors crowded with their fellows.

But the purest thing that ever happened to Marcel occurred in a moored lobster boat near the railroad where the odorous fish-slime was thicker than soup—and it turns out that *Les Ebergues* (meaning bits of bait) was not the original name of the premier's cold and tidy abode at all. One day his servant finds an inscription cut in stone above an old well on the property. It reads, *"Les Ebernes, 1701"*—and this word means, says the great *Littré* dictionary, "those who wipe excrement off children." Would this not seem to a premier, too long in the service of his countrymen, an apt job description?

The premier has no kin and is supported as a living monument by France, which is the least it can do, one feels. He is haunted in his last days by many ghosts (some still alive) and sustained by many memories (some nothing to be sustained by). His heart is bad but he still enjoys his daily mail—the encomia and the requests are always the same, he thinks, with a smug weariness—and he treasures the tattered remnants of his power. For forty years since his administration, his name has been put forward again and again by one or another government as a last-resort proposal during the perpetual crises of his notoriously unstable nation. "At any moment —" he still half-guiltily thinks. But insecurity permeates him: he can't force out of his mind the voice of an imbecilic boyhood friend who keeps phoning and writing him, "I'll be at your funeral!" and he feels he is being continuously spied upon, as indeed he is.

—*Paul Weber.*

Georges Simenon—"pretty presentable Greek tragedies."

The chief fact in his life is his determination that Chalamont, his ex-secretary, shall never have a seat in any government of France; and, to assure the poor man's obscurity, he treasures a confession he forced out of him on an occasion long ago when he betrayed his country's confidence to make a fast milliard or two of francs (*old* francs). When Chalamont, at the age of sixty, armored by secrets his agents have stolen from the premier, finally accepts a seat despite the document, the old man knows his days of influence are over.

THE second novella, *The Train*, is more swiftly routed. World War II forces Marcel Féron to leave his pleasant life in a French town near the Belgian frontier and pile himself, his neurotic daughter, and his pregnant wife onto a refugee train to flee the rolling *Panzer* divisions. The train is broken in two; the part with women and children puffs off in one direction, his part in another. This delights him. In fact, the whole debacle leaves him with a sense of fulfillment despite his fondness for his family. He feels he is now the plaything of destiny being whirled into a new existence and is as euphoric about his release as a schoolboy on vacation. The chief target of his new life turns out to be Anna Kupfer, a Jewish refugee from a concentration camp with whom he couples like a mad thing in ecstasy and lust. But he keeps watching the government's lists for news of Jeanne and Sophie, finally finds them, and returns to Fumay, where the old life is very little changed by the occupation. Toward the end of the war Anna shows up again, asking sanctuary overnight for herself and a British airman she is taking to an unoccupied zone. What do you think Marcel does about *that*?

Some fellow, this Simenon. He has published nearly 500 books in forty-three years; his detective stories are famous, but he is also a literary success.

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A Gift of Adversity

***End of a Day**, by Beatriz Guido, translated from the Spanish by A. D. Towers (Scribners. 278 pp. $4.95), explores the predicament of a wealth-softened family under the pressures of the Peronist régime. Donald A. Yates, associate professor of Spanish at Michigan State University, spent two years in Buenos Aires studying contemporary Argentine literature.*

By DONALD A. YATES

ARGENTINE novelist Beatriz Guido, daughter of an aristocratic Buenos Aires family, continues in this book her examination of the spiritual and moral disintegration experienced by her social class during the ten-year rule of dictator Juan Domingo Perón. An earlier novel, *Fin de fiesta* ("Party's End"), published in 1958, dealt with Perón's rise to power. *End of a Day* focuses on a six-month period, October 1952-April 1953, which serves as historical backdrop for the story of the personal crisis of a wealthy Argentine land-owner, Alejandro Pradere.

From the outset Pradere is no match for the crude acquisitiveness of the faceless, nameless Peronist officials, referred to only as "they." "They" want Pradere to accept the post of ambassador to Uruguay, thus securing his family's tacit support of the régime. He is a gentle man, soft in many ways, the product of money and a good name. His keenest interest is in collecting and preserving *objets d'art*, many of which are gathered at the enormous Pradere *estancia*, Bagatelle. The Peronist deal: accept the diplomatic post or have Bagatelle expropriated and turned into a home and recreation area for faithful Peronist laborers.

The members of his family are no more capable of opposition than he is. His wife, Sofia, lives immersed in a mood of moral languor which neither responds to nor challenges his own; his daughter, Inés, who has known sensation but not love, seems destined to repeat her mother's history; his son, José Luis, is unworldly and ingenuous, though he possesses a redeeming spark of idealism.

The spark manages only to ignite a friendship with a young law student, Pedro Alcobendas, who is actively involved in revolutionary activities. But that is sufficient. When José Luis brings Alcobendas home to recover from a wound sustained during a skirmish in which two political prisoners were rescued from a Peronist torture compound, vitality begins to seep into the Praderes.

In a turn of events curiously reminiscent of the plot of one of Argentina's earliest novels, José Mármol's *Amalia* (1851-1855), which depicted the rule of terror instituted under the nineteenth-century dictator Juan Manuel Rosas, Alcobendas and Inés fall in love. Their romance, punctuated by separations, disillusionment, persecution, and, finally, the sadistic maiming of Alcobendas by his Peronist captors, transforms what might otherwise have been principally a political and social document into a touching narrative of profound human experience.

The elder Pradere must, of course, accept the humiliating post of ambassador. And, of course, the government eventually acquires Bagatelle. But the blow he cannot survive is the sacking and burning of the elegant Jockey Club by Peronist followers on the evening of April 15, 1953.

This intelligent and informed translation conveys Beatriz Guido's novelistic skill, which has become steadily more impressive since her *House of the Angel* (1954)—the only other of her books available in English. *End of a Day* reveals a sense of authority, an economy of expression, and an artistic rightness that mark the author as one of the most accomplished novelists writing in Latin America today.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

THE MAJOR ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS. Edited by William H. Marshall. Washington Square Press. $7.95.

THE MAJOR VICTORIAN POETS. Edited by William H. Marshall. Washington Square Press. $7.95.

Archeology

FOOTLOOSE SCIENTIST IN MAYAN AMERICA. By Sister Mary Corde Lorang. Scribners. $6.95.

Crime, Suspense

AFTER MIDNIGHT. By Helen Nielsen. Morrow. $3.50.

ASHENDEN: Or the British Agent. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday. $4.95. (Reissue.)

AT SOME FORGOTTEN DOOR. By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday. $4.50.

DISPOSING MIND. By Richard H. R. Smithies. Horizon. $3.95.

DOORWAYS TO DANGER. By Mark Napier. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO. By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

MR. HOLROYD TAKES A HOLIDAY. By William Stanley. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

THE OLD TRADE OF KILLING. By John Harris. Morrow. $4.95.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. By Leonard Holton. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

PASSENGER TO NOWHERE. By Anthony Gilbert. Random House. $3.95.

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD. By Sir Ronald Howe. Horizon. $4.50.

Fiction

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PETE MCCABE. By Jack Pearl. Trident. $4.95.

THE DETECTIVE. By Roderick Thorp. Dial. $5.95.

IN SEARCH OF A HERO. By William Bayer. World. $4.95.

I SEE YOU. Short stories by Charlotte Armstrong. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS. By Robert Heinlein. Putnam. $5.95.

SUBPOENA. By Irwin Stark. New American Library. $5.95.

THIS TIME IN TWILIGHT. By Anthony Tuttle. New American Library. $5.95.

TRUST. By Cynthia Ozick. New American Library. $7.95.

History

D-DAY BEACHES REVISITED. By Patrice Boussel. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE GREEK CIVIL WAR, 1944-1949. By Edgar O'Ballance. Praeger. $7.50.

THE JEWS IN THEIR LAND. Edited by David Ben-Gurion. Doubleday. $17.50.

A JOURNEY FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO PEKIN, 1719-22. By John Bell. Edited by J. L. Stevenson. Barnes & Noble. $9.50.

MIDWAY: Turning Point of the Pacific. By William Ward Smith. Crowell. $4.95.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST AND THE COMMON LAW. By George W. Keeton. Barnes & Noble. $6.

THE TRUMAN PRESIDENCY: The History of a Triumphant Succession. By Cabell Phillips. Macmillan. $7.95.

Ideas

NEGRO PROTEST THOUGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by Francis L. Broderick and August Meier. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

THE STEP TO MAN. By John R. Platt. Wiley. $5.95.

Literary History, Criticism

VIRGINIA WOOLF AND HER WORKS. By Jean Guiguet. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.50.

Miscellany

SLEEPING WITHOUT PILLS. By Dr. M. N. Pai. Stein & Day. $2.95.

SLOOPS & SHALLOPS. By William A. Baker. Barre. $7.50.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A WORKING MOTHER. By Lois Benjamin. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

TBA DIRECTORY OF BOOK COLLECTORS AND RARE BOOK DEALERS, 1966. Edited by R. J. Hussey and Brian A. Brooks. R. J. Hussey, Publisher, Webster, New York. Paperback, $2.

(*Continued on page* 69)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The McLuhan Effect

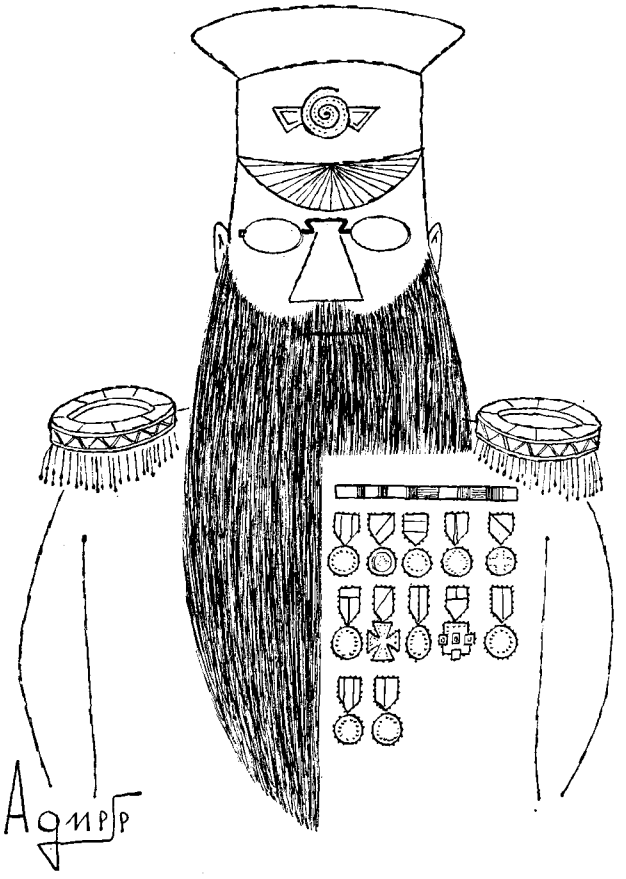
A HALF-HOUR popular music program, *Mickie Finn's*, recently was slipped into the NBC television network schedule as a mid-season replacement. The program is videotaped in a Hollywood studio where a replica of the real Mickie Finn's has been built. The name refers to a San Diego restaurant owned by Fred E. Finn and his wife, Mickie. He plays the piano, she the banjo—and, with four other musicians plus a handful of dancing waiters and waitresses, the talented couple replicate on television the entertainment they provide in San Diego for customers, who join in an occasional song and hand-clap most of the show's rhythm.

An NBC program executive said that the studio audience comprises about 350 people—roughly 150 come by bus every week to Hollywood—motivated entirely by the strong attraction the show holds for them. It sounds plausible, especially when one notes that (so far as this viewer could detect when watching the show on television) the participating audience is made up mostly of adults.

There are two levels of explanation for *Mickie Finn's* appeal to its adult studio audience. The first is the show's manifest style and content. The songs are enduring favorites, standards: They hark back to the Thirties, Twenties, and even before. Familiar melodies, they are delivered by the musicians with a very fast, flowing beat, with an absolute minimum of talk.

Fred Finn, a pianist of extraordinary dexterity, is personable, genial, but functional in announcing songs and performers. Conventional MC chatter gives way to an occasional title and commentary flashed across the small screen. Mickie, his wife, an attractive blonde, sparkles mutely as she plays her banjo. The lithe beer-hall waiters and waitresses dance energetically but do not sing, except when everybody joins in. The musicians throw asides at one another but they are never heard. Lyrics are often mouthed but not sounded by the soloists. There are guest performers who sing a plain song, but they represent the show's conformity, not its daring.

Mannequins and props about the set remind one of Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin.* But always it is the liquid beat that carries the show, the hand-clapping, the onward exhilaration, the convivial (the show is in color) bric-a-brac of exterior participation. The key to the audience's *interior* participation lies in the nostalgia generated by the old refrains.



Something deeper is at work in *Mickie Finn's*—an insight borrowed from Marshall McLuhan, the University of Toronto professor who theorizes provocatively about the subtler phenomena of electronic media. The songs represent private meanings, isolated corners of experience from the time when the individual was more of an island than he is now. They are redolent with what McLuhan terms "the old environment"—pre-television. If they were to be performed now in the style of that old environment, they would have a much weaker appeal, generating a fainter response. On *Mickie Finn's* they are given the treatment of the new environment. Thrown away are the words—they represent visually oriented man's "fixed perspective."

The atmosphere in which they are performed is now collective, "tribal." The tempo has been speeded up. This is most important; electronic media collapse time as print collapsed space. The speed, the collective aspect of the ritual, creates an impersonal vacuum of meaning. It must be filled. The performers don't do it (they are empty icons); the work must be done by the audience. It must wrench free the music from the old environment and adapt it to the new. This is an intensely creative experience—a destroying and a re-patterning. The "low definition" of the performers, in McLuhan's terms, creates a depth of field, forcing audience involvement. This is the latent experience which lures the San Diego fans to Hollywood every week. It is the same experience which fascinates adults who have discovered *Mickie Finn's,* and the second level of explanation for the show's success.

The electronic world is mosaic rather than linear, states McLuhan. As a mosaic, the show is shot by the director. The leading performers and the band are not fragmented from one another and from the audience—they are all cozily, collectively enwombed. The camera will scan the tribe rather than the individual performer, noting dissonances and unrelated bits of action. For the home viewers this is in harmony with the distracted ambiguity in which television is viewed.

Proof of the pudding is in the fact that the show's producers are unaware of all this. The NBC program executive, asked to venture an explanation for the program's "sleeper" appeal, said: "It's like watching a football game; the audience doesn't have to do any work." Fragmented man, trapped in his old environment. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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The Good Theater of Stanford

STANFORD, CALIF.

A FORMIDABLE new entry in the permanent resident company steeplechase is the Stanford Repertory Theater, which has just completed its first lap here. Since it imports a band of professionals onto a university campus that has always cherished its isolation from town and city life, and since the theater's producing director, Robert Loper, is also the head of Stanford's drama department, the character of this theater would seem to be more influenced by university values and attitudes than most such organizations.

However, this is not necessarily a disadvantage. For one thing, it has made possible the scheduling of Aeschylus's rarely performed classic, *Prometheus Bound*, which, under the direction of Holland's Erik Vos, turned out to be the most highly acclaimed production of the season. It also has supplied a most sympathetic environment for work on new plays, and already this company has brought novelist John Hawkes into the theater by offering the premiere of his first play, *The Questions*, at the smaller of its two playhouses. Finally, it has encouraged the attempting of Brecht's difficult work, *The Good Woman of Setzuan*.

For the latter production, designer Richard L. Hay ingeniously constructed a revolving Chinese building out of tin cans, composer Conrad Suza provided a new bittersweet score, and director Mel Shapiro rightly ignored theory to make Brecht's overlong dramatic fable hold our attention as best he could.

Jeanne Paynter is simple and lyrical as the good-hearted woman who must periodically disguise herself as a hatchet man in order to extricate herself from the messes her goodness invariably creates. Gerald Hiken gives a plaintive portrayal of the water-seller torn between sentiment and immediate practical considerations. Paul E. Richards is marvelously grotesque as the aviator whose ruthless drive to get ahead overrules any romantic impulse to be loving, loyal, or considerate of the feelings of others. Jane Hoffman is amusing as the aviator's squawking mother. Sam Schacht turns the bourgeois barber into a parody of hypocrisy. And best of all are the three gods, played by Harold Gould, William Sharp, and Jack Fisher. Like three big corporation executives, they rationalize their way out of Brecht's obviously demonstrated evidence that the system by which the world operates tends to reward badness and punish goodness.

All things considered, it is a commendable job which, ironically, suggests that the friendliest atmosphere for anti-establishment theater may be within universities which the establishment supports for the very purpose of analysis and change of the system that operates outside the university. If so, the Stanford Repertory Theater appears to have made a good start toward a vigorous future.

Indeed only a large-minded theater fairly sure of its identity would risk inviting what many of us consider to be the most recklessly imaginative and technically venturous of all these new enterprises, The American Conservatory Theatre, to use its playhouse and its audiences for part of the summer. Listings for ACT and a number of other summer repertory schedules appear below.

—HENRY HEWES.

Summer Repertory Schedule, 1966

Name and Location	Plays	Dates
AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE Stanford, Calif. & Ravinia Park, Chicago	*Tiny Alice* *Uncle Vanya* *Misalliance* *Charley's Aunt* *Beyond the Fringe* *Six Characters in Search of an Author*	July 25-Aug. 13 at Stanford, in daily rotation Eves. exc. Mon. Also mats: Sat., Sun. Aug. 23-Sept. 18 at Ravinia Festival in rotation as above
AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE & ACADEMY Stratford, Conn.	*Falstaff (Henry IV, Pt. 2)* *Murder in the Cathedral* *Twelfth Night* *Julius Caesar*	June 18-Sept. 11 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun. & Mon. Mats: Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun.
ASOLO THEATER FESTIVAL Sarasota, Fla.	*Much Ado About Nothing* *The Miser* *A Man for All Seasons* *Oedipus* & *The Bald Soprano*	July 7-Aug. 27 in daily rotation Every eve. Mats: Wed., Fri., Sat.
CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Burlington, Vt.	*The Comedy of Errors* *Hamlet* *Henry VI, Pt. 1*	July 25-Sept. 3 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun. Mats: Sat.
COLORADO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Boulder, Colo.	*The Merchant of Venice* *Coriolanus* *The Merry Wives of Windsor*	Aug. 6-21 in nightly rotation
GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Lakewood, O.	*Twelfth Night* *She Stoops to Conquer* *King Lear* *The Importance of Being Earnest* *The Winters Tale*	July 8-Sept. 30 in nightly rotation exc. Mon.
MINNESOTA THEATRE COMPANY Minneapolis, Minn.	*The Skin of Our Teeth* *The Dance of Death* *As You Like It* From Sept. 6-Dec. 11 there will be a fall bill to include *S.S. Glencairn*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, & *The Oresteia*	May 31-Sept. 3 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun., Mon. Mats: Wed., Sat., Sun.
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Central Park, N.Y.C.	*All's Well that Ends Well* *Measure for Measure* *Richard III*	AWEW June 8-July 2 M f M July 6-July 30 R. III Aug. 3-Aug.27 Eves. exc. Mon.
NYSF MOBILE THEATER Five Boroughs of New York City	Macbeth (English) Macbeth (Spanish)	June 24-Aug. 20 Aug. 24-Sept. 5 Eves. exc. Mon.
OREGON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Ashland, Ore.	*A Midsummer Night's Dream* *Othello* *Two Gentlemen of Verona* *Henry VI, Pt. 3*	July 23-Sept. 11 in nightly rotation
SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL San Diego, Calif.	*Romeo and Juliet* *The Tempest* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*	June 14-Sept. 11 in daily rotation exc. Mon. Mats: Wed., Sat., Sun.
STRATFORD SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL OF CANADA Stratford, Ont.	*Henry V* *Henry VI* (condensed) *Twelfth Night*	June 6-Oct. 8 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun. Mats: Wed., Sat.
STRATFORD FESTIVAL COMPANY (at Avon Theater) Stratford, Ont.	*Don Giovanni* *Nicholas Romanov* *The Dance of Death* *Royal Winnipeg Ballet*	July 12-Sept. 3 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Sun., Mon. Mats: Wed., Sat.
YPSILANTI GREEK THEATRE Ypsilanti, Mich.	*The Oresteia* *The Birds*	June 18-Sept. 4 in daily rotation Eves. exc. Mon. Mats: Sat., Sun.

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Stagecoach Rides Again

DENVER.

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S favorite promotional devices for a new motion picture is the press junket—generally, a specially arranged trip for critics and newsmen to enable them to cover a film's "premiere" in some remote location. For *Cheyenne Autumn* it was, appropriately enough, Cheyenne, Wyoming. For *Our Man Flint*, more recently, the press was junketed all the way to Jamaica, for reasons that escaped everyone.

On May 18, almost 200 writers, as well as radio and television commentators, descended upon Denver for the opening of *Stagecoach*, Martin Rackin's remake of John Ford's 1939 classic Western. Since the film had been shot in Colorado, on locations fairly near to Denver, the setting had a certain validity. What was soon apparent, however, was that validity of setting is perhaps the last consideration in putting together a junket of this sort. More important are the promotional tie-ins that can be mustered to share the costs and minimize the expenses to the film company.

"Sell Colorado"—not *Stagecoach*—was the theme that dominated the *Stagecoach* junket. It was plastered in large letters on the sides of the cars and buses that for three days transported the working press from one Colorado wonder to the next. It was present in the press kits that appeared magically in our hotel rooms and at virtually every stop as we toured the state. Indeed, the very first event on the crowded schedule—Colorado has a lot to offer—was a Chamber of Commerce breakfast and briefing.

Continental Airlines, inaugurating service with its new DC-9, airlifted a planeload of stars, along with members of the press, from Los Angeles to Denver, where *Stagecoach's* star, Ann-Margret, christened the craft with the film's name—then promptly climbed aboard again and returned to Los Angeles. (She was back in time for the premiere, however, as were Michael Connors, Van Heflin, Red Buttons, Alex Cord, Robert Cummings, Slim Pickens, and the producer. These events, quite literally, are built around the stars.) There were other tie-in "promos," involving, among others, a rifle firm, a hat company, a food packer, and even the U.S. Air Force Academy, which provided buses that brought in the press for a two-hour tour of its reservation near Colorado Springs. Indeed, there were times when it seemed that Twentieth Century-Fox, producer of *Stagecoach*, had contributed nothing but its Western-style picture.

Unfortunately, it was not quite enough. Remakes of famous films rarely turn out well. The very elements that made for success the first time around—the chemistry of casting, the timeliness of theme, the qualities of freshness and originality—all are apt to be missing. Worse, the shadow of the original hovers persistently about the edges of the screen, its imperfections dimmed by time, its aura enhanced by nostalgia. The new *Stagecoach* is a perfectly straightforward Western, with good action passages enlivening the familiar formula. But it is unlikely that it will be remembered as a classic—or even at all, except perhaps by the people of Denver.

About a week later, Warner Brothers sponsored a far more modest junket to Houston, Texas, for the premiere of a far more modest picture, *A Big Hand for the Little Lady*. It, too, is a Western, although it spends most of its brief screen time in the back room of a saloon rather than out on the lone prairie. Sidney Carroll's bright script peoples that room with funny and fascinating characters, played by such top performers as Henry Fonda, Joanne Woodward, Jason Robards, Charles Bickford, Kevin McCarthy, Paul Ford, and Burgess Meredith; and director Fielder Cook has taken full advantage of this fact by playing much of his story off their trained, sensitive faces.

Something that seems almost forgotten in this era of wide-screen spectaculars is that a close-up of an expert actor can be every bit as dramatic as a long shot of a whole tribe of Indians chasing a stagecoach across the salt flats—or, for that matter, that a sly look can often be funnier than two pages of dialogue. Television, with its relatively limited resources, has almost been forced to live with this basic principle; and since both the story and the director of *A Big Hand* derive from that medium the picture inevitably betrays its origins. The irony is that today it takes television to remind the film-makers of what is essentially their own art.

Although his cast is largely confined to a single, smoke-filled room, Cook manages to avoid all sense of claustrophobia by adroit changes of angle and by focusing upon the most exciting stage of all—the human face in its many moods. What emerges is such deft entertainment that the film's surprise ending seems both out of key and pointless, reducing the warm humor of the central situation to the level of a clever joke.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"Right now, someone, somewhere, is putting my name on a mailing list."

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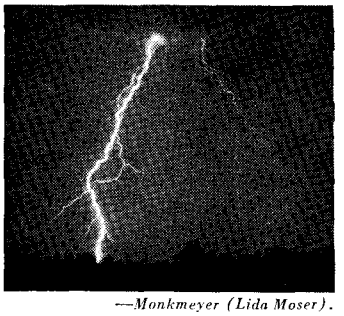

—Monkmeyer (Lida Moser).

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Three Postscripts to the Tenth Anniversary Issue • Letters to the Science Editor

LIGHTNING AS A SCULPTOR OF LIFE

AMONG the letters that have come to *SR*'s science desk in the wake of last month's celebration of the tenth birthday of the Science and Humanity Supplement is one that reads as follows:

> Your anniversary number, "The Fragile Breath of Life," was splendid. But my eye noticed one omission. That is that all living things are electrical. All living cells are essentially batteries. And all living creatures, including ourselves, are essentially closed electrical circuits. This idea you did not express anywhere. If something happened to what we call "electricity," no life could exist on planet earth.

The signer of those words, Mr. Edwin V. Komarek, Sr., is not alone in his complaint against the anniversary issue's neglect of the electrical and magnetic aspects of life. Several other readers have spoken kindred disappointment. But Mr. Komarek is the only one who has accompanied his comment with an offer to document an exciting line of scientific experiments of an electrical nature. Subsequent letters and talks on the telephone have developed a theme as new as it is startling—the role of lightning, the most frightening display of electrical force known to man, in the shaping of life.

Mr. Komarek is a biologist who works and lives on a couple of old plantations just north of Tallahassee, Florida. For thirty years he has been studying, through direct personal observation, the effects of fire on wildlife. At first he was concerned mainly with those fires for which man was responsible. In recent years, however, he has been correlating daily charts of weather across the United States with maps marking forest and grass fires set by lightning.

Working backwards from effects to causes, Mr. Komarek has made a series of discoveries that has led him to a surprising conclusion.

FIRST, he found what any competent weatherman might have supposed from common knowledge: that fires started by lightning occur in definite patterns matching the patterns of warm and cold air fronts across the country.

SECOND, the movement of the air masses is determined in large measure by the major geographical features of the land over which the air travels.

THIRD, those determining geographical features—the Rocky Mountain chain, for instance—emerged at roughly the same period in the geological time scale when fossils in the rocks indicate a change in vegetation from continent-wide forest cover to vast stretches of grassland bordered by forest.

FOURTH, the grasses that replaced the earlier trees evolved to survive fire, and their descendants are still resistant to fire today.

FIFTH, early mammals such as the horse evolved from brush-choppers to grass-chewers.

SIXTH, man throughout his history seems to have been an eater of grasses and of animals that feed on grasses.

SEVENTH, having common ancestry with the apes, man originally must have been a tree-dweller. Up to now, most anthropologists and archaeologists and geologists have assumed that he was driven out of the trees by climatic change. What changed the climate? No one knows. Mr. Komarek wonders whether the mountain-building process everywhere on the planet may not have influenced air movements as the rise of the Rockies is known to have done on the North American continent. If this happened, lightning could have fired forests for hundreds of miles and driven the pre-men down from the trees and into the grass. And the earliest men might have developed a taste for cereals after being attracted to and picking up and eating grass seeds popped open by the heat of the fire the lightning had set—the first success of popcorn!

ON first hearing, Mr. Komarek's theorizing seems to embody some of the attributes of the tall story. Why, then, should he be taken seriously?

One good reason for doing so is that many others who didn't are now sorry they didn't. Mr. Komarek is one of the prime movers of the Tall Timbers Fire Ecology Conference, an annual symposium focused on the proper use of fire in wildlife management. The emphasis is on the two words "proper use," for the official attitude of the United States Forest Service for half a century has been one of opposition to any use of fire in woodland. The argument for exclusion of all fire from the forest has been built into such an overpowering cliché that "Smokey," the fire-fighting bear, is now one of the best known and most beloved symbols in American advertising. For twenty-five years Forest Service men have contributed occasional reports to forestry journals on the benefits of controlled fire in certain areas of the country; but such journals are read only by "insiders" and the sayings of "Smokey" remain the official gospel for the crowd. Largely because of a mountain of fact accumulated in field research summarized and publicized at the Tall Timbers meetings, the Forest Service has just begun to distribute to the general public (under a 1965 date) a pamphlet

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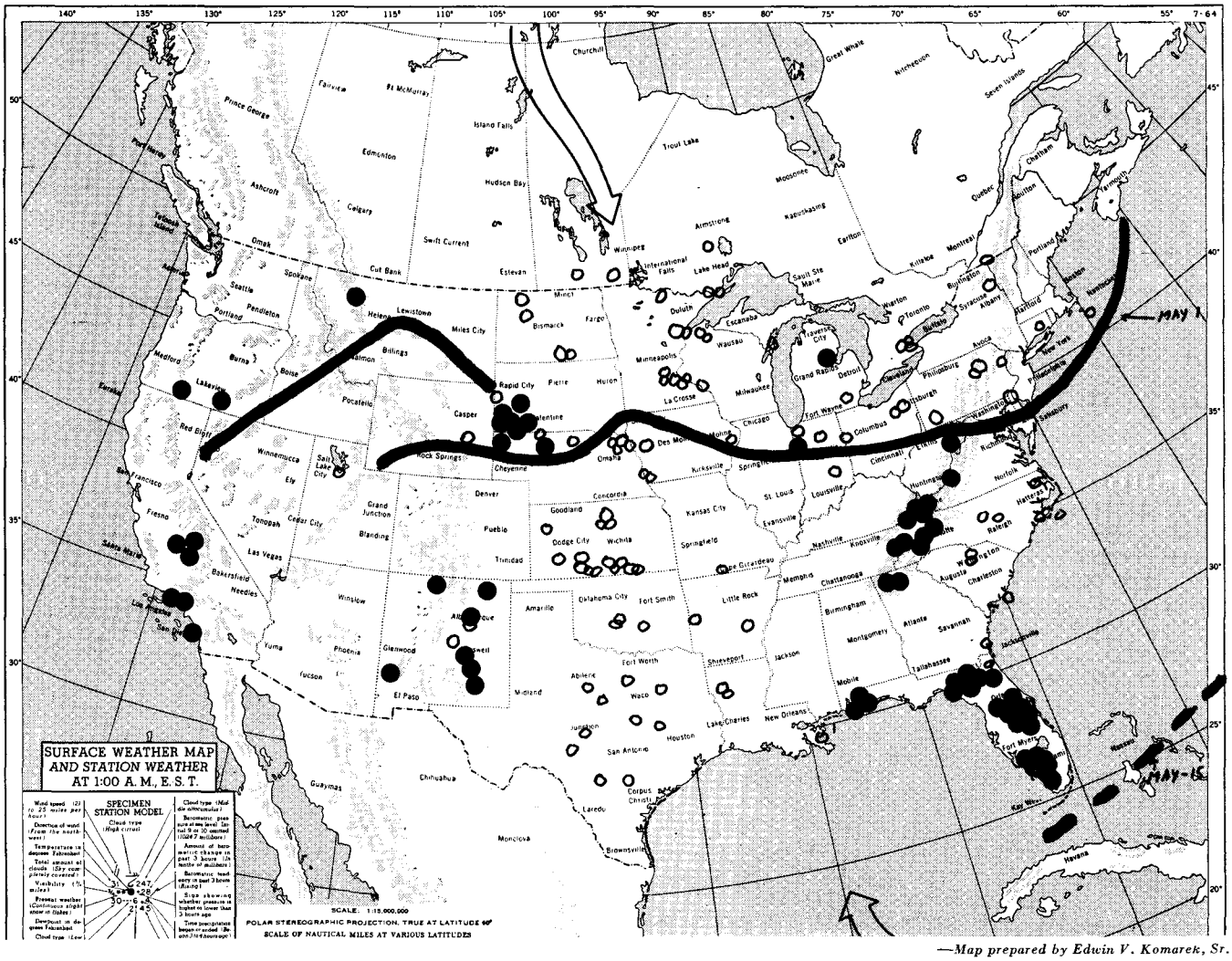
titled, "A guide to fire by prescription." In short, Mr. Komarek and his colleagues have forced a shift in federal government policy.

Although his name is the one that researchers in fire ecology mention first, Mr. Komarek objects to suggestions that he is primarily responsible for the reluctant change in Forest Service attitude. Others who preceded him did the hardest work and endured the worst ridicule. In keeping with the American traditions of private enterprise and individual effort, the real beginnings were made by Southern cattle-growers and wealthy vacationers from the North who enjoyed hunting quail. The cattlemen deliberately set fires in the woods every year until the practice was banned; they then gradually sold their plantations to the lumber barons early in the twentieth century. But the quail-hunters insisted on knowing why the once-plentiful quail had become scarce.

A 2,800-acre plantation on Lake Iamonia, fifteen miles north of Tallahassee, Florida, became the center of inquiry. It had been bought in 1895 by Edward Beadel, who passed the property on to his nephew, Henry L. Beadel, in 1919. Henry Beadel organized the Cooperative Quail Study Association in the early 1920s, and in 1924 this association brought Herbert I. Stoddard, Sr., from Milwaukee to undertake field research on the Beadel plantation and on the private lands of Beadel's friends and associates in the six states from North Carolina through Mississippi. By 1928, Stoddard's experiments had demonstrated that the quail could not scratch a livelihood from brush and mulch beneath the trees. When the land was cleared periodically by controlled fire, however, the quail returned and thrived. Stoddard has since revealed that the Forest Service tried to suppress his findings and actually forced him to revise a book, *The Bobwhite Quail*, five times before the volume could be cleared for publication by Scribner's in 1931; even the repeatedly diluted version of what he wrote did not reach print until Stoddard privately warned his adversaries that if they persisted in maligning him he would expose them publicly; had the quail men supporting him not been influential sportsmen, he still might have lost his reputation.

Not that Stoddard was the only scientist who fought to inform the public about the value of controlled fire. Three other fire ecology pioneers stood by his side throughout his ordeal: Professor H. H. Chapman, dean of the Yale University Forestry School; Dr. Roland Harper, Florida and Alabama state botanist who scorned derogation as a crackpot to insist that the long-leaf pine trees of the South were fire-resistant; and Mr. S. W. Greene, who proved at the McNeill Experiment Station in Mississippi that cat-



—Map prepared by Edwin V. Komarek, Sr.

Dry polar air (southbound arrow) and moist tropical air (northbound arrow) met along solid black lines on May 1, 1965, triggering lightning displays from coast to coast. Black dots represent fires in national forests; white circles locate Weather Bureau observations of lightning. Fires occurred in South Dakota and Nebraska on May 1, West Virginia on May 2, South Dakota on May 4, South Dakota and Nebraska on May 5, Virginia and Tennessee on May 6, 7 and 8, Georgia on May 9, North Carolina on May 10; Florida had three fires on May 11, five on May 12, eighteen on May 13, seven on May 14, one on May 16. Dotted line shows front moving seaward on May 16, when another front began moving lightning strikes southeastward from Missouri. On July 7, lightning swath swung the other way, from Mexican Gulf through Arizona to Idaho. On July 24, another sweep of fire headed from the Gulf into Arizona and New Mexico to California and then north to British Columbia. On the night of April 7, seven midwestern states had 2,738 lightning strikes.

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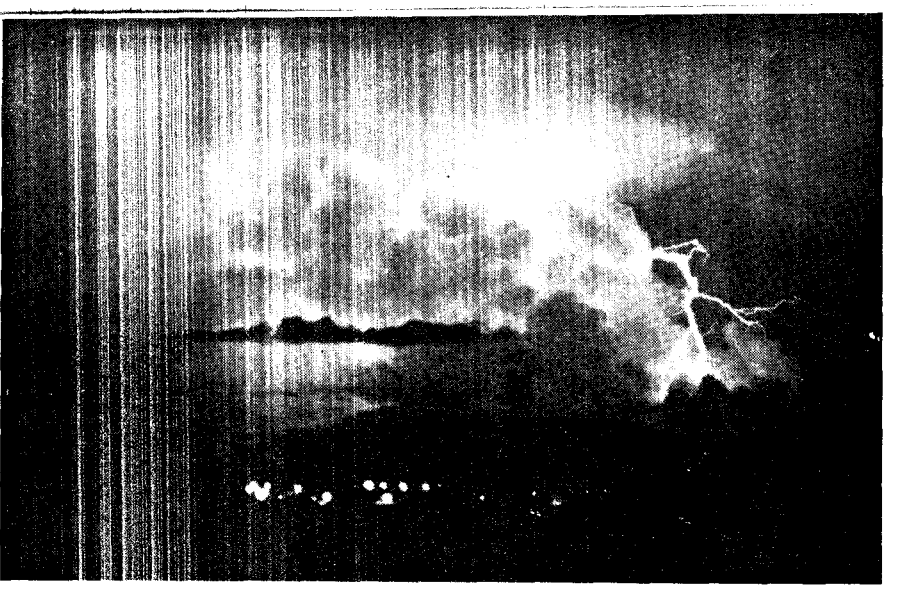
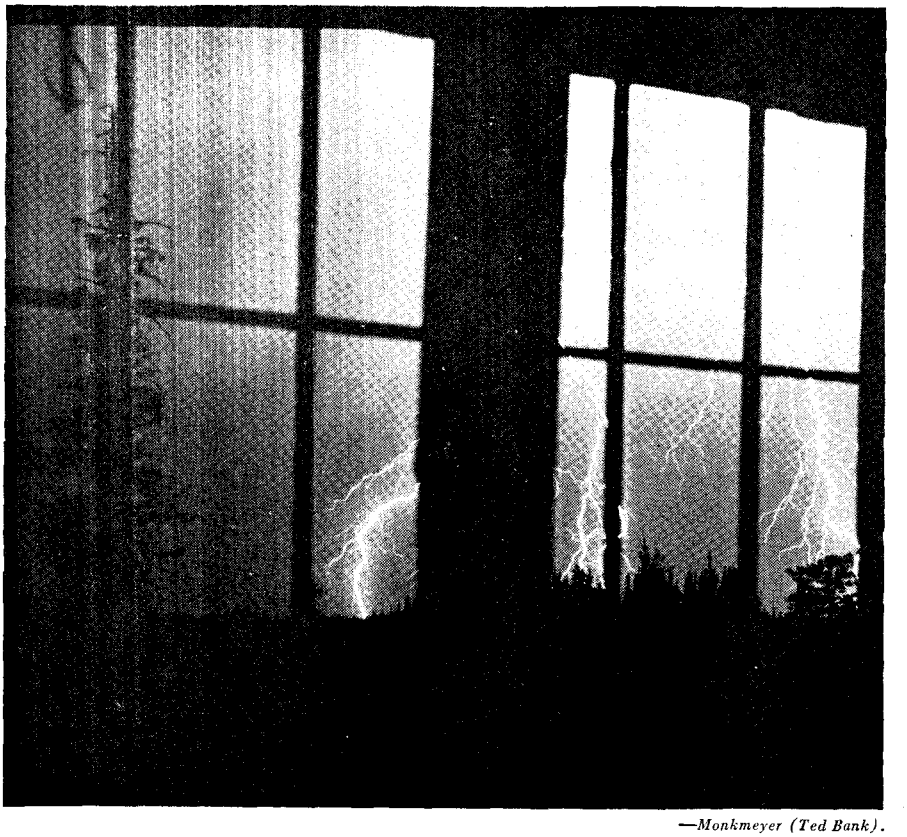
Lightning often strikes beyond outer limits of rainfall underneath thunderclouds (top photo, right) and multiple streamers of electricity damage many more trees than are actually struck by bolts (center photo). Controlled fires (bottom photo) clear forest floor of tinder that makes lightning fires dangerous.



—*FPG.*



—*Monkmeyer (Ted Bank).*

—*Tall Timbers Research, Inc.*

tle grew especially fat on burned-over grasslands.

Mr. Greene was so persistently ridiculed that he quit biological research to become a salesman. And when Edwin Komarek joined the Stoddard crusade in 1934, just three years after *The Bobwhite Quail* had gone on sale in bookshops, he was first cautioned in a friendly way that "the public cannot be told the truth," and then threatened with arrest by a forester for burning some brush on private land.

Along with youth and idealism, Edwin Komarek possessed a certain skepticism as to the ultimate wisdom of any established authority. The teachings he remembered most vividly were those that had sprung from a simple love of nature. In high school at Oak Park, Illinois, there had been Miss Ada Weckal, under whose patient tutelage he had gathered a collection of insectivorous plants. At the Chicago Academy of Sciences, where he began by polishing the windows and progressed to keeping the insect and shell collections in order, there had been Dr. Alfred Bailey, who shifted young Komarek's attention from insects and birds to mammals. And at the University of Chicago there had been Dr. W. C. Allee, who told the young man to be grateful to the Great Depression of 1929 for blocking access to an academic degree.

It was Dr. Allee who sent Mr. Komarek to Stoddard in Tallahassee, by way of Louisiana, the Great Smokies, and the wild lands that are now the Everglades and Shenandoah National Parks. Pay was low everywhere in those days, and Ed and his younger brother, Roy, each was earning $55 a month for biological survey work for the Chicago Academy of Sciences. The brothers were riding a battered pickup truck across country when they got to the Stoddard place, and the elegant park-like look of the plantation would have scared them off if they hadn't needed Stoddard's endorsement on a paycheck.

Roy went back to North Carolina after that, but Ed stayed in Tallahassee, where he soon met Professor Herman Kurz, head of the botany department of Florida State College for Women (now Florida State University). On a field trip with Kurz, Ed found pleasant company in the person of Miss Betty Barker, a native of Nebraska who was one of the

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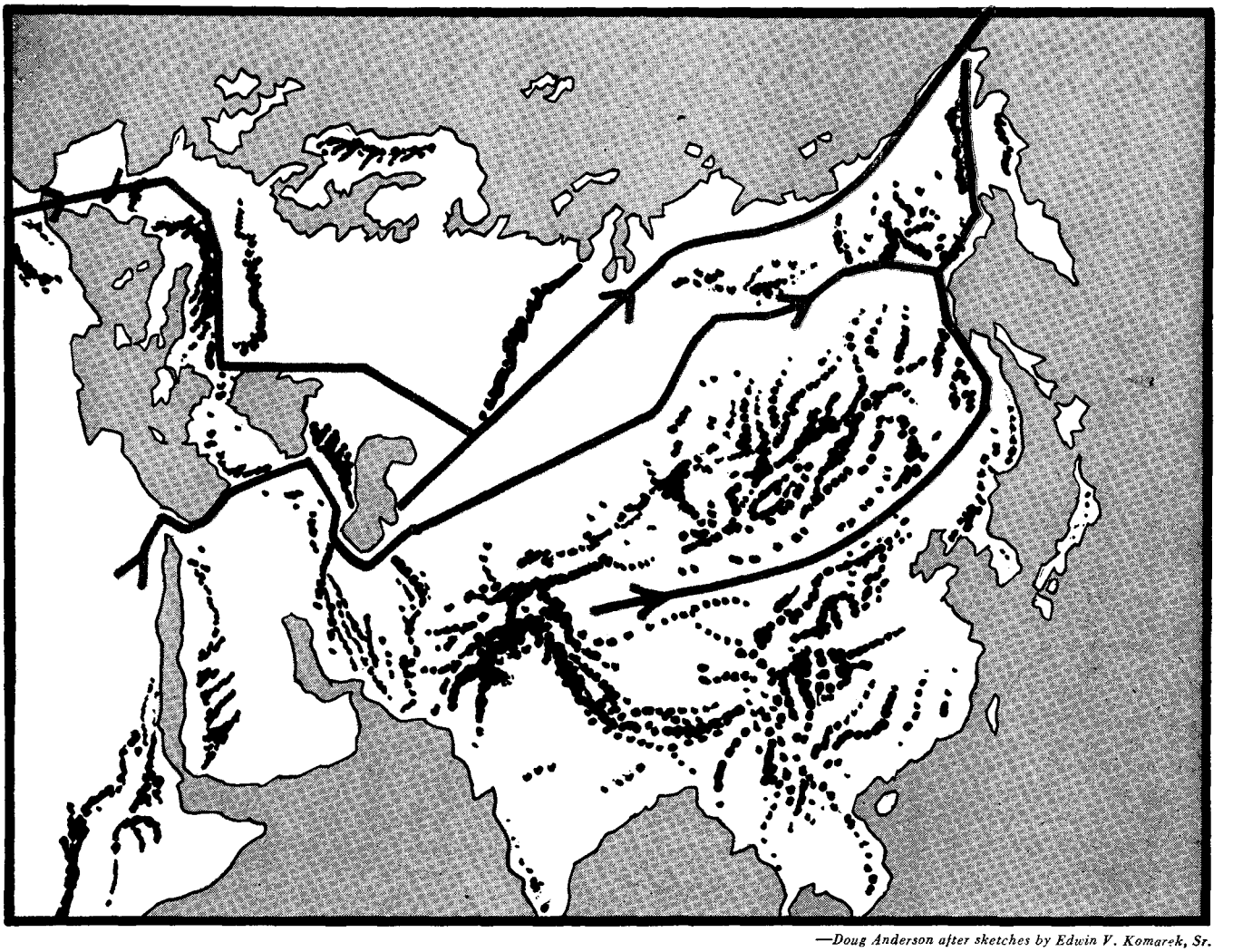

—*Doug Anderson after sketches by Edwin V. Komarek, Sr.*

If man's earliest ancestors were driven from the trees by lightning, as Edwin Komarek supposes, grassland would be "home" wherever it was encountered. Migration routes from Africa across Asia and the Americas are postulated in the map above and its companion on the opposite page—through grass continuously for thousands of miles. According to this speculative model, grassland patterns were shaped by lightning, which in turn followed movement of air masses over and through mountain ranges. Whereas fossils of pre-men now date back 1,750,000 years, *Tripsacum*, a grassy parent of maize, is at least 2,000,000 years old.

brightest students in Professor Kurz's botany class. In due time Ed and Betty married. They have three offspring: Eddie, Jr., 17; Betsy, 16; and the senior Ed's interest in vegetation, key to his speculations on the evolutionary role of lightning.

"After all," Betty kept telling Ed, "the vegetation is where the mammals live."

Together they undertook several years of experiments to test the value of her advice.

"We very quickly found," he now recalls, "that the same forces Stoddard recognized in regard to quail population were also operating on the abundance of rodents.

"Before we finished our study we were able to predict the mammals that would increase or decrease in abundance due to differences in frequencies of fires. Thus, by burning a field every two or three years, we could and did develop and maintain populations of cotton rats—*Sigmodon H. hispidus*. But if we protected that same field from fire during a seven-to-ten-year period, we could and did develop and maintain populations of golden mice—*Ochromys nuttali*—while causing the cotton rats to disappear.

"In other words, *by manipulating only one environmental factor*—fire—we could develop and maintain different small mammal and bird populations depending on the stage at which we held the vegetative growth."

The Cooperative Quail Study Association that Henry Beadel had organized to finance Stoddard's field investigations later supported the Komarek mammal studies for a number of years. In 1943, the association was disbanded for lack of impact on either forestry or agriculture. Stoddard became a consulting forester. Two years passed; the Komarek brothers took over management of the Greenwood Plantation with instructions from its owner, John Hay Whitney, to aid Southern agriculture in all possible ways while growing quail as a crop. The Komareks thus acquired 18,000 acres on which to try out their wildlife management theories and ideas. Among other projects of the last twenty years, they helped to develop hybrid corn for the Southern farmer, starting up a hybrid seed corn industry in the process.

THROUGHOUT the dozen years that followed, the Komareks, Stoddard, and Henry Beadel remained close friends. The Komareks lived on a 565-acre tract named Birdsong, Stoddard lived on 1,000 acres which he called Sherwood, and Beadel continued on his uncle's 2,800 acre Tall Timbers Plantation. They

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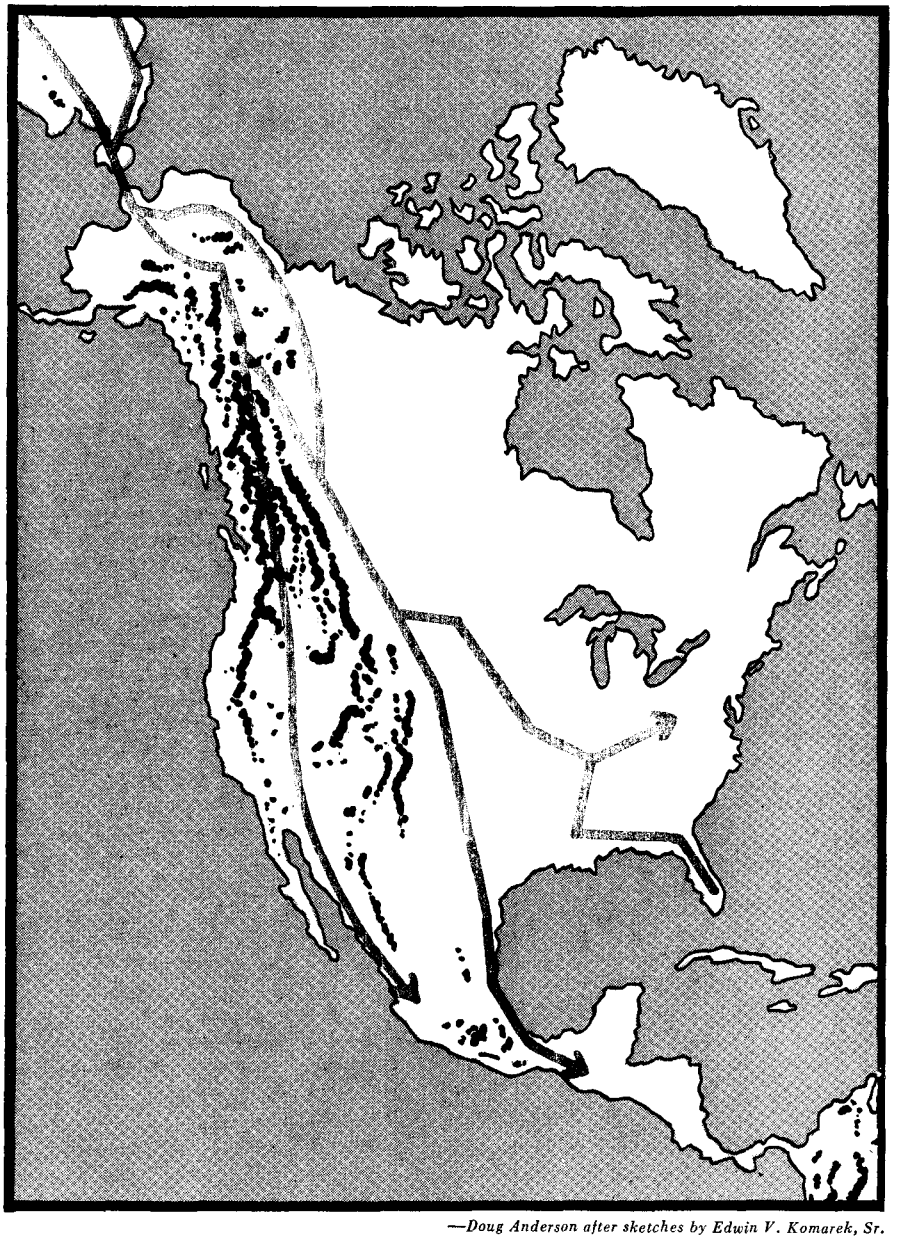

—Doug Anderson after sketches by Edwin V. Komarek, Sr.

visited back and forth, talking incessantly about the future of ecology.

In 1957, anticipating the end of his life, Beadel proposed that after his passing his property should be converted from a hunting lodge to a natural history research station. As a preliminary step, he founded and assumed the presidency of Tall Timbers Research, Inc., a nonprofit Florida corporation. After his death, Stoddard succeeded him as president and director of the corporation, Roy Komarek became vice-president, and Ed Komarek secretary-treasurer. Today the Tall Timbers library holds a "fire bibliography" of 6,000 punched cards, and the research station itself includes eighty-four experimental plots, each a half acre in size and each with a designated period of growth without burning. The burning periods range from once a year to once in 100 years. In addition to these small plots, several experimental areas each twenty acres in extent are being laid out for detailed study of the effects of fire and exclusion of fire.

The role of lightning in setting fires in the forest had engaged the Komareks' attention very soon after they assumed responsibility for running the Greenwood Plantation. More than 10,000 acres of the Whitney property were planted in valuable timber. For economic reasons, any kind of epidemic affecting the trees had to be discouraged. Whenever a tree was struck by lightning, its consequent death seemed to invite insects that also invaded nearby trees. As a precautionary measure, the killed trees were removed as quickly as possible after the lightning hit. Repetition of this salvage operation not only taught the brothers that lightning killed many more trees than they had supposed; it corrected their impression that bugs drawn to the lightning-stricken tree spread to other trees. The truth was that a lightning strike affected more than the one tree that received the fatal bolt. Streamers of electricity were woven from the thundercloud through the air toward the ground, like threads on a sewing machine, and each thread carried its own damage. In sandy soil, the sand surrounding the roots of trees so affected would be fused into glass-like tubes called fulgurites.

After a decade of intermittent puzzling over the real meaning of the lightning, Ed Komarek was drawn deeper into the question by his participation in an hour-long weather forecasting program on television station WCTV. Lightning was a serious fire hazard in the towns where most of his TV watchers lived. Ed dug into the subject far enough to discover that a lightning spark may be anywhere from half an inch to more than ten inches thick, up to three miles long, with as many as forty-seven separate threads to a bolt, and an electric current as high as 340,000 amperes.

A quick check through the records of the U.S. Forest Service came next. It startled Komarek. According to the foresters' reports, 90 per cent of all American woodland fires were set by lightning. This reality had been obscured for him before because most of the fires occur in wild mountain areas undisturbed by man, whereas only half the South is wooded and forests are even scarcer than that on the midwestern plains where he was born and grew up.

IN 1961, Ed resolved to see for himself just how lightning acted on the plant and animal successions man depends on for survival. He rigged up a camping truck, equipped it with gear and supplies, put Betty and the two children into it, climbed onto the driver's seat and stepped on the gas-feed pedal. Each summer since then that performance has been repeated. The family has traveled nearly 60,000 miles without spending a night in a town or eating a meal indoors. The truck has rolled from Alaska to Mexico, toured half the National Parks on the continent. Wherever it has gone, its occupants—all active ecologists by now—have been impressed by the presence of fire-resistant vegetation, with well-buried roots and underground buds and often seeds that germinate better after being heat-scarred. The burrowing habits of many small animals likewise have suggested age-old adaptation to sudden visitations of scorching heat and flame. And the gliding performances of other tree-dwellers have possibly developed as fire-protective mechanisms.

The densest stretches of forest the Komareks have entered have been the most serenely beautiful, hushed and somnolent. Just as invariably, however,

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—Roy Komarek.

Betty and Ed Komarek at home.

they were virtually deserted by living creatures. In 1933, for example, fire set by lightning had wiped out the 250,000 acres of Tillamook Forest—the last great stand of virgin timber in Oregon. There had been wide lamentation over the apparent massacre of wildlife. Actually, those who knew Tillamook intimately told the Komareks that the forest at the time of the fire had already been abandoned by most animals. The flames had in fact served to rejuvenate the environment by killing off the dry-land snail, a carrier of worms that infested the lungs and livers of the local mammalian population. Throughout the Douglas fir country, the Komareks learned, the effect of lightning strikes has been to free the forest of insects and disease. Bird and animal communities have thrived in the clearings left by the fire. By contrast, Nova Scotian alder thickets untouched by flame have biologically "died."

Back home in Florida, Tall Timbers Research, Inc., organized the first Tall Timbers Fire Ecology Conference in 1962, with the Florida State University Research Council as co-sponsor. The symposium has been repeated annually since then. A few months ago, Ed Komarek reported to the 1966 conference on the results of a lightning-fire survey he made during 1965. Foresters in all of the 161 National Forests in the United States provided information on the date, hour, and location of every fire observed between April 15 and October. Komarek correlated this data with Weather Bureau observations of lightning strikes during the same time. The results confirmed his suspicion that vast sweeps of lightning bolts sculpted the vegetation (and dependent animal life) of the countryside with fire every seven to twelve days during the summer months.

Since those months encompass the reproductive periods of many plants and animals, it occurred to Komarek that the stress of repeated fire might act as a mutagenic agent in rapid evolution. Reference to past literature showed that new genera had appeared following forest and grass fires, and that laboratory experiments with sharp upward changes in temperature had doubled the number of chromosomes of some species. One set of fifteen buds exposed to scorching produced twenty-one offspring all different from the parent plants in one or another respect; seven had strange characteristics never before seen.

The more he reflected on the implications of his findings, the more Komarek found to wonder at. For instance, a prodigious number of lightning fires occur in Alaska and Canada. What would happen to migratory birds without this regular clearing of the nesting sites? If invasion of the grass floor of woodlands by fire encourages reproduction of moose in Alaska, elk in the Rockies, deer in California and in the Everglades, snowshoe rabbits in Wisconsin and Minnesota, prairie chickens in Texas and Louisiana, wild turkeys from the Carolinas through Mississippi, and ducks and geese along the southeast seaboard of the Atlantic, was it reasonable to suppose that man himself could have escaped lightning's revolutionary influence? If periodic lightning fires evolved thin-canopied evergreen forests from the Ponderosa pines of the Rockies to the Parana pines of South America, allowing plants and animals to thrive on the filtered sunlight, might not man be a product of fire-resistant grasslands? Grassland routes that could have facilitated his migration around the globe have long been recognized. Did the earliest pre-men notice that grass burned by fire from the sky attracted hordes of edible insects, and that the grass-seed popped as popcorn does today? Of one thing Komarek is certain: The answers to these questions will have to come from the same mysterious source as the lightning—the phenomenon of electricity, which powers man's brain.

—John Lear,
Science Editor.

Can Fish Farms

THE QUALITY of our surface waters, rivers and lakes, and even that of our ground water, is decreasing from year to year. Fish kills occur annually in many of our streams, especially where industrial wastes are being discharged. Even the Great Lakes, largest of all fresh-water lakes on this continent, are in imminent danger.

There is general agreement that pollution by municipal and industrial wastes is the main cause of this deterioration. What do we do with our municipal waste water?

Let us use the Michigan State University campus and the city of East Lansing as an example. The sewage from these two sources amounts to about 6,000,000 gallons per day and is treated at the East Lansing sewage-treatment plant. After passing through a bar screen the raw waste is pumped into four primary settling tanks, where the heavier solids sink to the bottom and are then pumped out as sludge. After storage in sludge digesters, this sludge is dewatered and finally disposed of by landfill. This form of primary treatment is capable of removing about 35 per cent of the incoming pollutional load.

The next treatment step consists of ten aeration tanks where the major part of the polluting material is oxidized by the activity of bacteria in the presence of air. The air is blown into the liquid by two large compressors. The effluent from these aeration chambers is channeled into four final settling tanks or clarifiers to remove those suspended solids which have been formed in the aeration tanks. The suspended solids settle out as a sludge which is in part returned to the aeration chambers for re-use and in part pumped into the sludge digesters for disposal. The overflow from the clarifiers is called "final effluent" and is discharged into the Red Cedar River.

This type of treatment is called the "activated sludge process" and is our most complete sewage treatment process to date. It is capable of removing 80 to 90 per cent of the incoming pollutional load. In many cases the efficiency of our treatment plants is below standard because the plants are too small to handle the ever-increasing flow of sewage. East Lansing was one of those cases, and the old treatment plant (which has just been described) has now been re-

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Clean Our Polluted Waters?

An Encouraging Report on a Neglected Research Project at Michigan State University

placed by a larger new plant located one and a half miles downstream.

In any case, normally 10 to 20 per cent of the incoming pollutional load is placed as a burden on the river. Due to the ever-increasing population density this burden will likewise increase, and there is no doubt that in the future such so-called secondary waste-treatment methods will no longer be sufficient. Tertiary, or third stage treatment, methods will have to be developed with the aim of removing the many different types of contaminants.

RECOGNIZING this inevitability, I started a project on tertiary waste-water treatment in April 1964. I used final effluent from the East Lansing treatment plant as raw material. From a constant level tank, the pretreated sewage was continuously fed at controlled rates into a fifteen-gallon glass aquarium by a variable speed pump. The aquarium was equipped with an arrangement of fiberglass screens, three air diffusers, airflowmeter, thermometer, dissolved oxygen electrode, and three fluorescent lamps. The lamps were operated by a timer so that they were "on" fifteen hours a day and "off" nine hours a day, thus imitating day and night.

The fiberglass meshwork was the characteristic feature of the tank. The pieces of screen were mounted vertically and parallel to each other, similar to the way the plates in a car battery are arranged. A large surface area was thus exposed for the development of a fascinating community of small organisms called "epiphyton." The community consisted mostly of bacteria, diatoms, protozoa, rotifers, and worms. Apparently these cooperating organisms have a remarkable capacity for cleaning up polluted water.

The data obtained so far show that, with this tertiary treatment method, it is possible in twenty-four hours to produce sparkling, clear, odor-free water and to remove 85 to 95 per cent of the pollutional load remaining after the activated sludge treatment process. This represents an overall removal of 98 to 99 per cent.

To check on the quality of the tertiary effluent, a second aquarium was connected to tank number one. This second tank contained a bottom layer of two inches of gravel and several species of aquatic plants such as *Vallisneria*, *Potamogeton*, *Elodea*, and *Ceratophyllum*—all collected from Lake Lansing and the Red Cedar River. In addition, a pair of guppies was placed in the tank. The idea was simply to find out whether such a tertiary treatment would be effective enough to maintain normal aquatic life in the treated waste water.

The first pair of guppies produced offspring which grew up, matured, and produced offspring of their own. The fourth generation of guppies is now growing up in this same tank. These fish never receive any outside food, but exist entirely on the diet produced in the tank.

The second aquarium has maintained itself in excellent condition during nineteen months of connection with our number one tank. The only precaution taken has been removal of excess plant growth and excess guppies. The plant growth is so luxuriant that relatively large amounts have to be taken out every two to three weeks to prevent crowding.

AFTER these encouraging results, I became a little more ambitious and increased the scale of the experiment from fifteen to 200 gallons. The first 200-gallon tank has essentially the same equipment as its smaller counterpart except for a block of plastic foam that separates the larger tank into two compartments. The pretreated sewage is fed continuously into the first compartment, which is the larger of the two and contains the fiberglass screen arrangement previously described. In the second compartment, we placed three young fish: a minnow, a dace, and a sunfish. In other words, representatives of Michigan fish life were used instead of guppies. These Michigan fish have now been living in this tank for four months, and they are doing fine.

Again, no outside food is given to these fish. The effluent in which they live discharges into the second compartment of the 200-gallon tank, which contains essentially the same elements as its smaller counterpart: a two-inch layer of gravel and a good stand of various species of aquatic plants. There are no guppies in this tank but three young fish caught in Lake Lansing or in the Red Cedar River—a green sunfish, a large-mouth bass, and a minnow. Despite the fact that these fish do not receive any outside food and live in nothing but treated sewage, they show a healthy growth over a five-month period.

THESE experiments demonstrate that biological recovery of waste water is feasible on a small scale. So far no large-scale experimentation has been planned due to the very limited amount of funds available for the project. However, it is obvious that this tertiary treatment process should be considered for large-scale application.

Certainly some difficult problems would be connected with such an attempt. As mentioned before, our data show that the tertiary process is capable of removing 85 to 95 per cent of the pollutional load remaining after treatment by the activated sludge process. However, this effect is measured in terms of biochemical oxygen demand (BOD). The analytical data also show that the tertiary treatment effluent, even though clean and odor-free and capable of sustaining plant and fish life, still contains relatively high concentrations of nitrates, phosphates, and potassium. Discharge of such effluents into our rivers and lakes would therefore still raise the level of these nutrient salts in the receiving bodies of water to an undesirable level and thereby contribute to the so-called eutrophication problem.

It appears to me, though, that from another point of view the tertiary effluent can be called a plant nutrient solution and could be extremely valuable for irrigation purposes. It is conceivable that in the future all our secondary waste water treatment plants would be implemented by a series of ponds producing edible fish and a sparkling clear effluent of clean water useful for irrigation in greenhouses, gardens, on farmlands, and in forests.

—K. L. SCHULZE.

(K. L. Schulze is associate professor in the department of civil engineering, division of engineering research, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Michigan. A technical paper documenting his experimental work with waste water has been submitted for publication in the *Journal of the Water Pollution Control Federation*.)

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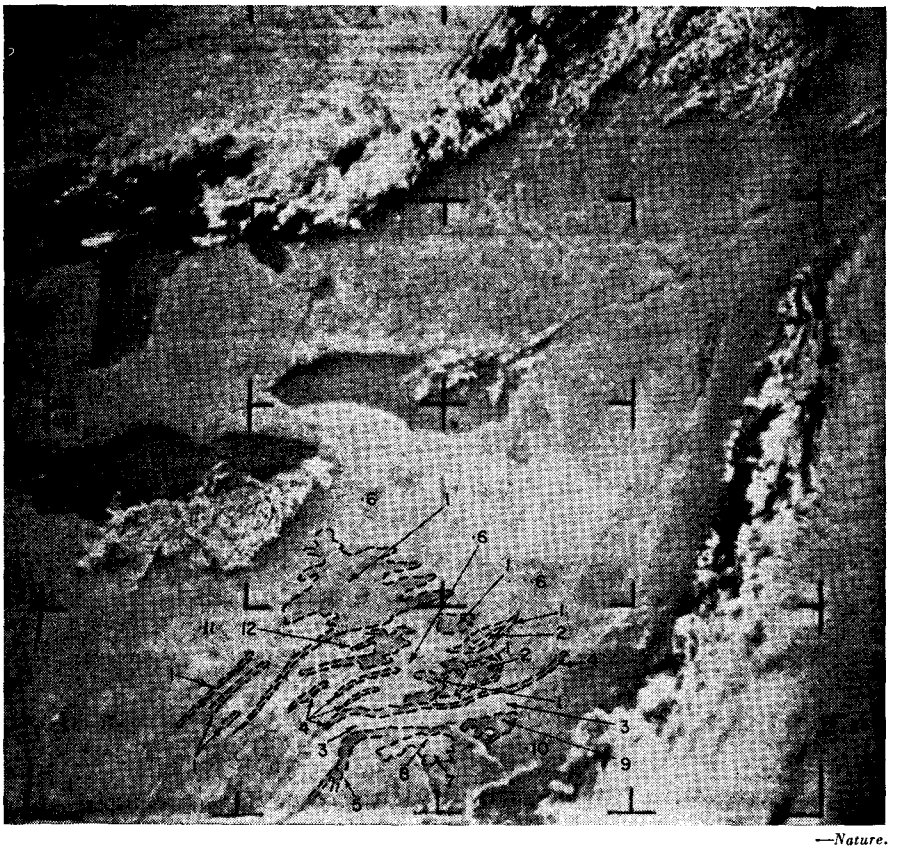
Space Age Prospecting



—*Nature.*

How does earth look to man from the outer reaches of the atmosphere? In exploring that question last month, the tenth anniversary issue of *SR*'s Science and Humanity Supplement missed a surprising facet of the answer. The National Research Council of Canada has designed a slow-scan kinescope to receive and record photographs transmitted to earth by weather-observing satellites. When the picture above was matched against the geological map below, it was discovered that the satellite cameras had discerned not only clouds floating over the planet but rock formations on the earth's face. The accompanying text is a lightly edited version of a letter originally published in the British scientific journal, *Nature*.

—*Nature.*

A PHOTOGRAPH taken 308 miles above Lake Ontario, during orbit 254 of the United States weather satellite *Nimbus* I on September 14, 1964, clearly showed the complex folded pattern of the Appalachian Mountains in the Pennsylvania region. Detailed examination of the photographic pattern as to size, shape, and tone of these Appalachian features showed close correlation with the rock-type units as depicted by the 1/250,000 Geologic Map of Pennsylvania, published by the State Geological Survey (1960). By projecting a photographically reduced map on to the photograph, one could find variations in tonal pattern agreeing in fine detail with the rock groups.

The rock groups which were predominantly shales showed in light tones; sandstones and conglomerates were dark; the boundaries of each distinctive group were clearly delineated.

The well-known Pennsylvania anthracite coal region in the Wilkes-Barre/Scranton area is a good example.

On the map this area is shown as a crescent shape, fifty by six miles in extent (No. 2 on the map). It consists of brown or gray sandstone and shales with some conglomerate and numerous minable coals. This group . . . the post—Pottsville formation . . . is completely ringed (by a border about two miles wide marked No. 1 on the map), the ring being a predominantly gray massive cross-bedded conglomerate and sandstone with some shale.

On the *Nimbus* photograph we find an exact duplication in shape and size: a light-toned crescent for the post-Pottsville group (No. 2 on the photo) bordered by a dark-toned strip corresponding to the Pocono group (No. 1 on the photo). The separations are distinct in spite of the fact that this whole area is covered with forest.

Again, in the great valley running through Harrisburg, the Martinsburg formation (No. 3 on the map) . . . comprising gray to dark gray, light gray to olive weathering shale with interbedded sandstone . . . appears on the satellite photo in a light tone (No. 3 on the photo) corresponding in shape and size to that formation on the map.

Along the northern edge of the Martinsburg formation is a narrow one-to-two-mile-wide border of Shawangunk formation (No. 4 on the map), a gray to tan thick-bedded impure quartzite sandstone conglomerate with interbed of shale. This border shows on the photograph as a narrow dark-toned strip of shape and extent corresponding to the formation on the map. Other strips of this Shawangunk formation occur to the north and west and also appear on the photograph (No. 4 on the photo).

Along the southern edge of the Martinsburg formation, west of the Susquehanna River, is the Beckmantown group (No. 5 on the map) of white to gray medium thick-bedded, fine-grained quartzite sandstone conglomerate showing on the photograph as a dark-toned area (No. 5 on the photo).

East of the Schuylkill River, the southern border of the Martinsburg formation, is pre-Cambrian granite gneiss (No.

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9 on the map); on the photograph, an identical pattern is repeated in dark tone (No. 9 on the photo).

Similar correlation is repeated across the map, with the various geological groups (Nos. 1 through 12 on the map) closely delineated on the photograph by corresponding tonal patterns (Nos. 1 through 12 on the photo).

It is appreciated that the tonal variations can be linked to the forest cover. Also, forest boundaries are known to mark changes in geological formations, particularly to the northeast in the Adirondacks. However, in the Pennsylvania area, forest cover alone is not sufficient to account for the very distinct and uninterrupted sizes and shapes of the tonal pattern that relate to the rock group areas on the map. Large portions of these individual group areas are known to be under intense varying cultivation, with other areas of considerable magnitude given over to industrial complexes and large urban development. These, of course, influence but do not upset or disrupt the shapes, sizes, or tones of the geological patterns seen on the satellite photograph.

This particular photograph is not a peculiar freak of lighting, camera position, etc. The same features visible in it were reproduced in an earlier *Nimbus* automatic picture transmission, from orbit 137, taken on September 6, 1964; but that picture was not so clear due to the presence of haze and some cloud over the area.

It is therefore felt that the variations of tones shown in this study are specifically related to the rock types of a detailed geological map and are greatly influenced by the different reflectivity of the various basic rock-soil textures. Further, it would appear that these textures have a greater influence on the tonal rendition in a very high altitude photograph than when their pattern is cluttered with identifiable and directly visible features such as vegetation and man's developments of the earth's surface—as is the case with conventional aerial photography.

Additionally, it has also been noted in the original photograph that a faint line runs in a slight arc across the picture from where the Susquehanna River enters the Appalachian Mountains to Chautauqua Lake, which is barely visible through thin cumulus cloud along the south shore of Lake Erie. This line may possibly be explained by a deep-seated crustal disturbance, such as a buried "graben" suggested in this area by Professor J. Tuzo Wilson [in *The American Scientist* in 1959].

—C. I. Taggart,
Satellite Data Laboratory,
Meteorological Service
of Canada.
Toronto, Canada.

THE AMBITIOUS VIOLET

Is THE biosystematist able to detect evolution actually taking place in wild populations, or is he limited by his methodologies and observations to the postulation that evolution has taken place in the past and, therefore, that it should be a continuous process? In brief, can he *see* evolution taking place today, or must he only *assume* that it is occurring? Obviously, long-term perennials such as forest trees are not the most ideal material for study; the turnover in individuals in the population is far too slow. Therefore, we have chosen a group of violets for this phase of our work.

Of the fifty-odd species of *Viola* recognized as occurring in the northeastern United States, about half belong to that group known as the "stemless—or acaulescent—blue" violets (which only sporadically have recessively mutant white-flowered forms). A fair number of these occur in Connecticut. The term "stemless" is applied to the group because, characteristically, the rhizome is very short and often erect, neither producing runners nor stolons, nor the elongated branches of some of our violets which may sprawl or clamber to almost twenty inches during a single season. The leaves of the various sorts of "stemless blues" are exceedingly different in general outline and also in the amount of marginal lobing; they also differ in pubescence.

The acaulescent blue violets comprise a group of polyploids, having been compounded out of forms with twelve, twenty, and twenty-two chromosomes. Tests indicate that these fifty-four chromosome materials are amply interfertile; only rarely does an individual lack almost complete compatibility with others of the group, so that many so-called "hybrids" have been described. Biomechanically, the breeding pattern is interesting. For a brief time during the early spring open flowers are produced; these are easily pollinated by insects. Soon, however, only cleistogamic flowers are formed, and these are produced during the rest of the growing period.

Photoperiodicity is the controlling mechanism. Under glass in midwinter, one can induce either open flowers for use in controlled crossings or a large amount of obligately selfed seed from the cleistogamic flowers merely by shifting the points on the time clock controlling a few electric lights hung over the plants.

Although classed as perennials, the individual plants often are not so long-lived as one might suspect. Those moved into outside garden plots have the disconcerting habit, after a few seasons, of leaving only a label stuck into the ground, surrounded by a lusty colony of obvious seedlings. In many instances

—Doug Anderson.

the seeds germinate, but the seedlings refuse to grow, for the plants appear to be exceedingly sensitive to minor differences in habitat. This genetically controlled sensitivity of the various plant types is the basis of the situation that one discovers in nature.

Thus, within a fairly narrow compass one often finds a considerable variety of plant types, as where shrubs and trees cast a variant pattern and depth of shade, or where this difference in pattern, or a minor change in slope and exposure to the sun's rays, results in small differences in moisture near the soil surface, or where grasses and weeds have entered and induced small changes in available moisture or sunlight.

Beginning with the brief period of open pollination in the early spring, there is ample opportunity for insects to make crossings between very diverse plants. The catapult-like mechanism of the bursting fruits then scatters the seed from these crossings over a considerable area. Some of the consequent seedlings persist and some do not, depending on the precise nature of the microhabitat in which they germinated. If genetically

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attuned to a particular spot, the plants soon mature and are themselves capable of cross-pollination. But it must be remembered that the open flowers are few in comparison with the many cleistogamic self-pollinated flowers produced. Therefore, following a primary hybridization, the successful hybrid offspring are capable of producing a great abundance of selfed seed, leading to a wide series of potentially highly variant forms possessing, according to normal Mendelian mechanics, new combinations of characters not found in either of the parental types. These seed are scattered widely in the area and further complicate the pattern of variation.

BEFORE turning to several examples, it may be of interest to tell how we went about examining our problems. In these studies, instead of the usual randomized samplings, definite colonies were selected. Representative leaf, flower, or fruit samples were taken from each plant so that we had a record of every plant in each colony at the time of sampling. The samples were pressed and filed on appropriate cards with complete data. The leaves then were measured, and the length-width ratio calculated.

In 1954, a small colony along a woodland trail in the Pachaug State Forest Preserve varied from broad-leafed forms to leaves which were rather narrow. The variation from plant to plant was almost continuous.

By 1959, this particular colony had become greatly modified. In five years the trees had so overgrown the trail that the shade and sun pattern had changed sufficiently to eliminate the broadest forms. Yet the colony as a whole had segregated a new series of forms very different from the original plants and tending toward the broad type of leaf but without the wide basal and more sharply defined marginal lobings. The bulk of the colony resembled nothing as yet taxonomically recognized in the genus, yet it is highly reproductive and successful under the new set of environmental conditions.

The State of Connecticut, although heavily industrialized, now has about half of its area covered by forest in various stages of reproduction. Much of this woodland has reverted from abandoned farmland, too stony and sterile to be productive. Some years ago the State Department of Forests built a fire-watch-tower on a rocky promontory called Bluffhead and maintained a trail for the use of the forest wardens going to the tower. The trail later was widened, regraded, and made usable for vehicles. Clearing away of the brush and some of the trees opened the trail to considerable sunlight. Periodical regrading of the surface following heavy rains resulted in disturbance of the habitat.

What type of violet population occupied this periodically disturbed and sunny woods-road in 1954? A shady area near a brook supported a small colony of "cucullatoid" forms, the remainder of the colony along the woods-road consisted of all possible genic combinations between the somewhat lobed and pubescent *Viola palmata* and the more deeply lobed and glabrous *V. brittoniana*, which is not supposed to occur in the area, being a plant of the coastal sandy areas. Only a few plants bridged the genetic gap between the "palmatoid" and "cucullatoid" forms.

At about that time, the State of Connecticut changed its forest fire detection method from tower watching to airplane patrol. Consequently, the fire tower on Bluffhead was dismantled and removed. Having no further reason for maintenance, the woods-road was abandoned. By 1959 trees already were overgrowing the trail, and shrubs again were moving into its margin. The conditions of sunlight and moisture were beginning to be somewhat different.

Converging onto the original road was a series of abandoned and shady trails, marking the access roads of a former cycle of lumbering operations. These roads were so shady that, search as we would in 1954, no forms of violet save a scattering of the narrow-leafed "fimbriatuloid" and "saggitatoid" forms could be found. Five years later, these formerly sparse narrow-leafed plants had migrated out of the side trails onto the main trail, where conditions had become suitable to them. The broadly auriculate "septentrionaloid" forms were appearing where only the "cucullatoid" forms had been present before. And a wide variety of unnamed and unnameable forms were beginning to appear in the population.

What the future of the violet population of this neighborhood will be, time only will reveal. This much is certain, however. The violets of Bluffhead never heard about the neatly compartmented species of the taxonomist. Instead, they worked out their destiny in the only way they could, by a continuous and vigorous genetic adjustment to the demands of a constantly changing environment.

—WENDELL CAMP.

(Like everything else in this June 1966 issue of *SR*'s *Science and Humanity Supplement*, the item above is a postscript to last month's tenth anniversary issue. The text suggests a mechanism by which organisms might take advantage of opportunities for the forward leaps in evolution implied by the Lloyd V. Berkner-Lauriston Marshall model of earth's early atmosphere. The late Wendell Camp originally delivered these remarks at the Darwin Centennial in England in 1959).

"BIG SCIENCE" AND GOOD EDUCATION —DO THEY MIX?

SCIENCE AND THE UNIVERSITY

Boyd R. Keenan, Editor

Massive federal support for scientific research has revolutionized American institutions of science. It has also subjected America's oldest scientific institution—the university—to unprecedented pressures. According to one of the contributors to this volume, "we have—almost unnoticed—moved into a period that might be called the era of the politics of institutional rivalry."

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Birthday Greetings

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY issue of *SR's* Science and Humanity Supplement [*SR*, May 7] was received this morning. The gloomy character of this cold, rainy Monday morning was transformed when I looked at the cover. One seldom sees so beautiful and appropriate a visual accompaniment to a theme. It evoked memories from childhood days when, carefree and tingling with wonder, I blew dandelion down toward the sky. I like to think that the cover is the result of a moment when nature's "props" cooperated in producing a perfect moment in photography. Fragility, breath, and life are there, and the brown seed suggest cycles and immortality. Of course this miracle of form and motion is an anathema to gardening devotees and caretakers of green lawns, but I am glad this single manifestation was so aptly used by *Saturday Review*.

Since high school days when I struggled with equations in a chemistry course I have consistently shied away from anything that smacked of pure science. Your Supplement offers a new approach to the field, probably because of your attentions to the "human equation," and you and your staff are to be congratulated for sustained quality in the presentation of fact and opinion.

MRS. FRANCES BARRIE,
Department of Health Education,
School of Public Health,
University of North Carolina.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

PLEASE ACCEPT my infinite gratitude for your ten-year-long effort to educate, or rather bring to the attention of laymen, the advance and consequent effects of science.

I should have written long before of my appreciation of your drug "exposé" and your valiant battle against fluoridation—and all the other human-made pollution of our planet.

MRS. DUVAL H. TYLER.
Middleburg, Va.

I SHOULD LIKE to note that my contribution to the tenth anniversary issue of your Science and Humanity Supplement was made possible by the assistance and hard work of biologists and other professional staff of the National Science Foundation. I am, as you know, a physicist by training and would not wish to appear as an expert in ecology; the very able scientific staff in this discipline at the Foundation provided the bulk of the data in my article. Any errors or misstatements in the final product are, of course, my responsibility.

LELAND J. HAWORTH,
Director,
National Science Foundation.
Washington, D.C.

CONGRATULATIONS on your May 7 ("The Fragile Breath of Life") issue. It was full of noteworthy pieces, but the one that interested me most was Dr. Solomon Garb's "Plant Growth as a Cancer Clue."

Plants do indeed hold very great promise as sources of tumor-inhibitors, at least some of which should also prove safe for use in humans.

One plant substance has recently been found that ought to be checked out quickly for both potency and safety. The substance I allude to is an easily obtained fraction of *Solanum dulcamara*, generally known as "bittersweet."

A report on this herb was published by Professor S. Morris Kupchan *et al.*, in the Dec. 31, 1965 *Science*, pages 1827-8. He conducted experiments at the University of Wisconsin for the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society, and his article points out the following:

1. *Solanum dulcamara* was used for many centuries and in many countries as treatment for "cancers, tumors, and warts."
2. Tried out on mice with sarcoma-180, it proved to have the power to inhibit tumors.
3. One relatively untreated fraction of the test material *completely stopped the growth of the tumor* in the test mice, though this dosage killed one mouse in four.
4. The final fraction proved to be an alkaloid, beta-solamarine.
5. Beta-solamarine is significantly inhibitory but *not* as effective as the earlier fraction, which must therefore incorporate other tumor-inhibiting factors.
6. The article concludes by remarking that "the inhibitory activity of steroid alkaloid glycosides does not appear to have been reported previously." This opens up a tremendous new field of investigation.

When one considers that people have been drinking infusions and decoctions of *dulcamara* for numerous ills over the centuries and that it was officinal in most of the nineteenth-century editions of the *U. S. Dispensatory*, it is clear that here we have no fearfully unknown drug that must be approached with utmost caution. It has been extensively used and investigated, and no doubt it must be re-investigated. Early researchers found that it could be lethal to rabbits and dogs, apparently in doses that human beings could take. Of course, our knowledge of "side-effects" has increased greatly in the past 100 years, and modern observers may find side-effects not apparent in the past. But all of this is part of a careful checking-out process which, in the interest of the millions of people due to die of cancer in the next twelve months, (300,000 in America alone), should be carried out "with all deliberate haste."

PROFESSOR RAYMOND D. GOZZI,
Department of English,
University of Massachusetts.
Amherst, Mass.

I DON'T NEED TO tell you that your tenth anniversary issue of *SR's* Science and Humanity Supplement was excellent. The articles were extremely informative and readable, and taken together, they presented a cohesive whole, a tribute to your editorial ability.

I feel, however, that oceanographer Roger Revelle's article on the earth's carbon dioxide balance requires comment. It seems to me that one comes away from reading this issue with a single burning thought—that we human beings are changing the earth's ecology, energy balance, and other environmental factors without knowledge of the consequences, and in the future we must do everything in our power to *minimize* such changes until we acquire a full realization of the implications of our actions. Dr. Revelle's idea of putting a latex "girdle" around the earth strikes me as wholly alien to this philosophy. Who knows what the consequences of this action would be to oceanic life? Certainly the oceanic temperature would be lowered slightly, and as Berkner and Marshall point out in their work, slight climatic changes may cause severe disturbances in the photosynthetic activity of oceanic organisms and hence in the oxygen balance of the earth. What would be the effects of the foreseen reduction of tropical storm intensity on global air circulation?

It seems to me that a far better solution to the problem of rising atmospheric carbon dioxide content would be sharply increased use of nuclear power, electrical fur-

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naces, and other presently available devices, so that the enormous release of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere during combustion of fossil fuels would be curtailed.

WILLIAM H. HOOKE.
Chicago, Ill.

IN "The Mystery of the Brain" [*SR*, May 7], Jean F. Corwith states "So essential is the oxygen supply to the brain's survival and functioning that a disruption can cause severe malfunctions within the brain in four seconds." Was this not meant to be "four minutes," the approximate time after which an oxygen-depleted brain will suffer irreversible damage and the person will become a "vegetable?"

I. RUSSELL WEINSTEIN, D.D.S.
Miami Beach, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The time interval Jean Corwith intended to indicate was four minutes.*

THIS IS TO register our gratitude for the extensive May 7 section on "The Fragile Breath of Life." You have put the profound concerns of physical and social scientists for man's total environment into the laps—and I trust the minds—of a public which simply cannot neglect them. While environmental contamination already warrants massive public concern and immediate financial sacrifice, quality living can be assured only as men discover and adapt to social forms which enforce respect for the physical world. Injustice to our environment is injustice to our fellow man.

RUSSELL E. TRAIN,
President,
The Conservation Foundation.
Washington, D.C.

THE LETTER by W. E. Howell [*SR*, May 7], commenting on your review of weather modification, contains a doubly misleading statement about me. It warrants only enough of my attention to set the record straight. To illustrate an alleged willfulness by the National Academy of Sciences panel in its apparent neglect of commercial cloud-seeding results prior to issuing its preliminary report, Howell stated: "Several of the panelists were acquainted with most of the commercial cloud-seeders, and one member, Ralph Huschke, had recently coauthored a RAND study of commercial weather-mod activities."

First, I was not associated with the panel until after its preliminary report had been published.

Second, the "RAND study" to which I assume Howell refers, *A Rationale for Weather Control Research* (1962), is in no way a study of commercial weather modification activities.

The only RAND studies that ever involved commercial cloud-seeding results were a set of brief analyses done at the request of the NAS panel after the panel had completed its own evaluation, and they are published as appendices to the panel's final report.

RALPH E. HUSCHKE,
Department of Geophysics and Astronomy,
The RAND Corporation.
Santa Monica, Calif.

I HAVE JUST SPENT thirty minutes trying to interpret the first paragraph of "The Role of Oxygen" [*SR*, May 7]; but now I think I've got it. The authors *seem* to assert that 2,500 is two-thirds of 4,500, and that even now all living creatures are one-celled organisms. The source of the difficulty is the phrase "during the 2,500 million years of that time." The phrase is doubly ambiguous:

1. "That" has no clear antecedent, since the total span of 4,500 million years has been divided into two parts, and we are not told which part is being referred to.

2. "The 2,500 million years" naturally raises the question: Which 2,500 million years? I finally deduced that the authors meant the *first* 2,500 million years of the second time interval.

I grudgingly forgive the authors, who as busy scientists, are perhaps too busy to write with lucidity. However, I expect better things from those at *SR* who are supposed to edit manuscripts.

(THE REV.) DUNSTAN HAYDEN,
St. Anselm's Abbey.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The word "first" was inadvertently dropped in editing the opening paragraph of the Lloyd V. Berkner-Lauriston C. Marshall report on evolution of earth's atmosphere. But the penultimate sentence in that paragraph said: "Fossils of creatures containing more than a single cell do not appear until about 600 million years ago."*

Character Assassin

SOME THINK that if one cannot answer the issue being put forth it is all right to attack the character of the person putting it forth. This resort to character assassination is to argue *ad hominem*, a device that has no place in rational inquiry.

Argumentum ad hominem is what George S. Welsh in LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR [*SR*, Apr. 2] uses to deal with the science editor's sour notes on the MMPI and on testing of children without parental sanction. The science editor, because he suggested that "a small number of sex questions . . . may be an excitingly large number to . . . a boy or girl" is told by Welsh, a professor of psychology, that this is "so symptomatic of your own character structure." If one perfectly reasonable hypothesis can open its author to having his character diagnosed (it is really a smear in the guise of a psychological diagnosis, a very common tactic among psychologists), then one has indeed something to fear from psychology, and the much vaunted professional ethics which psychologists insist is there to protect one and all is of no help.

One other bothersome matter. I take it that Welsh did not identify himself as a psychologist or professor of psychology in his letter. The only clue to his professional connection is an editor's note citing his coauthorship of a publication on the MMPI. It should be a most elementary canon, demanded by both professional ethics and scientific candor, that an expert discoursing on some issue or controversy in his field or on some matter affecting his profession should always reveal his membership in that profession. Once I read a letter to the editor in a newspaper vigorously defending psychological testing, especially as a beneficial measure for children. One could only conclude from this letter that it was written by an ordinary parent. It turned out to be by a psychological testing service owner!

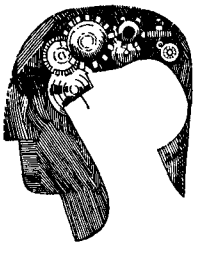
MICHAEL HAKEEM,
Professor of Sociology,
The University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

Human Guinea Pigs

IT IS PERFECTLY OBVIOUS that laws are required to govern the experiments that doctors perform on people [*SR*, Feb. 5]. One of the more obvious is that no one should be part of any experiment of which he lacks full knowledge—full knowledge meaning the dangers explained in lay language.

While we are waiting for the millennium to arrive and our legislators to regulate the activities of doctors as they do the rest of us, I have a few suggestions for the public. *Before* you contribute money to *any* medical charity, especially a cancer fund, request a copy of their policy on experimentation. If they are not willing to guarantee *in writing* that none of their money is ever used for experiments on ignorant or unwilling subjects, don't give them any money. Observe the same policy with hospitals. Before contributing to any hospital's annual fund drive ask for a statement as to whether they permit experimentation and if so does the subject *always* understand and desire to participate in the experiment.

GRACE THOMPSON.
Montclair, N.J.



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Editorial

Continued from page 30

feasible impulse to assert his freedom to write about life as he senses and experiences it, whatever the social system under which he may live. Thus it is the writer, more broadly the intellectual, who draws down upon himself the wrath of every régime that chooses to rule by fiat—whether an ideologically motivated régime which imposes its dictatorship as a matter of political philosophy or a democratic régime which feels impelled to suspend constitutional liberties in a time of "national emergency."

P.E.N., then, decades ago, began to take up the defense of the persecuted and imprisoned writer the world over, eventually creating a Writers-in-Prison Committee through which its protests or pleas for clemency continue to be addressed, often with happy results, to governments of varying social systems. For, as a director of American P.E.N., the publisher and writer William Jovanovich, said to a Senate subcommittee: "I don't think a writer jailed is ever an internal affair. I think it is a world affair."

It ought to be obvious that a protest against a miscarriage of justice is a moral and not a political act. What P.E.N. regards as unwarranted political intervention was exemplified last July at the Bled Congress, where its Executive refused to put to a vote a resolution calling for a cessation of hostilities in Vietnam. This was done by 100 men and women who were overwhelmingly in favor of the *substance* of the resolution but stood firmly on the principle that P.E.N. could not, without losing its world-wide moral authority and indeed destroying itself, be made a forum for political debate.

The literary program of the New York Congress derives from its over-all theme —the Writer as Independent Spirit.

We should exaggerate if we said that all writers today felt that their independence as creative artists was threatened. Nevertheless, all writers, creative and other, participate in the malaise that reigns throughout the world. More than other men, they are in search of themselves, and they strive to discern a pattern in the life of our times. Their heads resound with such words as anxiety, alienation, the absurd, mimesis, cybernetics. They circle uneasily round their respective ideologies. They are aware that they live in a world administered by vast impersonal bureaucracies, public in some countries, a mixture of public and private in others, and they suspect that this phenomenon holds a special meaning for the writer, the intellectual inquirer, and the artist. The Master of the King's Revels is now a minister of culture—unless, as in the United States, his function is shared among heads of rich foundations. There is gigantism in the university as in industry, in book publishing as in the electronic media, in magazine production as in human habitation.

These phenomena raise questions, create problems, and are animated by forces perhaps more baffling than those which any age of literature has ever before faced. They contain elements of menace to the creative writer's realization of his concept of his function and to the manner in which he views the practice of his art. We may not expect that discussion of them at the Congress will end in a "consensus," but discussion will at least throw light where now there is obscurity and confusion.

Some of the questions they raise and the answers they prompt will be found in articles by Arthur Miller, Daniel Bell, Robie Macauley, Judith Wheeler, and Edward Albee printed in this issue of *Saturday Review*.

—Lewis Galantiere.

"For Pete's sake, Harriet, make up your mind! Do you want a bag or a rug?"

Check List

Continued from page 53

Personal History

Billy Graham: The Authorized Biography. By John Pollick. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Cowboy at the Mike. By Curt Gowdy with Al Hirshberg. Doubleday. $4.50.

Hubert H. Humphrey: Champion of Human Rights. By Gladys Zehnpfennig. Denison. $3.95.

The Long, Long Trail: A Reminiscence. By Virginia Weisel Johnson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

The Number One Best Seller: The True Adventures of Marvin Kitman. By Marvin Kitman. Dial. $3.95.

Trail to the Interior. By R. M. Patterson. Sloane-Morrow. $6.

Psychology

Heirs to Freud: Essays in Freudian Psychology. Edited by Dr. Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek. Grove. $7.50.

On Aggression. By Konrad Lorenz. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

Religion, Philosophy

The Virtue of Sex. By José de Vinck. Hawthorn. $4.95.

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Travel

Continued from page 35

and the tuxedo-clad photographers, black and thick as flies, and just as persistent, enjoyed the picnic.

Diahann Carroll sang, somewhat perplexing the French, but certainly hypnotizing them with her vocal high drama; Maurice Chevalier delivered a filibuster on the glories of Conrad Hilton, the man, that was nearly embarrassing. But it was Connie himself who stole the night, walking in with Gina Lollobrigida on his arm, perplexed and pleased that he should be drawing so much attention from the photographers.

By week's end the French magazines were out. *Jours de France* carried décolleté pictures of Ira von Furstenberg and an equally décolleté Claudine Auger, her hair in beehive fashion. Marie LaForet made the pages with her hair parted in the middle and no décolletage. Connie made it with Gina. *Paris Match* headlined, "Mr. Hilton's invited guests mistook the Champs de Mars for Palm Beach." Claudine Auger, pictured with her husband Pierre Gaspard-Huit, wore a dress which, *Match* said, would do little to disavow the Mycenae civilization of 3,000 years ago. Mycenae women adopted the fashions of Crete, and the Cretans were devotees of an early topless fashion form.

"There is another monument in Paris," *Match* went on, "a new hotel located near the Champs de Mars at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. Beautiful? Ugly? The esthetes don't agree with the partisans of functionalism. . . . The night of the opening it lacked only a solarium for the beautiful guests."

At that *Match* was charitable. Much of the French press couldn't avoid a dig, a slap, or a shaft aimed at the unrefined American culture. They faulted the plumbing because the toilets were placed in the bathrooms instead of in separate cabinets, they faulted the elevators for being too new, the architecture for being too cold, the telephone because it worked.

Arts et Loisirs sent J. de Sugny to do an appreciation of the new hotel. His story was headlined "Eleven Floors of Banality and Comfort." M. de Sugny wrung his hands because Le Western "pretends to be a saloon," because the meats and lobsters were being imported from the United States. The three bars would make the poor American multimillionaire feel secure and his "momma" back home would not worry about him, de Sugny was sure. He rued the incontrovertible fact that the new Hilton was an architectural banality and that it certainly wasn't "a tiny picturesque hotel on the left bank" where the furniture was old fashioned, the elevator a proper seedy box, and the switchboard always jammed.

Even John Crosby, writing now for the London *Observer*, felt he had to play that tired tune of kidding the over-written press release, ragging the hyperbole of dedication speeches, and knocking the architecture. ("Well it looks like a box. Or an electronics factory in Kansas.") He dredged out those tired, tired clichés about the "veterans of a thousand hotel openings" who were so pleased to see one another, and he had further barbs for "a whole set or society of people who rarely set foot outside a Hilton because what is out there that isn't dirty or dangerous? It is very unsafe to leave a Hilton except to go to the airport to fly to another Hilton."

One might as well bring up the big guns, as the French press is so fond of doing, and shell the fakeness of Disneyland and the utter falseness of that durable target, Hollywood. Not one journal that I saw mentioned the ownership of the hotel. Oddly enough, the principal backer is the French company, the Société Immobilière, with some financial help from the French government. The architect is French and so, for that matter, were the builders, the plumbers, and the electricians.

The eagerness of much of the French press to loft darts into almost anything labeled American, which is so much along the party line laid down by de Gaulle, is a debt that hardly goes unpaid by American journalists resident in France. One American newsman who came here after long duty in Asia is almost inconsolable about his enforced move. He finds the local attitude sneering, cold, contemptuous, and rude. ("*Merci,*" the American recently told a bellhop in a Paris hotel, whereupon the man turned on him and pointed toward his palm. "*Merci est ici!*" he snarled.)

A wire service story recently laid the loss of tourism in France right at the door of French prices and French attitudes. According to the story, hordes of tourists stayed away from France last year, costing the government a fortune in foreign exchange. Last year's smile campaign, launched while de Gaulle himself was sneering and growling, did little to offset the rush to other countries. Hotel, restaurant, and transportation people who smiled at tourists were to be given smile checks by the smilee, and the winner of the most smile checks was supposed to go to Tahiti. The French Tourist office is still trying to find out who won and what happened to the trip to the South Seas.

There is no getting around the plain fact that French restaurant prices are astronomical. French hotel prices are not exactly a raving bargain, either (one night in a fine country inn costs $20 for an ordinary room and bath, plus tips and taxes; one night at the Orly Hilton at the airport costs $23 for a double room, or about $7 more than the best hotel at the Los Angeles airport). And don't forget to save a few dollars per person for the exit tax if you are flying to another European destination, $5 per person if you are flying back to the United States.

While French official and semi-official attitudes seem to be sharp, cold, and often downright hostile, it would be unfair for me to say that I ran into any exponents of the *merci-est-ici* school during my weeks in France. I was once put down in no uncertain terms by a florist whom I had asked to deliver $10 worth of flowers at my expense. But unlike the old days, never once was I abused or cheated by a French cab driver, and never did one assail my ears with a miserable tale of his misbegotten lot. Certainly none ever approached the rudeness of his opposite number in New York. And there would always be the thought of the man at the flower stand with his grand gesture. Not to mention the poetic butcher standing there amid his calf brains and blue hydrangeas, offering a *tranche* of liver pâté. From the heart. Pity, he wouldn't even have been eligible for a smile coupon were the campaign still running.

—Horace Sutton.

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—HORACE SUTTON, *Saturday Review*

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(Continued from page 71)

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PERSONALS

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ASPEN—Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $25 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois 60641.

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For Summer Rental

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box S-913.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

SOUTH VILLAGE, NYC. Charming street, 3½ room, floor through, handsomely furnished, modest art collection. June 1st-Labor Day, $675. 212-AL 5-8481.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, N.Y. — Summer $300. Harbor view, piano, airy. Call MA 4-3723 before 9 a.m.

NYC. 7 room family Park Avenue apartment. July, August. $350. SAcramento 2-1137, Box T-80.

FREEPORT, L.I. Luxury, air-conditioned apartment; walk train NYC; minutes from ocean, fishing. July $200. Box T-112.

MANHATTAN—Furnished 2½ studio. Luxury building. Off lower Fifth Avenue. Doorman. Service desk. Air conditioning. Automatic dishwasher. 500 book apartment library. August. $279. 212-674-1002.

(Continued on page 74)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 73)

APARTMENT TO SHARE

SWISS BEEKEEPER, 68, seeks interesting tenants huge inexpensive apartment Lake Champlain. Box T-102.

APARTMENT FOR EXCHANGE

NYC. Exchange large apartment Hudson River, Columbia, for comfortable house Sarasota. Summer, 4-6 weeks. Box T-77.

ROOM AVAILABLE

WASHINGTON, D.C. Available now and September. Good neighborhood. Comfortable, convenient, inexpensive. Everything supplied. Details, SR Box T-90.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NOVA SCOTIA. 1-3 acre oceanfront retreats on beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own private beach. Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. If you want part of what remains, write Box S-399.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

100 ACRES OF VERMONT—Swim or fish in your beautiful spring-fed pond on Tarvia road. $16,500. Scenic property, any acreage. Maple syrup, too. Ralph Perry, West Rutland, Vermont. Phone 802-235-2466.

CATSKILLS. 40 unpolluted acres. Streams, ponds, pastures. 10 room house, summer cottage, 2 barns, mountain views. Health, anyone? $27,500. 914-626-5334 or Box T-122.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT—Offering an unusual estate house 5 miles from Bromley Mountain. 5 bedrooms, 6 baths; main house of 2 ft. thick Dorset marble. Many outbuildings. Landscaped mountain setting midst estimated 280 acres. Those interested communicate with Norton Barber, Attorney, 469 Main Street, Bennington, Vermont 05201—or Van Cleef, Jordan and Wood, Inc., 44 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10005. Phone DIgby 4-1840.

MAINE—Downeast coastal village. Modern 4 bedroom house on 6 acres. Shade trees, fireplace, abundant water. $8,500.
ALSO unimproved ocean frontage. Terms to discerning people of culture and integrity. Box T-64.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. NORTH SHORE ESTATE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

CAMPS

EUROPEAN CAMP—Switzerland. Coed. 6-16. French language instruction. Sports. Excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program provides constructive adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

HIGH/SCOPE—capable youth 11-16. Flexible program with intellectual challenge. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. In Tropical Bahamas and 60' Schooner. Diving, fishing, sailing, navigation, etc. Coed 12-18. Limited enrollment, July 16th-August 15th. $600. Brochure. Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida 33132.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

CAMP BIOTA—Fun. Knowledge. Adventure. Natural Science. Academically talented boys, 9-14. Six weeks. Swimming, canoeing, riding, creative crafts, wilderness survival. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee. Call NAshville 766-2494.

CAMPS

GO NORTH for Fun and Adventure to Woodland in Eagle River, Wisconsin. Girls 6-16. Discover how leadership training can give you new interests, new skills, new confidence. Casual, relaxed, flexible camp life. Name your sport or activity, we have it, from riding to 'rithmetic. (Yes study, too, if you wish, in Tutorial Center-remedial, enrichment, Elementary and H.S.). Trips, horse shows, water skiing. A great summer. Write Miss C. Hanrahan, Mr. & Mrs. G. Borck, 400 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care, good transportation. Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Care Center . . . nearing completion on the grounds . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in gracious, new, suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provide meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Jr., FRIENDS FELLOWSHIP COMMUNITY, 2030 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

VACATIONS

QUIET VACATION on Vermont hilltop surrounded by mountains and flower gardens. Excellent library. Especially good food. Rates, $70 a week. Mansfield Farm, Londonderry, Vermont 05148.

THE FLYING CLOUD—1771 Inn-Resort — high in the Berkshires at New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01246. On 244 acres adjoining 8,600 acre State Forest. Ultimate in rest and relaxation, with superb food, tennis facilities and spring-fed lake swimming. Short scenic drive all cultural attractions. 20th year dedicated ownership and operation by Harry and Louise Rittgers. American Plan, reservations necessary. Listed in Mobil Guide and VENTURE'S "Critic's Choice of New England Inns." 413-229-2113.

DELUXE OUTFITTING for unique, exciting wilderness canoe trips. Friendly, detailed planning for experts and beginners. Gunflint Northwoods Outfitters, Grand Marais 14, Minnesota.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

IN MAGNIFICENT COLORADO, it's Craig's Wilderness Trails Dude Ranch for western fun, relaxation. Horseback riding in "Switzerland of America." Pack trips, fishing, children's program. Top AAA. Color brochure. Box B, Bayfield, Colorado.

EVERY SEASON there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

THE JET SET we don't have. If you want traditional American family vacation, come to Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana, 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Telephone 406-333-4452.

VACATIONS

THE DANA PLACE—completely New England, in the White Mountain National Forest. An informal inn for those who prefer something special in cuisine, atmosphere and people. Exciting mountain climbing on the Presidential Range, leisurely walks, swimming, all-weather tennis courts, golf privileges, music and reading library, afternoon tea and cocktails on The Terrace. Folder available. R. P. Whipple, Innkeeper, Jackson 3, N.H.

ISLAND FAMILY ADVENTURE: run away with your parents for a summer of adventure at Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C. While they relax on a 13-mile secluded beach, play tennis or golf on championship courses beside the sea—you can go blue-crabbing, horseback riding along plantation trails, bird-watching, exploring old forts and tabby ruins, hunting for sea turtle tracks and sand dollars, learning to sand sculpt under the supervision of our expert Arts and Crafts Director. Parents stay 6 days, 5 nights in a double room for just $81 each including breakfasts, dinners. Children are only a little extra. Write for brochure, Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. Call 803-785-3372.

RAVENCREST CHALET—One of the truly fine country inns in the United States. Completely dedicated to a select minority seeking peace and tranquillity, luxurious accommodations, good service, excellent food and a warm informal atmosphere. BROCHURE, Box 1470, Estes Park, Colorado.

YORK HARBOR GUEST QUARTERS—Pleasant lodgings. Early Maine seacoast homestead overlooking yacht basin and ocean. For brochure and rates: Harriette Lusty, York, Maine.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities. Smart shops. Historic Colonial Village accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details, write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

THE YODLER—Rooms, efficiencies, heated pool, chalets, relaxation. Stowe, Vermont.

WILD LOONS CALL, unique family camp, Indian Lake's unspoiled shores, rustic Adirondackania, 52nd year. Peruse brochure. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

CELEBRITIES AND PUBLIC FIGURES seeking privacy enjoy "deluxe roughing" in Provincetown's unique waterfront INN at the MEWS. Phone Nicky, 487-1500.

INFORMAL FAMILY VACATIONS, erudite clientele, children's haven. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H.

"YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET them any more." Exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Elevator. Sprinkler. Well appointed, immaculate, comfortable, charming. Fine food, wines, liquors. Cookouts, golf, heated pool, garden, fishing stream, shuffleboard. Scenic and historic drives. Antiques, auctions, memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 6, Vermont.

CRESTMONT INN—96 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. Tennis, golf (par 3, 18-hole regular), swimming (heated pool, lake), theater. Tot, teen programs. Rooms, cottages. Fine food. Moderate rates. June 17th-September 19th. Folder.

ROAD'S END COTTAGES, an Adirondack camp. Lake Pleasant 2, N.Y. On Sacadaga Lake. Fishing, swimming, boating. Deluxe modern housekeeping. Sandy beach, sun deck, games. Suppers served daily. Phone: 6303. Vacancies now, June, August, September.

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VACATIONS

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

CHARMING LAKESIDE RESORT near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, cabins. Ideal swimming, boating (two connected lakes), tennis, other sports. Fine food, Hi-Fi music, relaxed atmosphere, no "organized" activities but plenty to do on our grounds and nearby. Congenial, informal, moderate. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

AUTUMN VACATION? See the Rockies in September. Shining mountains, golden hillsides, sparkling days. Ride, hike, fish, relax at our small secluded mountain ranch. Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA, West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $9-$11 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

PROSPECT HOUSE Hotel-Motel-Golf Club. Reasonable rates! Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's island). GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating, riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$95 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Write: Color Folder, Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Telephone 617-546-6321.

CAREFREE. Your cottage in lakeshore pines. Delicious food, good beds, fireplaces, sailboats, sundecks, sauna, lobster bakes, fishing, water skiing, canoe trips, tennis. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

VACATIONS

WHERE TO RETIRE OR VACATION where costs are low! Norman Ford's 100,000 word book, "Off-The-Beaten Path" covers hundreds of world paradises. Only $2.50. Lincoln House, Dept. S, Bel Camp, Maryland 21017.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

CRESTWOOD on a wooded knoll overlooking Peconic Bay. Fishing, boating, bathing, excellent continental cuisine. Adele Posner, Nassau Point, Peconic, L.I., N.Y. 516-PE 4-9092.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

A MOUNTAIN RESORT—Only 90 miles from New York City, Lake Mohonk Mountain House combines the best of two eras—the dignity and serenity of the past, the conveniences and comforts of the present. Fun and relaxation for the entire family, with planned activities, entertainment and all sports. Balconied rooms commanding picturesque views of the Rondout Valley or Mohonk Lake. We serve ice and mixes only. American Plan begins at $21.00. Reduced rates for children. (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors.) For descriptive folder and literature regarding our Mohonk Holidays, kindly write to Dept. "S", Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561. Telephone: Area Code 914-256-2211.

CHARMING COUNTRY INNS and back roads are included in my free book. Berkshire Traveller, Box SR, Lee, Massachusetts.

QUIMBY'S CLUB AND INN—Opening mid-June—"Unspoiled Wilderness" — Uncrowded lake area — Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts, children's counselors. Saddle horses extra. Golf nearby. Write for color folder, Averill 4, Vermont.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 1st to September 5th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA Mobile Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES IN ENGLAND—August 1st-27th. Two 3 credit graduate courses, with lectures by British scholars. Plays at nearby Stratford. Trips to historic sites. Residence in ancient Wroxton Abbey, modernized as Wroxton College. Write Dean Haberly, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Summer in France, July 1st to August 9th. For information: 25 rue Saint Didier, Paris 16, France.

PAINT ON A GREEK ISLAND—Aegean School of Fine Arts. Reasonable rates. Write Cheltenham Art Centre, 439 Ashbourne Road, Cheltenham, Pennsylvania 19012.

TRAVEL

EUROPE: August. $649—everything. Brochure. Kullberg, 97 Caporal, Cranston, R.I.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21XR Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE TOBAGO*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere, $10. (*To-BAY-go). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

BE OUR GUEST, guided tours, Boston area. SR Box S-351.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

THIS AD + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—6 memorable days carefree, exhilarating sailing on Schooners MATTIE and MERCANTILE. $99, June and September. $119, July and August. For free folder write Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 617D, Camden, Maine. Phone Area 207-236-2938.

"AMERICA BY CAR" names best places to eat and stay. Scenic routes, parks, historic sights—a 170,000 word book. Only $2.50. Lincoln House, Dept. S, Bel Camp, Maryland 21017.

BOOKED FOR BRITAIN? Don't just arrive without knowing how to make the best use of your visit. Personal Host Tours Ltd., 44 Earls Court Road, London, W.8.

TWO WORLD TRAVELERS WANTED. Join N.Y. couple driving West, South. Mexico, Central, South America, return. Cost: $2,000. Duration 1 year. Box T-66.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1678

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

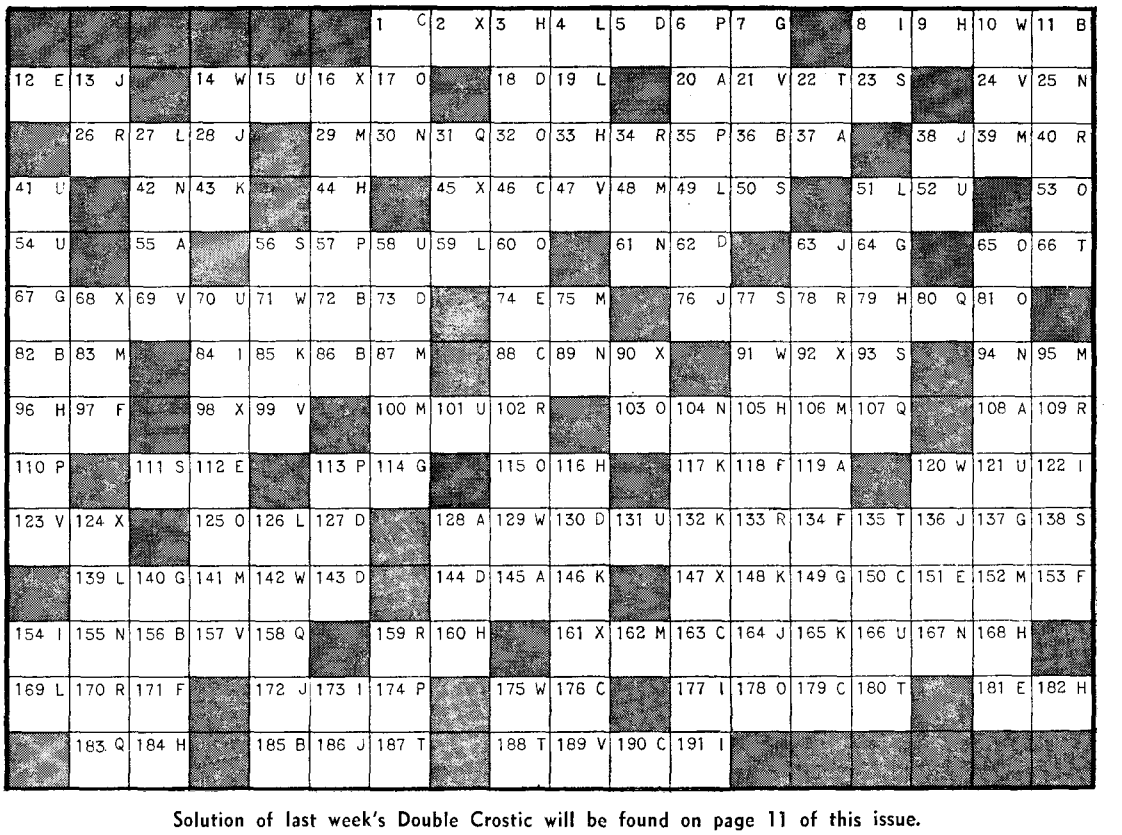
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lacking teleological values.	55 145 108 20 37 128 119
B. Device upon which turned the action of *Tristan und Isolde, Midsummer Night's Dream,* and many other works.	11 185 82 36 86 156 72
C. Cyclolith; or a circle of monoliths enclosing a dolmen.	190 46 176 179 163 150 1 88
D. What Emily Dickinson's *steeples swam in.*	5 130 127 62 144 73 143 18
E. Those who, as Robert Sherwood wrote, by acting in it, assure the fame of a play, *no matter who wrote it.*	12 181 151 74 112
F. Great seaport, shipbuilding and industrial center, now attached to and a part of Edinburgh.	153 171 118 97 134
G. Emergencies.	114 149 7 67 140 137 64
H. Science which commands great and increasing activity at present.	116 33 9 44 79 184 168 3 96 182 105 160
I. Any temporary shelter, originating with nomadic Amer. Indians.	84 154 177 191 122 173 8
J. Abridge; condense.	13 76 186 38 164 172 63 136 28
K. Shashami (2 wds.; from the Japanese).	148 132 165 43 85 146 117
L. June (2 wds.)	4 126 51 139 59 19 49 169 27

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Common admonition to maintain a connection (3 wds. constantly used but not listed).	95 141 162 152 100 39 48 29 87 75 83 106
N. Early movie star known in the Twenties as The Mortgage Lifter and as, with Garbo, the only one *not* to have to take singing or dancing lessons (Griffith & Mayer: *The Movies;* comp.)	30 42 167 94 89 25 104 61 155
O. Able in every respect and in every work.	178 17 32 53 60 103 115 81 65 125
P. Breeze blowing against *one's course.*	113 35 57 6 110 174
Q. Gives forth a grating *sound; a dry maize product* popular in S U.S.	80 107 31 183 158
R. *Familiarize.*	170 109 159 34 133 78 40 26 102
S. Sieves; posers.	138 111 93 50 77 23 56
T. What *no one* does in relation to the Jolly Miller, in the Charles Mackay version.	180 188 22 135 66 187
U. Products of the imagination, such as daydreams.	131 101 121 54 41 58 52 166 15 70
V. What the lapse of very long time does to many *living tissues.*	24 69 157 21 99 47 189 123
W. Capacity in which every ship which *sails out of the bay* carries Roselle Montgomery's heart.	14 175 10 120 71 142 91 129
X. *Unsuitably like the ladies.*	68 147 45 2 90 98 92 161 124 16

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the corresponding numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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You can telephone all over the world

Today you can reach 96.8 percent of the phones in the world by Long Distance. You can ask questions, get the answers . . . quickly and conveniently. And the cost is low. For only $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. Even lower rates are in effect to many countries. And reduced night and Sunday rates apply to many areas. When you want to keep in touch with anyone – telephone. It's the next best thing to being there.

Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

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Should a bride-to-be work as a Hertz girl before marriage?

Yes. It gets her used to being taken for granted.

And if that's not perfect training for marriage, we'd like to know what is.

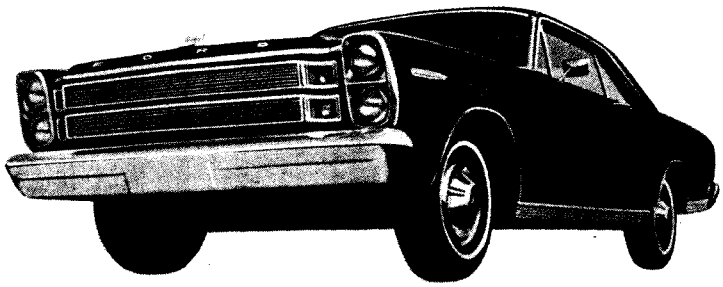
But that's the hallmark of success in the rent-a-car business. When your customers take you and your cars for granted.

Which means, of course, that we take nothing for granted.

We do everything humanly possible to keep our new Fords and other fine cars as close to perfect as we know how.

Just so you can continue to take them and us for granted.

We figure it's the best basis for an enduring relationship with you. And that's what we want.



Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. (Isn't that where you belong?)

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

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